

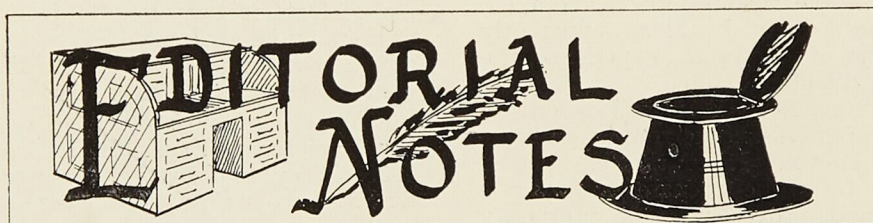
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HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 9. — JANUARY, 1935. — No. 1.



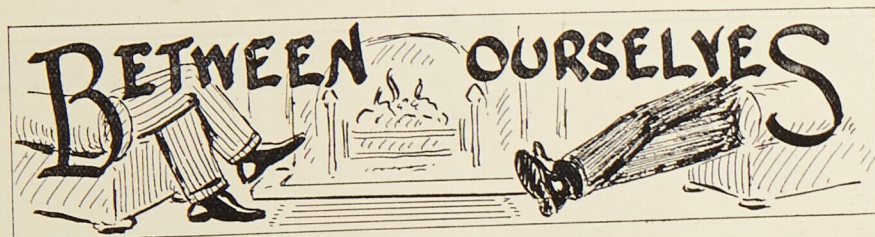
THE lapse of one hundred years gives us sufficient perspective to apportion the importance of the events of 1835. In that year the country was aroused by the revelation that a conspiracy to replace William IV. by the Duke of Cumberland and to set aside the Princess Victoria had a following of over 300,000 supporters. Not only was the movement numerically strong, but it received support from very influential quarters. Needless to say, the counter measures taken together with an aroused public opinion succeeded in breaking up this organisation.

Outside the ranks of students of history to-day few people are aware of the wave of alarm which passed over the country, quite obliterating any interest in the coming into effect of the Municipal Reform Act, which means so much to the orderly and healthy routine of our lives. Not only did the Act, which came into force on January 1st, 1835, reform municipal corporations, but it brought into being the new Poor Law, which after nearly a century's usefulness has been replaced by another system of public assistance.

It seems almost impossible that an act which has revolutionised the personal and the social life of the nation could be overshadowed by a mere passing sensation, forgotten almost as soon as it had occurred.

The lesson to be derived from these fragments of history is clear. It is very evident that during the year of grace, 1935, certain circumstances will arise, arousing a ferment of anxiety and passion. Concurrent with these situations there will be a continuation of the development of our social amenities, the foundations of which were laid in 1835. Whilst more picturesque happenings pass across our vision, do not let us forget slum clearance, the black areas of industry, and the future of the children of the nation.

If during the coming year the British people will blow the chaff of piquant sensationalism from their hands and retain the grain of true worth and foster it, then they will have done more to shape the course of history than the most influential amongst Ministers of State.



A NEW YEAR is now upon its way. Whither will its movement tend, and why?

These are questions that must baffle the finite mind. Probably the most that one can hope to do is to judge of the tendency of present events and to imagine that they may shape themselves into some definite form as the days go past.

A great deal depends on the attitude in which the future is faced. One's footsteps should be in the right direction and then, even if the leading be along apparently devious ways of unexpected experience, the journey's end will be assured.

What this New Year will record of individual progress and sorrow is, perhaps, happily unknown. It is the unexpected crisis that tests the preparedness of the wayfarer, and proves whether prosperity will slacken the urge of life, or if sorrow and loss will embitter or enrich. And so the old wish that we convey to one another of "A Happy New Year" may be taken to refer to a 1935 that shall see life richer in devotion, complete in loyalty to the best, and full of brave records in service and sacrifice.

If we are wise we shall face the future in the knowledge of work in progress that remains to be completed; of known opportunity awaiting us; of unsolved but solvable problems in our social life; of tendencies to the war spirit that, in spite of memory, may again become vocal and active; of the urge for reform in which a part must be taken; of changing conditions that will require sound thought; of mental and moral slaveries that require freedom; of disloyalties that must be expelled; and of common service that has drifted into boredom and must be redeemed.

If these thoughts seem to be too strenuous then is self confession made that the spirit may have become out of tune with the infinite and requires renewal of vision in "green pastures and beside still waters."

"We know what we are, but we know not what we may be."

If it be true that "When sorrows come they come not singly but in battalions," well, so the accession shall be of strength to the day's need.

And what of 1935 for the House we serve.

The troublous days of 1934 have gone.

As these lines are written it is not known what numbers of contract pigs will be available for each of our factories in the new year. Without an adequate throughput of raw material no factory can do justice to its workers or its equipment. The ideal to be aimed at in every working place is 100 per cent. capacity occupied in throughput.

We can see no prospect of this for the large majority of English Bacon Factories in 1935. They must, therefore, work at a disadvantage in regard to the per cwt. charge of manufacturing bacon.

The Directors feel very deeply indeed that it would be a calamity if, after having encouraged the Pigs and Bacon Marketing Schemes, there were to be a retrograde movement which would affect the work of their employees, the possibilities of employment and the distribution of English bacon.

Most anxious days have been spent by your Directors, who are members of the Bacon Marketing Board, and it can only be hoped that the present outlook will be improved by the time this issue of the Magazine is published.

It is with regret that this serious note has to be inserted for your information, and it may be assumed that no effort has been wanting on the part of your Directors to ensure full supplies of bacon pigs.

A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR.

2nd January, 1935.

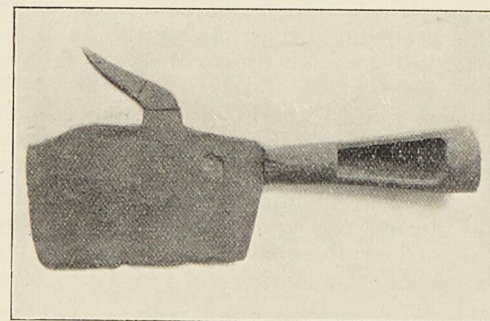
The New and the Old.

THE recent erection of a new power house at Calne has not passed without several points of interest.

First of all it has marked another definite step forward in the progress of the business, in which we all are, or ought to be, keenly interested. Past experience has taught us that whenever a step forward is taken by the firm of "Harris," it has never been a false move. Always it has meant increase of production, thus necessitating increase of labour, and so betterment all round.

Secondly, the erection of the stack itself not only proved of considerable interest during its building, but again goes to show that the step forward has been in the right direction.

The building of a new chimney should at all times arouse one's feelings; at the



same time, it is, no doubt, only fair to say that the prosperity of any manufacturing town is not indicated by the number of stacks it contains, but by the number that are continually belching forth columns of smoke.

But to get to the task in hand, there is a third item of interest, and although perhaps not so important, yet for the next few months will be the subject of a series of short articles in the "Harris Magazine."

The building of the new power house meant also the building of a new dam across the river. It was during the building of this dam that a number of unique and interesting finds were made in the bed of the river.

Objects of peace, and of war, as well as other specimens were brought to light, and

when investigated, they must only leave us wondering on two points.

- 1.—How they came to be deposited in the river, and
- 2.—What other objects still remain in the silt of the river-bed?

The object of our first article, of which a photograph is given, is an old halberd head. These cumbersome weapons of war appear to date from the 15th century down to the Civil War.

The present specimen has been identified by an authority as being most likely early 16th century. Apparently made of ordinary iron, its size and shape, not to mention its finish, seem to suggest that it might possibly have been made by an ordinary iron-worker, or else that it was made in somewhat of a hurry. It can still be plainly seen where the iron was "shut," or joined.

When first made the weight of this implement must have been well over 7lbs., and when one comes to think that they were mounted on wooden shafts from 5ft. to 6ft. in length, it seems hardly credible that such a thing could ever have been used in self defence.

If, however, it was an encumbrance to the man on foot, it must certainly have been fairly effective when used by a mounted warrior. The weight of the falling weapon alone, without the aid of brawn and muscle, would have dealt a terrible blow. Even if the opponent were encased in armour the effect of a direct hit must have often proved fatal.

To use such an instrument for any length of time must also have needed exceptional strength, and it was perhaps, when used in very close quarters, as great a danger to the defenders as to the enemy.

Many of the halberd heads still in existence are much more elaborate in design than the specimen shown here, and some, which are at present in our various museums and old historical buildings, are real works of art.

A.B.

(To be continued).

* * *

One of our young hopefuls in the factory the other Saturday afternoon was hurrying into Calne to attend the Matinee. A car overtook him and the driver offered him a lift. He thanked the driver and said he was in a hurry!

Harris (Calne) Employees' Benefit Society.

The annual general meeting of the above society was held in the Town Hall, Calne, on Monday, 10th December, 1934.

The president of the society, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P., took the chair, and was supported by members of the committee. There was a record attendance of members.

An apology for absence was received from Mr. R. P. Redman.

The President expressed his great joy in welcoming back the chairman of the committee, Mr. Knowles, and assured him of his own and the members' affection and regard for him and their good wishes for continued progress towards complete recovery.

Mr. Knowles thanked the President and the meeting for all the exceeding kindness and sympathy that had been shown to him. He then presented the Committee's annual Report, which appears on another page of this issue.

The hon. treasurer, Mr. J. Carpenter, presented the audited accounts for the year ended 21st November, 1934, a copy of these having been previously circulated to all members of the society. He also read the auditors' certificate.

The President, in seconding the adoption of the report and accounts, congratulated the society on its record membership and on its work during the past year. He referred particularly to the Hospital Fund, and expressed his admiration of the independent attitude of the members in regard to their treatment of the hospitals and their desire to pay the full cost of the benefits received. He expressed the hope that there would be, as the years go on, more of that spirit and less of the spirit of getting "something for nothing," which seemed to be so prevalent in the world to-day.

The officers and retiring members of the Committee were all re-elected as follows:—Vice-presidents, Mr. R. P. Redman, Mr. P. T. Knowles, and Mr. T. W. Petherick; secretary Mr. C. E. Blackford; hon. treasurer, Mr. J. Carpenter. Auditors—The President intimated that Mr. S. North Smith, A.C.A., was again nominated as the Director's auditor,

and Mr. G. R. Ashman was re-elected as members' auditor for the ensuing year.

The retiring members of the Committee re-elected were Miss B. Flay, Mrs. Gingell, Mr. F. Webb, and Mr. E. Brittain.

The share-out to members preceded the meeting.

COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

Report of the Committee, presented by the Chairman, Mr. P. T. Knowles, at the Annual Meeting of the Society on Monday, 10th December, 1934.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

The audited accounts for the year ended the 24th November, 1934, have been circulated and will be dealt with by the auditors and the hon. treasurer.

The following facts will be of interest to you:—

(a) The total number of members as at the 25th November, 1933, was 906, and during the year just ended 106 new members have been enrolled, bringing the total to 1,012; 61 have left during the year, 6 have died, leaving our total as at the 24th November, 1934, at 946, or a net increase on the year of 39 members. This constitutes a record.

(b) The Committee regret to report that during the year 6 members and the wives of 3 members have died; death benefits accordingly amounting to £45 have been paid.

(c) Special grants have been made to 18 members at a total cost of £59 18s. 6d., as against 14 members at a total cost of £40 17s. last year. Your Committee has continued to exercise the utmost care in regard to these grants to ensure that all cases are dealt with fairly and sympathetically.

(d) EXPENSES.—Our expenses for the year have amounted to £32 7s. 7d., which works out at approximately 7½d. per member, the same amount per member as last year.

(e) The share-out this year amounts to 4s. 1d. per member, as against 4s. 7d. last year, and it will be interesting to note that the total benefits paid out this year to members amounted to £350 15s. 10d., as against £317 16s. 2d. last year.

(f) FINE MONEY.—The amount received for fine money for 1933 (which is included in the accounts now before you) amounted

to £11 12s. 1d., and of this £7 was carried to Reserve Fund, and the balance of £4 12s. 1d. to the Special Fund.

(g) RESERVE FUND.—This now stands at £460 3s. 2d., and in view of the increased membership your Committee feel that they should continue to concentrate their efforts on the further enlargement of this fund.

(h) HOSPITAL FUND.—We have paid out to Hospitals, Convalescent and Nursing Homes, plus travelling expenses, &c., a total sum of £306 5s. 8d., as against £173 9s. 6d. for similar services last year, which you will see is an increase of £132 16s. 2d., and to this position the Committee desire to draw your particular attention.

The total number of members or their dependants sent to the various hospitals during the year under review is as follows:—

| | In P'nts. | Out P'nts. |
|----------------------------------|--------------|---------------|
| Royal United Hospital, Bath..... | 16 | 20 |
| Bristol General Hospital..... | 4 | 4 |
| Bristol Royal Infirmary | 8 | 5 |
| Bath Eye Infirmary | 7 | 4 |
| Chippenham and District Hospital | 1 | — |
| Melksham Cottage Hospital | 1 | — |
| Savernake Hospital | 1 | — |
| | 38 | 33 |

With regard to conveyance to and from hospital and to convalescent treatment, the following details will be of interest:—

| | |
|---|----|
| Number of persons who used the ambulance..... | 8 |
| Number of persons who used private cars | 26 |
| Number of persons who used trains..... | 56 |

In addition to this we have paid the fares of many members' dependants in accordance with the provision in the rules, to enable them to visit the members whilst in hospital.

We have also made arrangements for X-ray films to be taken on behalf of 6 of our members. In addition we have arranged for 5 members to receive convalescent treatment either at convalescent homes or elsewhere, and 2 members have gone to nursing homes.

It will be observed that the actual number of members who received treatment at the various hospitals has not increased to the same extent as the amount paid out. This is due to the fact that some of the cases sent have required much longer periods of

individual treatment than the average as shown by past experience. This has resulted in a very much larger expense to be met out of the Hospital Fund. Automatically this has meant that there is a considerably smaller balance for distribution to the hospitals by way of *ex-gratia* payments. In this connection it is desired to remind you that the basis on which the Hospital Fund is administered with the Hospitals is that we pay them the sum of £1 1s. per week in respect of all "in" patients sent for treatment, or 3s. for each patient admitted as an "out" patient, and at the end of each financial year, out of any balance remaining in the Hospital Fund, and after carrying forward what the Committee regard as a reasonable working balance, *ex-gratia* payments are then made to the respective hospitals according to the treatment they have given during the year. If this basis be strictly applied to the Hospital Fund balance as per the accounts now before you, it would mean that we should only be able to distribute the sum of approximately 9s. for each £1 1s. already paid. After very long and careful consideration, however, your Committee feel that whilst realising that legally the above sum is the only amount due to the hospitals, they are desirous of observing the spirit of the arrangement which has applied in previous years and to make *ex-gratia* payments to bring the total amount paid per patient as nearly equal as possible to the cost which the hospitals have had to meet in providing treatment. To enable this to be done they have decided to draw on the Hospital Reserve Fund to the extent of £169 14s. 5d., and to send to each hospital an additional sum of £1 16s. 6d. in respect of each £1 1s. already paid, or a total of £2 17s. 6d. for the hospital treatment given to each of our members during the year. Last year the total distribution was at the rate of £3 3s. per member.

In this connection it is particularly desired to remind you all that the Hospital Reserve Fund has been built up since the inception of the Hospital Fund by the "reasonable working balances" carried forward from year to year, after making generous *ex-gratia* payments to the hospitals each year, so that, as I mentioned above, the hospitals have no legal right to expect any drawings upon the Hospital Reserve Fund.

The Committee's action, therefore, as

referred to above, cannot and must not be taken as a precedent as it would be most imprudent for the Committee to lose sight of the very real necessity of leaving sufficient in the Reserve Fund to meet the normal first payment to the hospitals in the event of the number of members requiring hospital treatment in any future year increasing to such an extent as to absorb entirely the normal contributions to the Hospital Fund.

In all the circumstances, therefore, and in view particularly of the difficulties with which the Committee has been confronted during the past year in regard to the Hospital Fund, they desire to draw your earnest attention to the fact that if these difficulties continue they will be compelled to recommend either a curtailment of the Hospital Fund benefits or an adjustment of the basis of the arrangement with the hospitals on less generous lines, or definitely an increase in member's contributions to the Hospital Fund.

For obvious reasons the Committee has not found it possible to make any contribution to the local Hospital Box Scheme.

I think we can again congratulate ourselves on the healthy state of our General Fund, and also that the Society has again been able to assist its members who have been unfortunate enough to experience illness and bereavement during the year.

The Committee desire me to convey again to our President, Mr. Bodinnar, their very sincere thanks for all his help and sympathy in their efforts and their appreciation of the characteristically generous and large-hearted way in which he continues to support any suggestion that is brought forward which is likely to be of benefit to the members.

I should also like to refer again to the loyalty of your Committee in the carrying out of their work during the past year, and to the never-failing enthusiasm and help of Mr. Blackford in the fulfilment of his duties as secretary, and to express the Committee's and my own grateful thanks for all he has done.

Finally, may I express the sincere hope that the scheme may meet with continued success in the coming year, and assure you of the Committee's earnest desire to act in your best interests and to deal with any problem that might arise in a prudent, far-sighted, and sympathetic manner.

H.W.A. ANNUAL MEETING.

This meeting followed the annual general meeting of the Benefit Society and the President presided.

In moving the adoption of the report and accounts, the President reviewed the position of the Association, and dwelt at length upon the expressed desire for the extension of activities, such as providing a swimming pool and the provision of a new skittle alley, &c.

He drew attention to the fact that the 600 odd membership of the Association represented about 58 per cent. of the employees, whereas it was most desirable that 100 per cent. should be obtained to ensure the fullest development and extension of the Association. Mr. Bodinnar asked the General Committee to appoint a sub-committee of five to discuss ways and means with Mr. Redman and himself for a further development of the Association's welfare work.

Formal business routine followed, and at the conclusion the President presented the various cricket trophies won during the past season.

The evening terminated with a short sketch by members of the Dramatic Society, and a reference to this appears elsewhere in our columns.

* * *

SPARKS FROM THE "MAGS."

A school pupil, as a penalty for some misdoing, had to write a composition of 250 words to be read in class. This is what he wrote:—

"Last summer my uncle bought a second-hand car, with which he started on a long trip. On the second day out it rained very hard, and far out on a lonely road the car stopped. The other 215 words are what my uncle said trying to get that car to go."

* * *

NO SCENTS.

Scented printer's ink is now being used in America to assist mail-order advertising, the scent being suited to the goods offered.

Just a little too clever, I fear—

Far better to polish their prose,
For I'm willing to lend them an ear,
But refuse to be led by the nose!

—"Gnat," in the *Star*.

Roads—Books—Greetings.

The nearness of the Christmas Festival reminds us that 1934 is all but spent. I think that one of the most important features of the year is the supreme effort that is being made to tackle the road chaos. Last year our travelling staff (or front line troops) had a rough experience—many of us being knocked about. So far as I can gather from the Magazine we have been more fortunate this year, which is all to the good, seeing that as the year has aged so the necessity of having full man power on the road has increased.

Not being a motorist I am not in the position to express an opinion on the Beacons. But as a pedestrian I am convinced that the special crossings now being provided are a great safeguard to those of us who have to "pad the hoof." I seek them out and find them a great convenience, especially as I cannot get around at the old pace of four miles an hour.

I was rather sorry to see that the articles &c., on Books had been shut down. Had it been left open one might have contributed ideas gleaned from the series of lectures which an admitted authority—Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch—has been giving at Cambridge University. I was amused to read in the summing up that my modest contribution on the subject is regarded as provocative. It was not written to that end at all. But, however that may be, what I wanted to express is the opinion that in estimating the value of any book great stress should be given to its "balance." And that being so, I am bucked up to find myself in agreement with so great an authority as Quiller-Couch, for this is what he says:—

"To consider any great work of prose simply as an exercise in writing was the foolishness in the world, as disassociating literature from life."

It seems to me to be impossible to drive one's meaning home by just stating a theory. It seems necessary to give at least one example of contrasts. Some time ago I expressed my opinion on a book which was, at the time, in full flood of success. It was the "All Quiet" war book. That book had no "balance" whatever. It simply dealt with the obscene side of the war. I said

then, and repeat what I said, "I am glad it was not written by an Englishman." Just lately a new book has appeared which is being widely read, and of it I should like to be able to say, "written by an Englishman." But as it happens it is a French book, and the title is, "A Frenchman in Khaki." Here is a book that is properly balanced, and meets the requirements of Quiller-Couch, in that it does not disassociate literature from life.

But this is for Christmas time and the New Year, and provides those of us who write for the Magazine with the opportunity to broadcast to all our friends at Calne and branches heartiest good wishes for the New Year.

Yours faithfully,

R.E.H.

* * *

An "Echo" of a "Report!"

The shades of night had fallen fast
When through a Wiltshire village passed,
A party who were clutching nice,
A music case with this device,

Three young Calne Imps.

Their brows were glad, their cheeks beneath
Were red, and glittered white their teeth,
And like a silver clarion rung
The many songs that night was sung

By three young Imps.

The merry throng inside the hall
Knew not what was coming—not at all.
The air of peace was broken quite,
And who received the biggest fright?

Why three young Imps.

Many fireworks, pokers, and torches did fly
Round the hall inside, but alas no guy
Graced the party, but whilst some thought it
fun,

Who wildly across the stage did run?

Three young Calne Imps.

A newspaper man with a nose for news
Came along and asked some folks their views.
He stretched his tale and was completely
fooled,

But who is it now has their legs nicely pulled?

Three young Calne Imps.

On Social Progress.

Sunday, November 25th, 1934. At least that's what the calendars and the Sunday newspapers say, but *I* say they are all wrong. November could not produce such a day as this—a beautiful spring day, if ever there was one.

Upon the great fire blazing on the hearth I pour out all the vials of my scorn, which, strange to say, do not provoke even the slightest sizzle from its glowing heart. This is a day for pottering in the garden—nothing will keep me indoors on a day like this—and in spite of the almost tearful protests of my anxious wife, I sally forth to potter.

Ah-a-tishoo!!! Yes, it is certainly a beautiful soft spring morning, despite the yellow mantle on the apple trees and the



forlorn nakedness of the plum trees: they always did give promise of something that failed in the fulfilment anyway. But at my feet, poking their grey-green noses through the moist earth, the crocuses say it is spring, and we'll leave it at that. A-a-a-shoo!!! Confound it!

There is nothing so delightful as the smell of newly-turned soil. It is one of the grandest tonics Nature has to give, but somehow on this seductive morning my soul will not respond and I begin to A-a-a-a-ah, grrrr—to retrace my steps to the tool house. Here I meet my small daughter, who has probably weighed the pros and cons of the case and decided that this is her opportunity.

Well, I have mended that wretched

puncture in the back tyre, and now I think I shall go indoors to see if there is anything worth reading in the newspapers.

Really, I can't think why people buy newspapers. They are full of all sorts of things that are of no interest to anybody. As evidence of our modern social progress they are poor stuff—and the cinema is worse.

Recently my wife and I were persuaded to travel some miles in order to see and, I suppose, hear a screen presentation of "The Lily of Killarney." It is many years since we were present at a performance of this delightfully tuneful opera, and I suppose things have gone on since then. In sober truth we were completely swept off our feet, so to speak, by the breathless spectacle of progress depicted in the talkie version of Benedict's charming work. We found it to be absolutely stiff with progress—new songs, cigarettes, Ronald Colman moustaches, the telephone (suitably labelled)—all were there. The only thing that was missing was the opera! Crushed and humbled, we crept to our waiting bus, bemoaning the shillings we had sacrificed on the altar of progress. . . .

. . . . The fire still burns brightly. By now I am just comfortably roasted, and the cheerful flames leaping and dancing about the hearth are beginning to kindle a flame of hope in my heart, causing me to think that perhaps before long we shall progress far enough to destroy that foul, social plague, the common cold.

Good-night.

EPSILON.

* * *

"MEN'S WEAR WEEK" TO BE HELD NEXT APRIL.

A "Men's Wear Week" is to be held from 8th to 13th April, 1935. The week will be part of a campaign in connection with the 1935 Men's Wear Exhibition, to be held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane.

An extensive publicity campaign is to be undertaken to acquaint the public with the week, and an emblem, consisting of a silver star, will be issued in the form of a window card and also as a buttonhole badge for salesmen. It is believed that a simultaneous effort by men's trade retailers in every part of the country will have the desired effect of concentrating public attention on the need of dressing well in the season's fashionable clothes, states the *Outfitter*.

Our Portrait Gallery.

Mr. P. ANDREWS



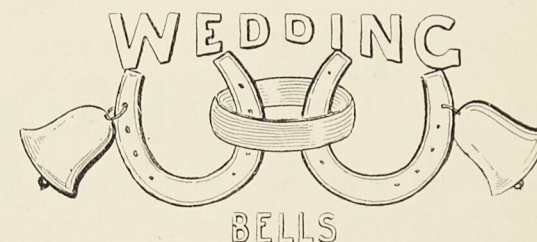
Mr. Andrews is the proud wearer of two medals, as seen. One is a Special Constabulary Medal and the other the firm's Long Service Medal. Mr. Andrews has been a Special Constable for 20 years, was a sergeant in that force during the war, and he is still a Special of the uniformed branch.

As can be seen from his photograph, it will take quite a strong wind to blow our friend over!

As to work, Mr. Andrews has been here as long as the factory, namely, 25 years; which means that this year he is due for his first bar.

He is not a specialist, as many proudly think themselves to be, but an "All-rounder." A good guess is that he has touched more jobs both inside and outside than anyone else in the factory. It is this class of man who is the backbone of the present day industrial concerns.

We hardly expect him to do another 25 years, still one never knows. In any case, we wish him the best of luck in the attempt, and from appearances he certainly looks good to run a long way into the period, if not all of it.



At Calne Parish Church, on November 25th, Miss Maud Flay was married to Mr. Herbert Wheeler, of Chippenham. The bride was given away by her father and was dressed in a powder blue georgette ankle-length dress, with a hat to match, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums and pink carnations.

The two bridesmaids wore ankle-length dresses of pink georgette and mob caps, and carried bouquets of white and pink chrysanthemums. Miss Flay was eleven years in the Sausage Department, and was the recipient of a frameless mirror from the factory and a palm stand from her colleagues in the Sausage Department.

On December 1st, at the Calne Parish Church, Miss Violet Giddins was married to Mr. Alfred J. Fitch, of Calne. The bride was given away by her father and wore a white silk ankle-length dress, also flat wreath of orange blossom and veil. The bouquet was of white chrysanthemums.

The bride was attended by two bridesmaids, who wore ankle-length dresses of yellow floral crepe and yellow net caps with silver leaves, and carried shower bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums. Miss Giddins was the recipient of a frameless mirror from the factory. Her length of service was over six years in the Kitchen Department.

At Calne, on December 8th, Miss Gladys Angell was married to Mr. Fred Gough, of Derry Hill. The bride was dressed in a heather tweed belted coat and lemon felt hat and black patent shoes and stockings to match. Miss Angell was for six years attached to the Pie and latterly to the Sausage Department. The wedding present from the factory was a copper curb, companion set, and coal scuttle, and from the girls in the Pie Department a set of vases and shopping basket.



In settling down to write a few lines for the January issue, we are faced with an awkward predicament owing to entire lack of "copy."

We should therefore like, once again, to appeal to our Representatives and Van Salesmen to do their utmost to send a few notes, however brief, from time to time, of items which are of general interest to their colleagues on the road and in other departments of our firm.

This page is reserved for items of special interest concerning our Representatives and Van Salesmen, and this interest cannot be nearly wide enough if all the copy has to emanate from Calne.

We appeal to you to make a New Year resolution to send on something, however brief, once or twice during the year. If all our hundred stalwarts on the road set out with this determination, we should have no difficulty in filling not one page, but two pages.

While we are writing we are still being treated to extraordinarily mild weather, which has lasted throughout the autumn and early winter. It would certainly appear that nature is supplying the remedy for replenishing the sadly-depleted supplies of water resulting from the drought of the past two years. We are fondly hoping that nature will decide that there has been rain sufficient and enough at least ten days before Christmas. It is extraordinary the psychological effect which bad weather seems to have upon the buyer; everything is driven off to the last moment. Immediately a cold, seasonable spell sets in, the wheels of buying are set in motion.

The 1s. calls after 7 p.m. are already being appreciated by our Scotch friends. On making a late call a week or two ago one of our friends in Scotland had some little difficulty in making himself understood. This reminded him of an incident which

happened to him during the war. Our friend was in the Royal Air Force, stationed at Edinburgh, and had occasion to 'phone to the Wing Headquarters, in York. He wished to speak to the Pay Clerk and asked a dozen times for that individual. The only answer he could get was "Who do you want?" This was an English voice, and the owner was apparently short tempered. His voice began to get extremely angry as he found himself unable to understand. In desperation our Highland friend adopted his most "Cockney-tone" and shouted, "I want the *Pie* Clerk," and received the reply, "Oh, the *Pie* Clerk; why didn't you say so at first?"

We welcome Mr. F. Sheard, who has arrived at Calne as a Relief-Salesman.

* * *

A very "clever" Inspector was examining a class of boys in one of the villages. He said to one bright boy, "If the nearest village is 3 miles away and potatoes are 1½ lb. a lb., how old am I?" "Forty-four," replied the boy immediately. "Quite right," said the astonished Inspector, "but how did you arrive at your answer?" "Well, sir," said the boy, "I have a brother at home who is 22 years of age, and he is only half-baked."

* * *

Three Scots went from Aberdeen to London on a day trip. In London one of them died, and his friends put him on a porter's cart at Euston, and got him into the train as being too full for words. They propped him up in a corner of the compartment to appear as if he were asleep. During the journey a medical man came into the compartment and sat down opposite. He glanced at the figure in the corner, then at his paper, and back to the figure. Finally (after a brief examination) he asked the their two friends, "Do you know this man has expired?" "Yes," came the reply, "but his ticket hasn't expired."

G.S.C.



LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"Unharboured Heaths," by KATHERINE GOTSCH-TREVELYAN.

"Walking in the New Forest," by JOAN BEGBIE.

Both these books are about "walking," but in spite of that there is a great contrast between them.

Miss Trevelyan gives a most interesting account of her experiences when walking alone right across Canada from Montreal to Vancouver, carrying only absolute necessities and a revolver for protection from bears. Throughout her journey she always received a kindly welcome from people she met in out of the way places, and was given addresses so that she could call on their friends if and when she happened to be near them. After reaching Vancouver and spending a short time there, Miss Trevelyan journeyed to Calgary, where she stayed for a day or two in order to see the "Stampede," which lasts for a week. All the people from miles around gather at Calgary during that week to watch or take part in the procession and sports. The sports are quite different from English sports—waggon races and cowboys trying to ride bucking broncos. From Calgary she went to Jasper, a small village in the Rockies, and made the ascent of Mount Edith Cavell, narrowly escaping death from an avalanche.

After reading about such a strenuous undertaking "Walking in the New Forest" seems a very restful book. Miss Begbie describes and gives directions for a number of walks of about 10 miles, and her descriptions of the scenery and all the little incidents that help to make a walk enjoyable—such as an unexpected glimpse of deer, or a herd of wild ponies feeding in an open space—make the reader feel that the New Forest would be

an ideal place for a quiet and peaceful holiday.

SKITTLES CLUB.

A whist drive, in connection with the Skittle Club, was held at the Woodlands on Friday, November 30th, when 23 tables were in use.

The arrangements were in the hands of Mr. R. H. Stanley and his Committee and Mr. R. B. Swaffield acted as M.C.

The prize-winners were:—Ladies—1st, Mrs. F. Blackford; 2nd, Mrs. J. Haines; 3rd, Mrs. A. McLean; consolation, Mrs. E. Smith. Gentlemen—1st, Mr. P. Smith; 2nd, Mr. A. E. Bennett; 3rd, Mr. P. Carter; consolation, Mr. R. W. Saye. Box of chocolates, Mr. Coombes; box of cigarettes, Mrs. A. Weston. Mrs. A. McLean kindly presented the prizes. It is hoped to hold another drive early in the New Year.

DRAMATIC SECTION.

Following the annual meetings of the Benefit Society and the H.W.A. in the Town Hall on December 10th last, members of the above section performed "The Grey Parrot," a one-act play by that well-known author, W. W. Jacobs. The characters were ably sustained by the following artistes:—Mrs. Gannett, Miss Irene Hunt; Mrs. Rogers, Miss M. Strange; Jim Gannett, Mr. G. R. Ashman; Sam Rogers, Mr. C. H. Burch; Hobson, Mr. Roy White; P.C. 24, Mr. J. E. Bromham. The parrot was "on hire" for the evening through the kindness of Mrs. Sewell, but he (or she) was evidently afflicted with "stage fright," and entirely failed to act up to its alleged reputation (in the play, of course). It was on its best behaviour, much to the disappointment of the audience. The "seafaring" members of the cast were greatly indebted to various "old salts" on the firm for the loan of "nautical uniform," which added greatly to the atmosphere of the play.

AUTUMN LECTURES.

The final lectures in this series were delivered on November the 28th and December 12th. At the former lecture Mrs. Wardle, of Bath, took as her subject, "Early Victorian Novelists," and at the latter Mr. Fletcher (headmaster of Chippenham Secondary School) dealt with "The Evolution of Modern Industry." The final lecture was noteworthy for an excellent series of questions and a long discussion.

We extend our thanks to all the lecturers who have helped to make this effort by the Library Committee such a success.

Mr. Kent, the chairman of the committee, is anxious to obtain promises of support for further lectures, together with suggestions which are likely to prove helpful and popular.

LADIES HOCKEY.

The ladies' team visited Bath on November 24th, and played a team called Bath Terriers. The result was a win by 2 goals to 1. Betty Newis and Irene Hunt scored for us. On December 8th we journeyed to Swindon and engaged the Christchurch team. Recent heavy rains made the going heavy and the game was handicapped in consequence. We won easily by 5 goals to 1. Sybil McLean netted three times, and the other goals came from the sticks of Lilian Angell and Frances Henley. Marjorie Jefferies, as back, played a splendid game.

* * *

TOO CAREFUL!

Here lies a man who saved his all
For days when the rain and snow should fall.
He knew no pleasure, shared no game—
And died before the blizzard came.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SKITTLE LEAGUE, 1934-35.

Results to December 1st, 1934.

| | Played. | Won. | Pts. Poss. | Pts. Obtd. |
|--|---------|------|------------|------------|
| Retort, Traffic, Stores, By-Products, and Export | 7 | 6 | 14 | 12 |
| Slaughter | 7 | 6 | 14 | 12 |
| Kitchen | 7 | 4 | 14 | 8 |
| Office | 7 | 4 | 14 | 8 |
| Warehouse, Pie, Box, Mill, Despatch, Lifts, and Groundsmen..... | 7 | 4 | 14 | 8 |
| Printing, Lard, Basement, Cellars, Laboratory, Tin, Shop, & Chauffeurs | 7 | 2 | 14 | 4 |
| Boning, Rinding, and Sausage | 7 | 1 | 14 | 2 |
| Engineers and Maintenance | 7 | 1 | 14 | 2 |

MENS HOCKEY.

November 24th, we encountered Marlborough on their fine ground at Savernake, and lost an excellent match by 4 goals to nil. The score should have been more even, seeing the run of the play, but not being at full strength we were quite satisfied with the game and result.

On December 1st, at Netheravon, we had the pleasure of welcoming back to our ranks some of our players who have recently been away from Calne on business bent, and their inclusion gave us that extra help that secured for us a very good win. Playing against R.A.F., we won by 5 goals to 1, and this notwithstanding the speed the Services teams usually set. Right from the beginning the game was exceptionally fast, and, playing a very good open game, we managed to score three goals without response by our opponents before the half-time whistle blew. It would not have surprised the writer had our men cracked up in the second half against this speedy team, but it was not so. Two more goals came from our sticks, with only one from our opponents, and the concluding minutes of the game saw much pressure on our defence and a determined resistance by our defenders. Altogether a very fine game. Our scorers were A. Purvis 2, R. Heath 2, R. Cobb.

On December 8th we were at home to Christchurch, Swindon, and we were playing one man short. A very robust game was seen, but too much body work was apparent—a complete contrast to the game of the week preceding. The wet and slippery ground partially contributed to this fault. We were strong enough to obtain a win, but only by the odd goal in five. A Purvis 2, and T. Ratcliff were successful in finding the net.

Friends Elsewhere.

CHIPPENHAM.

Owing to the earlier publication of the Magazine (which is very much welcomed by our readers at this branch) it is sometimes impossible to get accounts of events in the hands of the Editor in time for publication in that particular month's issue. This applies to our Christmas Dart Tournament as the result of same will not be published until the February Magazine. However, it is pleasing to report that this competition has met with much success, no fewer than 60 names going into the hat for the first round. Keen interest has been shown in each match so far, and some interesting and unexpected results forthcoming.

We were fortunate enough to have sufficient funds in the dart section to purchase a new dart board, and we have invested in quite a new class of board, described as the "Bristol Dart Board." We have found this board most successful and can recommend our friends elsewhere to consider a similar board when they are in need of one.

On Friday, November 23rd, 1934, we commenced our Skittle League fixtures, and some very interesting games were witnessed. It is too early to forecast likely winners, but from the results of the matches played, there is very little difference between the strength of the teams at present.

We offer our congratulations to Mr. F. Taylor (of the factory staff), who is now the proud father of another son.

The first social event in connection with our Welfare Association took the form of a whist drive and dance, held in St. Paul's Hall, on Wednesday, December 5th, 1934. It is very pleasing to report that this, our first effort, was rewarded with much success and speaks well for the future of our Association. The drive was well attended, 108 people being present for this part of the programme. Unfortunately, our manager, Mr. W. V. Long (who had very kindly consented to act as M.C.), was indisposed and unable to be present. This was a matter of much regret to all, and we know a great

disappointment to Mr. Long himself being unable to take part in this opening event. In Mr. Long's absence Mr. Pinfield very kindly discharged the duties of M.C., supported by members of the committee.

Refreshments were served during the interval, and we are very much indebted to Miss J. Elgar and Miss V. Bromley for the efficient way they provided same.

At the conclusion of play Mrs. Hooper very kindly presented the prizes, and a vote of thanks moved by Mr. Pinfield was unanimously accorded Mrs. Hooper by all present. It was a curious coincidence that none of our staff figured amongst the prize-winners, who were as follows:—Ladies—1st, Mrs. Garlick; 2nd, Mrs. F. W. Merrett; 3rd, Miss J. Burton. Gentlemen—1st, Mrs. G. Woolnough (playing as gentleman); 2nd, Mr. T. Kirk; 3rd, Mr. J. Tinson.

Within a very short time the Hall was cleared and everything in order for the second part of the programme. It gave us much pleasure to welcome Captain and Mrs. C. Herbert Smith to the dance, and Captain Smith very kindly acted as M.C. The time went by very quickly, and it was with much regret that everyone heard the M.C. announce the last dance. At the end of this dance Mr. J. Swayne thanked Captain and Mrs. Smith for their presence that evening, and also expressed appreciation to the Captain for carrying out the duties of M.C. This was heartily endorsed by all present.

It is impossible to let this event pass without conveying our grateful thanks to those who had worked so hard during the past few weeks to make this effort successful, and especially to the donors of prizes:—Captain C. H. Smith, Messrs. W. V. Long, G. J. Hooper, and J. Swayne, Misses J. Elgar, V. Bromley, and G. Jones, and the members of the Committee. To Mr. B. F. Pinfield, for his duties as M.C. for the whist drive; the Joint Secretaries, and members of the Committee.

W.H.W.

DUNMOW.

We have been told by Mr. Culpin that we simply must write some "copy" for the Magazine month by month. Well, we are quite willing to write, but our difficulty is to find the necessary interesting subjects, although, perhaps, whatever we write will be

interesting to a few of our readers, if not all. Anyhow, we hope so.

At the time of writing the festive season is very near and we are all looking forward to having some good times at family reunions. Those of us who have small children enter into the Christmas spirit very thoroughly, and I believe get nearly as much fun as the kiddies out of it, telling the tales of Father Christmas coming on his sleigh drawn by reindeer, writing little notes telling him their wants, and placing them in the chimney, creeping in their room after they are asleep and taking it out, watching the joyful faces when they see that Father Christmas has not forgotten them, and, lastly, when they wake up on Christmas morning and see that some, if not all, of their wants have been supplied, by good old Santa Claus. Well, that's the children's side of Christmas.

Now what about the grown-ups? All will not have had a "very happy Christmas." To a great number of the unemployed it will have been simply another day of inactivity. When we think of them it also makes us think how very fortunate we are, those of us who are in regular employment with the House of Harris or any of its associated Companies. The year 1934 has been one of increased killings and consequently greater sales, and we have all been very busy, which is as things should be, and we trust that through the efforts of our Board of Directors, the year 1935, into which we are entering, will be one of even further increased business and greater prosperity for us all, and in that hope I trust that everyone who reads these lines will have had a real Happy Christmas.

I rather think I have written enough for this month, but will risk another "few lines."

To be in Essex on a foggy, November day is not all that can be desired, but during last month we did get some very nice weather occasionally, and on one of the fine Sundays the writer had an opportunity of visiting one of the Essex beauty spots—Danbury. Leaving Dunmow, we made our way to Chelmsford, getting out on the main road to the east coast. Turning off at Boreham, we went through a lovely wooded country, gradually rising until we reached Danbury, which is one of the highest points in Essex, and in my opinion compares very favourably with some of the Wiltshire beauty spots. Epping Forest is, of course, another

lovely place quite near to us, and I am beginning to think, after all, that Essex is not too bad.

O. J. SHEPPARD.

W.C. wishes everybody everywhere a prosperous New Year.

* * *

HIGHBRIDGE.

We must, although these notes are being written several weeks before the close of 1934, take this opportunity of wishing all those with whom we are associated in the various activities of the firm the very best of luck and well-being during 1935, with the hope that the coming year will be a decided improvement on that just passing.

In looking back on our activities at Highbridge during this year we recall some disappointments, and again some glimmer of light and hope. So far as our work is concerned we are thankful that through the activities of our Directors and the management we have had the advantage of many thousands of the people of this country, namely, constant employment. Unemployment must be the nightmare of many of our fellows who either are totally unemployed for long periods or who are engaged in occupations where the possibility of the termination of earning their living is ever present. Particularly to those with dependents such possibilities must be an awful source of anxiety, and those of us, therefore, who have had no such cause for worry must indeed be grateful that another year has passed fully employed. In these days, however, of keen competition, probably unequalled in the lives of most of us, thankfulness for past fortune will not retain our livelihood for the future, and the resolution of each and every one for 1935 should be to put all they know into their particular job of work, as it will only be the efficient organisations which will survive in the times ahead. As each one has his or her particular part in the whole, we should individually see that our portion is done to the very best of our ability.

At the time of writing instructions have been issued that our pig-buying staff have to again take the road, and endeavour to obtain further contracts for 1935. The Marketing Board do not feel satisfied with the numbers so far contracted, and have stated that unless some thousands more pigs

come under contract the scheme will be abandoned.

We usually get at this time of the year a number of absentees from their usual places through sickness. This year is no exception, and we are sorry to report that Messrs. C. Hancock, C. B. Shier, and J. Llewellyn are on the sick list, although Mr. Shier hopes to be back again within a few days. We extend to them our sincere sympathy, with the hope that they will soon be restored to normal health and strength.

Mr. F. Pople, while engaged in the killing gang, fell, grazed and bruised his back, and has been compelled to lay up. To him also we wish a speedy recovery.

Messrs. R. Came, R. Derham, and J. Young have joined the staff during the past month. We welcome them and wish them every success.

This being our New Year number, we should like to remember our old friends, now retired, Messrs. Fred Lawrence and Dick Locke. To them in their retirement we wish a happy and peaceful 1935. Mr. Lawrence we still see quite frequently on his visits to the factory, and although Mr. Locke is unable to come along, we should like him to feel he is not forgotten, although absent from us.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hardwidge on the birth of a daughter.

L.C.L.

SKITTLES.

This winter sport of ours is always looked forward to each season, and we do not specially go in for being the top of the League. We give every player a chance to play in turn, thus making our Monday evening more pleasant.

The second round of the Anne Kidley Cup has been played and the competing teams for the Austin Cup, which runs conjointly.

Our present champion, Mr. E. Cann, has again got his nose in front, and the West team looks dangerous for the Austin Cup—but there is plenty of time yet.

FOOTBALL.

As previously stated, we are still struggling, but certainly optimistic, and as our first season has not gone badly our place will not be at the bottom of the table at the end.

We hope to beat Chippenham when they visit us on March 30th. Our associations with them have always been sporting and enjoyable. Best thanks are due to our players for their united help in both finance and play; not forgetting our optimistic chairman, Mr. C. B. Shier.

W.S.

* * *

IPSWICH.

The Editor, with a laudable desire to advance the date of issue of our Magazine, has, incidentally, given some of us some shocks. For instance, a short while ago I scribbled a few lines to serve as the Ipswich report for November. On handing them in to be typed, found that they were for the December issue. A hurriedly-added paragraph of Christmas greetings more or less got over the difficulty, but I certainly was caught napping.

This morning I find on my desk a polite little note asking that matter for the January 1935, issue, should reach Calne by December 5th, 1934. I ask you!!! Consider, that when the January issue is being read Christmas will be in the past tense, whilst now, as I write, we are, so to speak, only just beginning to realise that Christmas is coming. Am I to ask you if you have had a good time, or must I express the hope that you will do so? Here, dash it all, I'll do both, and wish you all a happy and prosperous New Year into the bargain, and I can't say fairer than that, can I?

We are still going strong at Ipswich. Contracts fever is abating somewhat, and it is slowly becoming possible to discuss subjects other than contracts and quotas, with some slight semblance of sanity.

Our Sports and Social Club held their Annual General Meeting the other evening, under the chairmanship of Mr. Ludgate, when the popular and energetic secretary, Mr. L. Storey, reviewed the year's working, and read a highly-satisfactory statement of accounts, as well as a very nice letter from

Mr. Bodinnar, who, as ever, definitely associates himself with anything appertaining to Sports or Social Welfare.

The battle for the Ludgate Cup continues and, at the moment of writing, the issue is still undetermined, although the holders, the redoubtable Lard Department team, are hot favourites.

A rather amusing incident occurred recently to a friend of mine, a young married man (we will call him "A"). He is somewhat forgetful and is trying to overcome this disability by the now familiar method of "association of ideas." Walking along the street one Saturday afternoon, he was overtaken by a friend (whom we will call "B"). The usual greetings were exchanged and they strolled along together. B pulled out his pipe to have a smoke, and found that he had left his pouch at home. "Ha," said A, "don't you laugh at me for being forgetful after this, or I'll tell you to cure yourself as I have. Here, take my pouch and have a fill of real tobacco." They walked along, B filling his pipe and happened to ask A how his wife was. "Oh, fine," was the reply. Just then B turned to greet a passing acquaintance, and on turning round again was astonished to see A disappearing at speed in the direction from which they had been walking.

Very thoroughly mystified, he went round later in the evening to A's house to return the pouch, and demand an explanation. "Well," said A, somewhat sheepishly, "just before I met you I had been in and bought some tobacco, and when you asked after my wife I remembered that I had left the baby in the pram outside the shop."

It has been a source of amusement to the Office to observe the keen rivalry of our two outside representatives in the Pig Buying Department—Mr. C. Baldry, Suffolk, and Mr. J. E. Smith, Norfolk—in their endeavour to secure contracts for 1935.

Norfolk, having the advantage of the first market day after the launching of contracts, secured an early booking, resulting in a lead by a large number, and this was kept up for several days. It was hardly expected that the position could be maintained owing to the geographical position of the more distant county; and eventually Suffolk came along with numerous contracts

and, after a neck and neck race, this county gained its ascendancy.

The result is a very satisfactory offer of contracts.

The campaign has been strenuous.

Meetings have been held at various centres in Suffolk, addressed by Mr. H. Ludgate, Mr. C. Baldry, and Mr. T. Johnston, the Producers' representative of the Pigs Marketing Board.

In Norfolk a unique feature was a "field day," arranged by Mr. J. E. Smith. Interested pig-keepers were invited to the farm of one of our progressive farmers, over fifty attending. A demonstration in pig management, with special reference to modern construction of pig buildings, was given, to be followed by an evening meeting unrehearsed, as a consequence of the party gate-crashing to the evening tea party offered by our hostess. At another centre a lecture was addressed by Mr. J. E. Smith on the causes of faulty grading, followed by an explanation of the 1935 contracts by Mr. T. Johnston.

All these meetings have done a great deal of good to encourage a building up in thought and discussion by the pig-keeping fraternity, especially of the younger generation.

It seems likely that the current issues of the Magazine will show big improvement if the promises of Chippenham and Dunmow are carried into effect.

We are prone, as Mr. Culpin suggests, to get into a rut as the result of so much concentration on the theme of our every-day business, and his hint at an endeavour to bring in matters of general interest from outside our usual sphere of activity could well be adopted by us all.

Ipswich has been a bit quiet lately, it's true—we've been thinking—but having now appointed a Magazine Committee, though we do not make rash promises, we yet have something in store. Wait and See!

* * *
LONDON.

As the church bells, sirens, and what not ushered in the New Year I wonder how many of us forced ourselves into that heroic frame of mind and resolutely decided that during 1935 we would form a certain habit, or that we would drop one we have perhaps cherished for years. We know our friends by their

habits, and you will hear someone say, "That's so-and-so all the world over." We like and know him by that habit, and if he should decide that his resolution would be to drop it, he would probably suffer martyrdom in doing so and regrets from many of his friends. Even our pets form their habits and we get to like them. One habit my dog has is to pick a quarrel with any Scotsman who may be playing the bagpipes. He upset the same performer on three occasions during my holiday last summer, and on the last occasion I think if the Scot could have caught him with his instrument something would have had to give way. Whenever we now meet a Scotsman wearing kilts—even without his bagpipes—he will sit down and howl. To us his little habit may be a little embarrassing, still I like him for it. Resolutions are really determinations to form habits which we think are desirable, but resolutions are also determinations to drop those of our habits which we think undesirable.

What resolutions, I am asking myself, shall I make this year, and quite candidly I can't really think of any. What about writing an article each month to the Magazine? Well, I have tried that before and have been knocked out in the fifth or sixth round. What is the next best thing, and here I am speaking for all the London staff, for a resolution has come to me that everyone of our staff here will be taking the Magazine each month during 1935.

I see some of the branches have not waited for the New Year in making resolutions to contribute to the Magazine, and there are indications that it is going to be brighter. I congratulate Chippenham, for they are starting well by the election of their Magazine Committee, and we in London shall be looking forward to the Chippenham page.

Cheers for Dunmow, and I can verify that the Dunmow roses will take some beating, but I see they are going to give us something interesting in their page as well.

What about London? We're going to carry on, and even if we do get knocked out in the fifth or sixth round we shall try not to take the full count.

G.C.

I cannot think of a more fitting subject to write on at the commencement of the year than gardening. Whenever I come down to the Calne Flower Show I always feel

a bit envious as I walk round and inspect the exhibits, but I console myself with the thought that those in London do not have the same opportunities, and I think to live in the country one must almost of necessity be a gardener. I am far from being an expert, but I do know that this is the time of the year when we have to put the spade work in, for the ground, so dug up now, is greatly improved by the action of frost. This not only refers to gardening, but exactly the same thing applies in all the other pursuits of life. If the spade work is not put in—well, there's going to be no prizes. It may seem queer that of all contributors to the Magazine someone should write about this subject from London. Well, why not? I once had an allotment, or rather I shared half of an allotment with a neighbour. He wanted, or rather he begged me, to take half, so one Saturday, armed with a fork and spade, he took me to the spot. We divided it up, I having the east side and he taking the west. We both put in a full afternoon's work taking off the turfs of grass and placing them in a pile so that we could next week make a start with the digging. Deciding that we had had enough for that day, we stood leaning on our spades in the true professional way, feeling proud of our first efforts when we noticed two gentlemen standing by our plot in close conversation. They took some papers from their pockets and walked around our plot as if they had lost something; then they both approached us and handed us the mysterious document they had been reading. I can assure you that it was a genuine shock

SPORTING TERMS ILLUSTRATED.



HOCKEY—"A passing movement."

to me as I found we had been digging up their allotment. They expressed profound thanks. I have tried to forget what my neighbour said. Well, we had to start it all over again and this time we made sure that we were on the right plot. During the winter months, when it was necessary for the digging to be done, I always found it difficult to know where to commence, for if I started one end I found I had a few parsnips and cabbages in the way, and if I started the other end there were Brussels sprouts and other things, and I knew it was no use transplanting these at this time of the year. My friend working the west plot—a rather brainy individual—seemed to have solved his difficulty, for his plot had a scattered population similar to mine. He had got over his trouble by starting the digging in the middle and working round, and in that way he literally “made rings round it.” This plan created some wonderful contours, and it was found as he got to the edges that his plot was short of soil, but there—he could dig it back again next year.

G.C.

LONDON LIFE.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

London does not remember a wedding of such outstanding interest as that of the Duke of Kent and Princess Marina, which took place on November 29th. The popularity of the Duke and the charm of the Princess won the hearts of all Londoners.

It was the one topic in London during the week, and visitors not only from the provinces, but from over the seas, came to London in big numbers.

London excelled in her decorations, and Bond-street was particularly fascinating, and one huge bell decoration formed the particular attraction. In one of the shop windows in Bond Street there was exhibited copies of De Laslo's portraits of the bride and bridegroom, and these attracted big crowds.

The streets through which the procession was to pass were closed to traffic early in the morning.

It was a great pageant, and was not only a thrill to those who were able to take up a position on the line of route, but it was also a thrill to the millions who were not able to get there, to listen to the broadcast

of the service from the Abbey. And again those who had to be at business had the opportunity of listening to the service in the evening, which was broadcast from a gramophone record.

This is the first broadcast of a wedding ceremony, and it is wonderful to think of the advance of science. It may be only a few years before our wireless sets will not only produce the sounds but we shall see the events as well.

J.T.

WE ARE SIX.

A SEQUEL.

DEAR READERS,

The Cowcross Cockneys have done it all wrong. Under pain of censure by the Editor we wrote an article in last month's Magazine introducing ourselves. Alas! For our good intentions. The C.C.'s were taken to the Tower charged with misrepresentation and causing annoyance to H.M. subjects.

Sir Stanley Halloway presided, assisted by Miss Anne Boleyn, who, “with head took oonderneath her arm,” looked as usual a beautiful three-quarter. After the charges had been read, prosecuting counsel remarked, “These people seem to have an exalted opinion of themselves, and as far as the person ‘Dicky’ was concerned he was prepared to give him a double any time he liked,” a remark with which the President heartily concurred. Unfortunately, the bar was closed. Miss Boleyn evinced surprise that such an article was ever allowed to be put in the Harris Magazine, and offered her condolences to readers of same. For the defence it was contended that the C.C.'s were prepared to prove their assertions, and if the court would adjourn to a near-by lane, Leatherneck would give them a demonstration on the art of tea drinking. Iodine offered to exercise his art with the needle upon Miss Boleyn, an offer that was politely refused, the lady remarking that having been without a headache for years she didn't wish to start now. Summing up, the President said that the charge of misrepresentation must surely fail, but on the charge of causing annoyance to Magazine readers the defendant would be “Baled” over for one month.

So you see, dear Readers, such is the penalty of fame; we are bound not to

bother you again for another whole month. During the interim should any of our friends at other branches meet such trial and tribulation we should like to hear about it. In the meantime we shall try to behave ourselves, and in closing offer Hearty New Year Greetings to all our friends.

Hoping to bother you again,

THE C.C.'s.

IN TOWN TO-NIGHT!

FASHIONS : MILLINERY EN MENU.



THE GAMMON HAT.

The Gammon Hat is termed “Le Sport,”

And good health it will ensure

At winter games of any sort,

If “Crown” Brand is the cure.

We hope to bring you something new and interesting each month.

CARRY ON LONDON!

* * *

REDRUTH.

Redruth sends greetings to all friends everywhere, and hopes that 1935 will be a year of Good Health and Happiness.

We should like to wish our Harris Magazine a very successful year, which really means an increase in contributors and purchasers. Many more could be numbered

among the former, and none need be excluded from the latter.

Dunmow told us in the November issue of the Magazine that they hope to get out of the “rut” regarding Magazine news. This is sound advice that we might very well accept at Redruth. Ruts are nasty things to get into, especially those wide, deep ones that seem to surround Cornish farms. One farmer told us they were put there especially for Bacon Factory representatives with small cars who had been troubling them for pigs. These, however, are not the kind of ruts to which Dunmow refer, and we agree “that glimpses of things done in spare time” would be interesting stuff to put into the Magazine, and also “something about our own locality or people.” Perhaps volunteers will be forthcoming from Redruth during 1935 who will write along these lines.

Those who are familiar with or have read anything about Cornish tin mines know that one of the problems of the management is the pumping of the water which is present in large quantities. The deeper the mine the greater the difficulty becomes, and because Cornish mines are numbered among the deepest in the world, the experience and skill of the Cornish mining engineer have produced a pump that is known and used all over the world. The schemes now in progress for the reclamation of the Zuider Zee remind us that nearly 100 years ago the services of Cornish engines and engineers were used to drain the Great Haarlem Lake, in Holland. The lake was about 50,000 acres, and had been formed by the encroachment of the sea. In 1840 the Dutch Government decided to reclaim the flooded area. Tests were made on engines from different countries, and Messrs. Harvey, of Hayle Foundry, Cornwall, received an order to build what was to be the most gigantic engine in the world. This engine, when erected, proved to be so remarkable in economy and efficiency that two similar engines were ordered. The average depth of the water was 13ft., and it took three years to pump the lake dry, and by 1899 the new area under cultivation supported a population of 15,000 people. These engines worked continuously until recent years, pumping water out of the dykes, the last one to be made giving its last stroke as recently as June

10th, 1933, in the presence of a gathering of distinguished engineers and guests.

The Dutch Government, in appreciation of the services rendered, have decided to keep the engine and its house intact and in working order as a lasting monument of splendid work well done by Cornish and Dutch engineers.

Haarlem is a familiar name to all gardeners, and some of us receive much pleasure every year studying the bulb catalogues with their quaint English and wonderful varieties of bulbs produced on land once covered by the sea.

W.B.F.

* * *

The "Noblums" Again.

The Noblums Skittle team made a gallant effort to "come back" in a match against the Skittle Section Committee, at Marden House, on Wednesday, 5th December, but it was of no avail.

The first leg of the game was very evenly contested until a member of the Committee team, Mr. A. McLean (breaking all the rules made by the Noblums), scored 13, and to make matters worse, another member of the same team, Mr. W. Richens, also made 13.

This was too much for the Noblums, and their skip, Mr. A. Haines, did his utmost to retrieve his side by scoring 12, but in spite of this effort the Noblums finished 10 points light on the leg.

The second leg brought forth some more good skittling, Mr. H. Gingell for the Committee scoring 13, and Mr. Haines contributing another 12. But at the finish the Committee were another 3 points up, making 181 points to 168.

On the third leg the rot set in with the Noblums scoring 73 only against their opponents 91, when Mr. G. Gough wisely suggested refreshments. As the Committee's eye was well "in," perhaps his intention was that refreshments would get their eye "out." Whether this was so or not he did not say, but the fact remains that on the fourth and last leg the Noblums were only 2 points down.

The total figures for the four legs were:—
Skittle Section Committee ... 362
The Noblums 329

In skittles, as in all other games, youth must be served, and it is interesting to note that the total number of years five of the

Noblums have been employed by the firm amounts to 223. As a comparison, five of the members of the Skittle Committee with the most service with the firm totals 99 years.

It was a very enjoyable game indeed, very keenly fought, and it was really wonderful the way "the Boys of the Old Brigade" skittled, and it is hoped that further matches will be arranged.

The teams were:—

SKITTLE SECTION COMMITTEE:—R. Kirton, H. Gingell, H. Hill, R. B. Swaffield, A. McLean, F. Nash, S. Clark, K. Ratty, F. Culley, W. Pottow, W. Richens, and R. Stanley.

THE NOBLUMS:—G. Gough, A. C. Whitting, C. H. Dicksbury, B. Gough, F. Stevens, J. F. G. Edwards, W. Weston, M. F. Clifford, F. Gale, C. Stevens, E. H. Kettle, and A. Haines.

* * *

We recently saw a billhead of one of our customers in Cornwall, wherein he was described as a "Graper and Grocer."

If this was not a misprint perhaps our Redruthians can enlighten us.

* * *

HIS IDEA.

Speaking at the annual dinner and dance of the Yorkshire Society of Southerners in Leeds, Alderman R. C. Davies told a story of a Scotsman who applied for a job in the Leeds police force. During his examination he was asked what he would do to disperse a crowd. The answer was, "I should pass round the hat."

* * *

FORGOT HIMSELF!

The absent-minded professor met his son in school one morning and said to him, "Good morning, John, how is your father?"

* * *

THE NEW AGE.

A few years ago a young lady blushed when she was embarrassed; to-day she is embarrassed when she blushes.

* * *

FAIR DEALING.

Small brother: I just saw you kiss Mary.

Suitor: Here's a sixpence.

Small brother: Here's threepence change. One price to all, that's my motto.



1935—A very Happy New Year to you all. How time flies. Another Christmas has gone by, and I wonder how many of us yearn again for the days of the parties, for no matter how many we go to, I think at no other time do we enjoy the simple pleasures of grown-up games, holly, paper caps, so much as at Christmas time. And no matter how we may scoff outwardly about these things, I always have the feeling that in the mind of nearly every man and woman the picture that Dickens so clearly portrays in "Pickwick Papers" is really and truly there, and we all sigh for the "might have been."

Well, girls, we have all spent our money, I suppose, and we are all terribly hard up, but that doesn't prevent us even yet from scanning "Women's Journal" and "Vogue" in the endeavour to find something really "new," my dears! The shops are all looking so careworn and jaded, there doesn't appear to be a bright idea amongst any of them—they who tempted us and cajoled us the final weeks of 1934; *and did we fall?* I should just say we did. And now with January weather, March winds on their way, blowing and cutting us to pieces, we have to struggle on, until one day we shall notice "The Sun has got his hat on," and we shall see the trees and hedgerows faintly welcoming him, and then all of a sudden we shall see the lovely greens and yellows of Miss Spring, and I am afraid we shall all have to look to ourselves and think what can we wear, what can we afford, and then, if I may call it, the rot commences. Without thinking of any consequences we rush off to our dressmaker, our tailor, our milliner, and emerge, voila! Perhaps not quite so lovely and dainty as Miss Spring, but with a joie de vivre that new clothes always brings to true woman.

Going back to the party season, have you ever played "Murder"? It's a topping game to have in a large, rambling kind of

house. Here it is. Cut up small pieces of paper for as many folks as there are and on two of them write "Murderer" and "Detective." Get the people to draw for them, and the one who has "Detective" written on the slip declares that he is the detective. Of course, the Murderer does not declare himself. Now put out all the lights and the game commences, the idea being that the murderer has to find someone, hold him or her, and say "YOU ARE MURDERED." The murdered person yells and the lights go up, everyone standing where they were at the time of the murder. Now the poor old detective has the onerous duty of discovering the murderer, and by examining each person—and they are bound to tell the truth—he ought to be able to make a charge. It is really great fun. Try it and see.

I wonder what this year will bring forth in the way of public events? Of course, there is the Silver Jubilee of the King and Queen, and I suppose we may expect great doings in the Metropolis. But last year was really a remarkable year from several points of view, wasn't it? The magnificent feat of endurance of Scott and Black in flying to Australia; the assassination of King Alexander, and the unspoken fear in peoples' minds, "Will there be another war?" But the great event I am sure in all we women's minds was our wedding—"Princess Marina and Prince George,"—when all London, and indeed, the provinces, too, seemed to get off their perches and in one grand glorious burst let loose an unbounded enthusiasm. We decorated our houses—our streets looked like a gigantic cracker. You know it must have made the stranger quite envious to see it all, for when we do go mad we do it with a vengeance. Oh, no! there is no half measure with the English, and it's the same with ourselves, too, I think, don't you? We seem to go on and on a very safe

little rut for weeks and weeks, and then, as I have said before, we see the jolly old sun, and everything begins to look so bright, and we throw off our winter temperament and emerge the gay, the chic, the amazingly-transformed woman. Spring is coming, so cheer up!

My snowdrops are out already; are yours?

Well, cheerio, folks. I sincerely hope I'll have a few bright ideas by next month.

JANE.

If we intend to start the New Year well we must put ourselves out to do so—remember, nothing attempted nothing gained.

In the first place we must cheerfully and courageously try to put our own house in order—and it won't be an easy task either, because probably we shall find a lot of things which have been left undone for years. For instance, those wretched habits we have slipped into will need some will power to get out of.

Personally, I have no time for people who are always bored and fed up. Why don't they come out of their shell and have a look round? When once they have found something to interest them they will forget how to slip back in again.

Instead of wondering what the New Year has in store for you, just take stock and see what you have in store for the New Year. (I appeal now to the gifted and methodical). Any hints beneficial to a working-girl will be gratefully welcomed and printed on this page, so that readers may make use of them.

Here's something worth knowing about celery. If it has lost its crispness and become flabby, it can be revived by placing in a jug filled to the top with salted water. It should be allowed to stand for a few hours and rinsed in cold, fresh water before serving. The coarser sticks need not go to waste, either. Cut into short lengths and boil for twenty minutes in salted water. Make a thick, white sauce, adding three tablespoons of grated cheese and a sprinkle of cayenne. Pile the celery on rounds of buttered toast, pour the sauce over all, garnish with chopped parsley, and serve hot.

V.L.D.

* * *

He that stays in the valley will never get over the hill.

BY MOONLIGHT.

My way carried me from the haunts of man to the fresh air of the country, somewhere "Paradise" way.

I was thinking of the peace and quietness of the night, when suddenly two terrific screams brought me back to earth.

"Was I," I asked myself, "in this bit of rural England, plunged into a 'Jack the Ripper' inquest?"

Fearing nothing, I ran towards the screams, and rounding the bend I slowed up, for before me I saw the sinister figure of a man struggling with a woman, and down the road came another woman running like a hare.

I stepped into the shadow as she passed by, her white fear-wrought face set, her wide open eyes telling me that something terrible was happening down the road.

She was gone, and I was left to rescue the other woman. I tiptoed towards them, knowing that every second might be my last.

I was caught, I was helpless. I clenched my fists as I asked him what the screaming was about. The man spoke, "My young lady and I were out for a stroll and the moon must have affected her, because she thought she saw a cat on the gate, and with love and pity in her heart she went towards it, saying, 'Pussey! Pussey! lovely Pussey,' and started to stroke it very gently."

When suddenly the cat moved and seemed to grow, and we saw, much to our dismay, not a cat but the head of a woman who wore a fur collar.

The woman leaning on the gate screamed with fright, as did my young lady. Those were the screams you heard, and that was the other woman who passed running down the road."

Alas, my murder was but a comedy after all. Bidding them a hasty good-night, I left them.

I strolled on through Paradise towards Bremhill, thinking how strange it was, what a night and the moon could do to a young lady whose heart all day was in the Ledger Department.

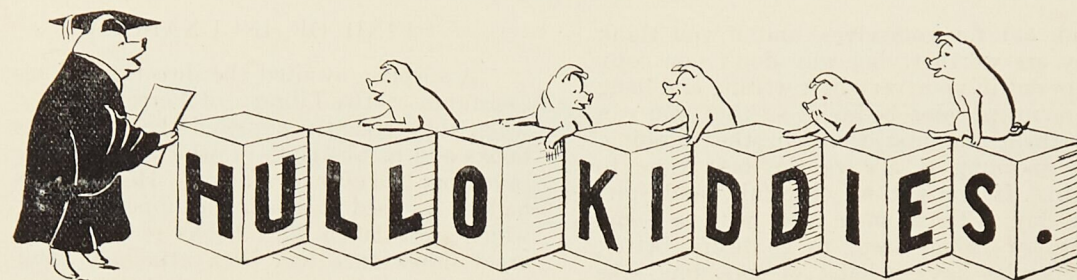
* * *

RESTFUL.

Physician: Your husband must have absolute quiet. Here's the sleeping draught.

Wife: When do I give it him?

Physician: You don't—take it yourself.



A Happy New Year to you all! I hope this will be the happiest and jolliest year you have ever had.

I expect you have made all sorts of New Year resolutions, haven't you? We older ones have. But perhaps you don't know what a resolution is, yet. Well, its just this. At the end of the old year we think of all the things that have happened during the year, and somehow there seems to be such a lot of ugly things that have happened; so many times when we have given way to a nasty temper and said things that we didn't really mean a bit, or we have come down in the morning with a long face and grumbled at our breakfast when Mother had tried ever so hard to make it especially pleasing. And another day Mother was very tired and had a headache, and instead of being very still and playing quietly or trying to do something to make it a bit easier for her, we played the noisiest, rowdiest game we could think of, and pulled a very long face when Mother asked if we could make just a little less noise.

And then there was a day when baby was especially cross; I don't think she was very well, and Mother had such a lot of things to do; but, of course, *we* couldn't bother to amuse baby, we were very busy with a jig-saw puzzle, and who wants to stop in the middle of a jig-saw puzzle to look after babies? And yet she is such a sweet little thing and it isn't really much trouble to keep her amused, and, anyway, it's well worth giving up a game to see her chuckle and to see that twinkle in her eyes when we *do* play the sort of games that she likes.

And another day we ran an errand for a neighbour, and she gave us a big, red, rosy apple—a specially delicious-looking one—and when we got home there was little brother, and didn't he look longingly at that apple! Well, *he* didn't run the errand, and he couldn't expect us to share it with him; why should we? And so we left little brother standing

there and went out to enjoy the apple all alone; but somehow it didn't taste nearly as nice as we thought it was going to, and it seemed to stick somewhere as it went down. I wonder why?

And there were lots of days like that last year. They weren't all like it, of course. There were some days when we were kind and helped Mother and went about the home with a cheery smile and sang that little song about the robin who "sang always, but kept his sweetest carol for the wintry days," and we were brave, and although we fell with such a bump coming home from school, we knew Mother would be busy getting dinner, and instead of crying we hobbled in and managed to bathe the bad knee and had got a bandage from Mother's first-aid box, so that all she had to do was to see that it was quite clean and put on some lint or some ointment and the bandage, and it was ever so much more comfortable because we had helped to do it ourselves.

And so we think of all these days, the ugly ones and the happy ones, and we make up our minds that next year there are going to be more happy ones than ugly ones, and *that* is a resolution.

Here are some rather good resolutions:—
I am going to start the day with a smile.
When I want to cry, I shall sing instead.
(If I am a boy, I shall whistle).

I am going to be kind and polite to everybody I meet to-day. I shall start in my own home.

There are some little things I know I can do to help Mother; I shall do them without waiting to be asked.

I am going to stick at my work instead of talking or playing with the boy or girl next to me at school.

I will play a straight game.

I will not tell a lie.

I will not be mean or selfish.

I will give of my very best all day.

There will be a lot more that you can

think out for yourselves, and if you think they are worth trying why don't you copy them out in your very best writing and hang them up in your bedroom so that you can see them the first thing in the morning. The morning is always the best time to begin. If you get up cheerfully and start the day with a smile and with a song, somehow things seem to go heaps better, and smiles have a habit of spreading—the rest of the family want to smile; Mother isn't nearly so worried, and Daddy goes off to work whistling as he goes, and teacher has an easier day because that smile has spread all round the class-room.

I meant to tell you a story, but I am afraid there won't be room, so we must have it for next time.

I am still waiting for your letters, telling me what sort of things you would like best on your own page. If you don't tell me I shan't know, shall I? And then you mustn't blame me if the "Kiddies Corner" isn't just what you want it to be. Haven't you got some good riddles or something of your own—a little story that you have written yourself, or a bit of poetry?

And now I will make you an offer. I will give a book for the best letter telling me what you enjoyed most at the Carnival, and why you enjoyed it, and then next month perhaps we can have the winning letter printed on this page, and I will also tell you what I enjoyed most. I meant to say quite a lot about the Carnival, which I think is such a splendid treat for the boys and girls who have someone belonging to them who works at the Firm, but that, too, will have to be for another day.

Address your letters to "Aunt Susie," C/o C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd., Calne, and let me know your name and address and age.

With all good wishes,

Your affectionate

AUNT SUSIE.

* * *

SEALING WAX.

Regarding sealing wax, all the information as to its introduction seems to be given by Becamann, in his "History of Inventions." Its use appears to have originated about 1563, although it did not become general until the following century. It was at first called "cire d'Espagne."

FIND OF INCUNABULA.

A surprise awaited the director and his assistants at the Library of Ferrara (Italy) when they recently explored the shelves of books and manuscripts of which no regular inventory had ever been made. High ladders had to be used to reach the upper shelves, which were laden with books to which no great importance had been attached. But now it has been discovered that the abandoned shelves contained 1,600 books printed before the year 1500—that is, *incunabula*—2,350 rare old prints, 101 books and manuscripts of the Savonarola period and controversy, 3,195 autographs, and 2,386 manuscripts.

* * *

ST. AGNES' EVE.

How many girls will remember the old customs of St. Agnes' Eve?

Until not so very long ago every maiden anxious to know whom she was to marry fasted all day on January 20th and, before going to bed, stuck a row of pins in the sleeve of her nightgown, then took them out again, repeating the Lord's Prayer as she did so.

This—possibly because of the proverbial association of needles and pins with the marriage with which a man's trouble begins!—was held to ensure seeing her future husband in her dreams.

* * *

A TRUE FISH STORY.

A man entered the market and said to the dealer, "Just stand over there and throw me five of the biggest fish you've got."

"Throw 'em? What for?" asked the dealer in amazement.

"So I can tell my friends I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."

* * *

HIS OWN MACHINE.

A visitor from the Colonies, who was an airman during the war, called at the Imperial War Museum the other day, with his wife, hoping to be able to show her, on a trench map, the spot where he crashed in 1917.

So complete is the Museum's collection of aerial photographs that he was handed a print of that portion of the line on the day in question, showing his fallen machine lying in No Man's Land.—"The Rambler" in the *Daily Mirror*.



BY APPOINTMENT

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 9. _____ FEBRUARY, 1935. _____ No. 2.



IN all parts of the Empire plans for local celebrations of the Silver Jubilee of His Majesty's accession to the Throne are being considered.

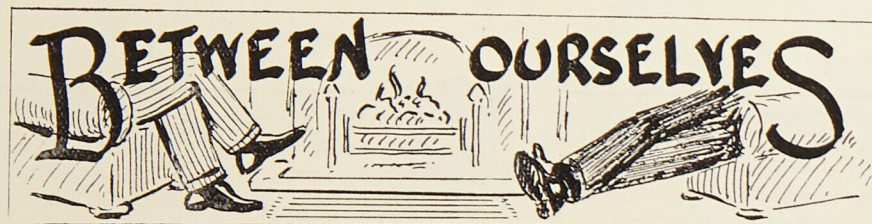
A marked contrast will exist on the occasion of this national festival compared with the two jubilees of Queen Victoria's reign. Means of travel are so easily available to all classes of the community that there may be a tendency to desert the scattered festivities of the small townships and the countryside for the more elaborate celebrations of the larger centres. In spite of the growth of our urban districts we are still a rural nation, with strong local patriotic feelings which we should strive hard to maintain.

It will be a great pity if on May the 6th the holiday is made the occasion for picnics and excursions, rather than for celebration

of this historic event with the particular community where everyday lives are spent.

Those who were privileged to take part in the Jubilees of 1887 and 1897 under happy local conditions still remember the events with a thrill of pleasure. The religious services, the planting of oak trees, massed meetings in market squares to receive the Royal Message, processions of local bodies, teas for young and old, fireworks, all the fun of the fair, and the greatest thrill of all, part of the chain of beacons seen from some high eminence.

Our final appeal to those who, on at least one hundred days of the year, including holidays, half-holidays, and Sundays, are able to make their journeys about the country, is to spend this historic holiday amongst their own people and not add to already congested areas.



WHERE are we in respect to the pig supplies for our factories in 1935?

In the past some factories in England always relied upon direct dealings with producers. Others relied upon dealers, markets, supplies from Ireland, and only partly upon purchases from the actual producers in England. While others relied entirely upon commission dealers and market supplies.

To meet the needs of all these the Re-organisation Commission considered whether the Contract Route should be:—

- (a) That every pig for bacon should be contracted for with the Pigs Marketing Board so that the Board could allocate to factories. (This would have meant that the producer would not have known the destination of his pig when he signed the Contract).
- (b) That Contracts should be sought directly from farmers by the curers.

In view of the objection of the great majority of Pig Producers to sign agreements which give no indication of the destination of their pigs and of their desire to send to factories fairly close at hand, so that they can see the animals weighed, &c., the first contract provided for Direct Contracts, and also gave an opportunity for group Pig Contracts which were to be allocated by the Pigs Marketing Board.

The results were disastrous to nearly all the factories in the early months of 1934, as some only got 4 per cent. of their requirements.

If pigs were inanimate objects like bars of pig iron the problem would be simple. As it is farmers like to select the factory they deal with and to have it near at hand.

Large new factories have been opened in pig-producing districts, and others have been greatly extended.

The original idea of the Commission and the intention of the Government was that *existing* factories should first be filled and that new ones would only be opened by

sanction of a Bacon Industry Development Board. This has not yet been carried out.

A request for such a Board had to be made jointly to the Ministry by the Pigs and Bacon Marketing Boards.

Very great delay was caused in various quarters and to this day the Development Board has not been set up. Hence many, perhaps most, of the troubles which we have faced, and now face in regard to the distribution of pigs and the Quota Administration upon which the Schemes were founded.

Anyhow, the method of getting Contracts and the larger absorption of pigs by the new and/or enlarged units have left very many Curers appallingly short for 1935. Among many others we have to include some of our own concerns.

How then was the national position to be remedied? We insisted upon Supplementary Contracts being issued. The number of pigs obtained thereby was not enough. So further Contracts are now to be obtained covering, nationally, another 240,000 pigs, which will be available for allocation by the Pigs Board amongst Curers who are short. These will largely fall for delivery in the last six months of 1935, and we hope for that part of the year to have more pigs in certain of our factories than we shall have in the first six months.

We have done our best, and if work is not so plentiful for a few months as it happily was in the last months of 1934, we hope the largely increased earnings of that period may assist those concerned. We shall continue to use every endeavour to increase supplies.

And now a word about Bonus Schemes. There are, from the records, signs of slightly increased movements into higher grades, but the rate of acceleration is not entirely satisfactory in view of the great cost of the present schemes to the Company. This

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Having completed their "Provincial Tour" members of the Dramatic Society are now concentrating on rehearsals for "The Ghost Train" which is to be presented at the Palace Theatre on Tuesday and Wednesday, February 26th and 27th. This play which has been the subject of silent and talkie films is ever fresh, as is evidenced by it being recently put on the London stage as a Christmas entertainment. Last year's performance of "Hawley's of High Street" set a standard which our members must sustain and if they succeed a good evening's entertainment is in store for those who attend the performances.

Our "Effects Dept." is working hard and the production will not suffer for want of realistic stage management. May we ask our friends to book their seats early as we are most desirous to play to capacity. Plan of seating accommodation may be seen at the box office at the Palace Theatre or the Hon. Secretaries will be pleased to accept bookings.

* * *

TURN AGAIN, WITTY ONE!

In the wide, open spaces, where there's plenty of trees,

They say of the Londoners, "Here coom they Cockneys."

"Now why do they say this?" I enquired in my turn,

And amid yokel laughter the tale I did learn.

A man from the Metropolis at a farm once stayed

For harvest, to lend the farmer his aid.

It all was quite new, and full of surprises,

Especially at dawn when the sun always rises.

The stamp of the hoofs, the cows' mellow bellow,

Completely bewildered this town-bred fellow.

The hens clucked joys, the cock sang his praise,

That the Cockney exclaimed, "Hark! that there cock neighs."

* * *

Money talks, but nobody notices what kind of grammar it uses.

remark applies to every factory and department, inside and out.

We gladly made this gesture many years ago to indicate our desire that no man or girl should remain in a rut, but that initiative and efficiency should earn a reward. It was clear then, and must always be understood, that the Bonuses were not wages or salary, they were entirely free gifts by the firm, to be continued at their will if their original purpose was served, but liable to be withdrawn at any time if that purpose failed or if it was found for any other reason impossible to continue the schemes. On these terms they exist to-day. Through all the dreary, worrying, and very bad years, the firm has ungrudgingly paid to the savings accounts of those concerned very many thousands of pounds. No man or girl now receiving a bonus of any sort ought to fail to ask themselves what these free gifts mean and what they involve, not only in the wise saving of them, but also in loyalty, honesty, efficiency, good work, and in the bargain of good faith, which such free gifts denote and which, in the mind of the decent men and women, is felt and acted upon in such a whole-hearted way that mutual good faith is better expressed in impulsive and expulsive action than in a definition of mere words.

1935 must be an extremely anxious year for your Directors. The bonuses will be continued for that year, unless unforeseen or desperate circumstances arise. Do I ask too much when I say that 100 per cent. of loyalty, devotion, and efficiency represent at least a part of the obligation of all who enjoy such privileges.

* * *

The man who laughs at his own jokes is like a hen that cackles after she has laid an egg. But nobody blames the hen.

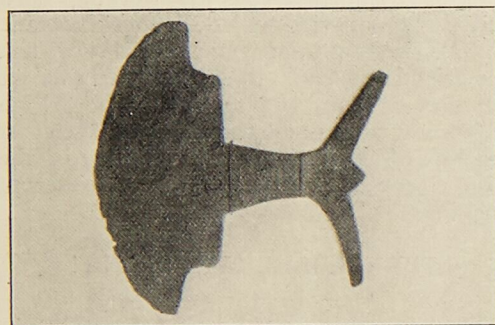
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Unmined gold has no value, and manufactured goods hidden away in warehouses and factories are useless until made known and desirable by the aid of advertising.

The New and the Old.

This month the article to be described is another old weapon of war. Very much lighter in construction than the Halberd Head previously described, and entirely different in design. The authority to whom it was shown states that it was in general use before the Halberds and remained after they had given place to lighter weapons. The dates given were from the 14th Century down to the late 17th Century.

From its general appearance we may call it a light battle-axe, and it is fairly safe to assume that the method of using it would be



to insert it into a cleft handle or shaft, and fix securely in position by means of cross-binding with leather thongs.

The back of the axe shows what might be regarded as a crude attempt at ornamentation, in addition to serving the purpose of maintaining equilibrium for the accuracy in dealing blows. Its long immersion in the silt of the river bed would tend to cause corrosion and scaling, especially as it is only made of iron, and probably received no hardening process, except the ordinary tempering by fire and water. Therefore, its present appearance would differ slightly from its original state.

There are some old prints in existence where a weapon of almost identical design is being carried by mounted warriors, and in some cases the axe is shown attached to a shaft of considerable length, being about two feet from the top, with a small pennant above. This is especially the case where an attempt is made to depict a Tournament.

A.B.

(To be continued).

The Outlook.

1935 is going to be a year of adventure. That much is already certain.

As one looks around at the prospect there is a great deal that is very good and much that can give little cause for congratulation.

It was at the Speech Day of Christmas, 1932, that the Head Master of the Watford Grammar School (which houses 700 boys) made a very gloomy speech. He referred to the number of boys leaving, and to the fact that there were no jobs whatever in view. But since then the local conditions have entirely changed, owing the various new industries that have been opened up in Watford and district. So at the Speech Day of Christmas, 1934, his report stated that all boys leaving school, apart from a few going on to the 'Varsities, were going direct to work, and that the number of applications exceeded the number of boys leaving.

I also read in "Oxford," the handbook of the Oxford Society, that during the current year the total number of appointments secured through the University Committee of Appointments will be the highest yet reported.

There is a wide gap between a diamond and a mincepie. I suggest that if trade in diamonds and mincepies is good, then it is more than probable that trade generally is good, and industry on the up grade.

A few people can and do buy diamonds, when money is about, but mincepies are within the reach of almost all. I see that after a long interval of years the diamond industry has awakened and is once again profitable. As to mincepies, the London Press report that a great company have sold 13,000,000 this Christmas, and that their sales exceed by some millions that of any previous Christmas. It is reported from Nottingham that the tobacco people have put on an extra thousand hands during the year. Instances like these could be multiplied, and it would seem at first sight that such a huge mass of evidence of renewed life can be gathered that the future is secure and all that remains is to go forward with the good work. There is substance in all this. But democracy is of all things most fickle and is ever apt to snatch at shadows and refuse the substance. And, unfortu-

nately, the shadows are there right enough; they stretch their gloomy shape from far-away Durham and cast a feeling of discomfort over the happy county of Herts. For this Christmas we, of Herts, have received an urgent appeal to go to the rescue of the distressed area in Durham.

In the first week of the appeal broadcast through the county £7,000 have been raised. Now as to that I don't see why private people should be called upon to do through charity what seems to me to be a National job—or, in other words, a Government job. There is now one glut. It is a glut of money which apparently finds no outlet. The bank rate is 2 per cent., the Joint Stock Banks are bursting with money for which there is no use. Meanwhile there is still a huge unemployment of 2,000,000. All this vast army of people drawn off from productive work existing on public funds. I don't see why this should be, and I am sure if the Government does not handle this terror just as a "terror" was handled in 1914-18 that this shadow which casts its gloom over our land will produce such an effect that the substance of an increased prosperity in other ways will lose its effect. "When there is no vision the people perish."

Is the problem too vast? It arises, no doubt at all, partly through the machine replacing the man.

I get some very interesting facts out of that booklet, "Oxford." It is known now that the Oxford XV. lost their match against the sister Varsity. The Rugger report says, "The main trouble is that of injuries. Up to now there have been far too many, in part due to the hard ground, but in part also to the fact that the modern undergraduate does not strengthen his leg muscles sufficiently by walking as his father did." Another part of the booklet deals with Oxford as a whole. There are now three cities in one. University and College, municipal and residential, industrial.

It seems that the last traffic census was taken on July, 1933. On that day 16,891 motor vehicles (in addition to 22,486 bicycles) passed through Carfax between 6 a.m. and 10 p.m. The peak hour, two to three, saw 1,400 motors pass. The result of all this is noise and vibration.

The old Oxford has passed and the new Oxford is being destroyed. The Oxford Preservation Trust requires half a million to reinstate damaged buildings and to preserve

them from final destruction. Vibration is the insidious foe of the fabric of some of these ancient buildings which are the glory of Oxford, a possession treasured in the memory of all who love her and a magnet to the world. Once again, "Where there is no vision not only do the people perish (see December returns of killed and injured) but beauty itself must perish."

Neither is the report of the Oxford Appointment Committee all to the good, for it points out that Government appointments, owing to lower recruitment, will barely amount to 50 per cent. of the Government appointments secured in 1929. This appeals to me as a black spot. I think it was the great Lord Salisbury, or it might have been the equally great Joseph Chamberlain, who once advised the public to study big maps. England is small. We only see how small when we look at the map of the world, but the British Empire, founded in the main, if I may say so, by the Victorians, is great. To-day a new school of thought seems to have arisen. The old Victorian, or, if you will, Elizabethan idea of pioneer, dies down and fades out. If that new idea is to go even but a little further then very soon England will reach saturation point, if it has not done so already.

I do not know if the Editors will pass this. They may think it too political. But, on the other hand, there is the desire in view of the greatness of the tasks ahead to forsake the idea of party, to come together and pool our ideas. We cannot pool our ideas if we don't make them known, and the outlook is bound up in that way. Our future as a nation depends on how far our people can be given vision to see through this present time of mingled sunlight and shadow. And vision beyond the petty local views which fill the horizon of many people.

R.E.H.

* * *
SORRY.

A Post-office official says that the remarks of some subscribers are quite uncalled for. So are a good many of the numbers.—*Punch*.

* * *
MODESTY.

John: When you proposed did you tell her that you were unworthy of her? That always makes a big hit.

Jim: I was going to say that, but she beat me to it.

Autumn Leaves.

Such rich colours! Such soft tones! Such charming tints! How restful to the eye! . . . These are amongst the milder exclamations to be heard on every hand from the aesthetically-minded and from quite ordinary and otherwise sensible people as they look around the countryside with eerie ecstatic gaze and see on almost every tree and shrub the evidence of the general rot that sets in at Autumn time every year.

Charming young things and school-children descend upon woods and hedgerows and bear away great armfuls of withered vegetation of all kinds with which to decorate their homes and class-rooms. To such people Autumn is a period of never-ending delight, and possibly there is some excuse for their enthusiasm, although it is difficult to imagine one—perhaps it is because they know no better—for it is quite certain that nobody with any knowledge at all of the trouble and grief that follows “the fall of the leaf” could ever see any beauty in Autumn leaves—the ubiquitous emblems of death, decay, and disaster.

In the garden they litter the lawns, bespatter the borders, and pervade the paths, turning its well-kept orderly beauty into a dismal, untidy wilderness, and turning the gardener, usually the calmest and most even-tempered of men, into a soured and testy individual who knows no rest until the last yellow peril is gathered up, and with a wild whoop either burnt or buried.

The man of the house may be seen gallantly risking his neck on an improvised scaffold, composed of the kitchen table, two chairs, and possibly a clothes-horse, in a gallant attempt to clear the filthy things from his rainwater gutters, or he may take a

big chance of permanently dislocating his bank balance by employing a plumber to do the job.

On the King's highway, they lurk in the vicinity of trees in sinister slippery patches and spell death to the motorist who strikes them unawares on a glistening wet road at night.

But the full horror of their beastliness is to be found in rivers. The fair trout-filled stream that flows through the ancient town of Calne and supplies the beating heart of the great modern factory that stands upon its banks with the life blood of its existence was recently, in a few hours, converted into a foul, foetid, witches' brew by Autumn leaves washed down by the Autumn rains, and that stout heart ceased to beat and the darkness of death descended upon town and factory until the necessary measures could be taken to provide an antidote for their horrid poison and set that staunch steel heart beating once more.

To the power engineer who draws his water supply from a river Autumn leaves are a curse, and even when the vile flesh has rotted from their bones so that they are no longer recognisable as leaves, their decaying skeletons continue to haunt him until the wild blasts of blizzards of spring have brought about their final, utter, and complete disintegration.

EPSILON.

* * *

We are pleased to see Mr. G. Wood back again in the Office, looking fit and well, after his long absence.

* * *

Women don't dress to please the men, but to worry other women.

* * *

In showers the umbrella at home is of no use.

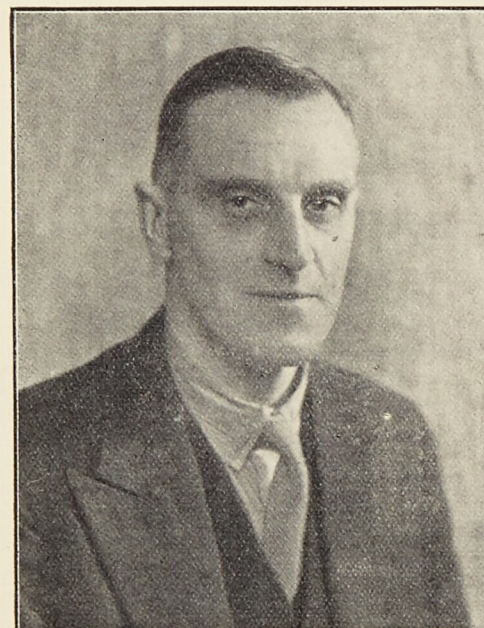
INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SKITTLE LEAGUE, 1934-35.

Results to January 31st, 1935.

| | Played. | Won. | Drn. | Pts. Poss. | Pts. Obt. |
|--|---------|------|------|------------|-----------|
| Slaughter | 11 | 7 | 1 | 22 | 15 |
| Warehouse, Pie, Box, Mill, Despatch, Lifts and Groundsmen..... | 11 | 7 | 1 | 22 | 15 |
| Retort, Traffic, Stores, By-Products, and Export | 9 | 7 | 0 | 18 | 14 |
| Kitchen | 9 | 6 | 0 | 18 | 12 |
| Printing, Lard, Basement, Cellars, Laboratory, Tin, Shop, & Chauffeurs | 10 | 5 | 0 | 20 | 10 |
| Office | 9 | 4 | 0 | 18 | 8 |
| Boning, Rinding, and Sausage | 10 | 2 | 0 | 20 | 4 |
| Engineers and Maintenance | 10 | 1 | 0 | 20 | 2 |

Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. L. SCULL.



Our photograph this month is of Mr. Leonard Scull, our respected representative in the county of Kent.

Mr. Scull joined the House of Harris in March, 1917, after seeing considerable war service, which incapacitated him for further active participation.

After being in Kent for us for a number of years he spent some time in Bristol before finally returning to Kent in 1923.

Mr. Scull is a West-Countryman, but he has one of those personalities which can make themselves at home anywhere.

He has a decided preference for holidays on the Belgian coast.

* * *

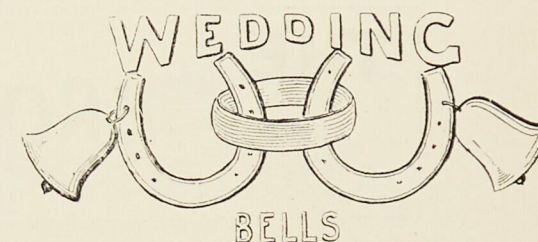
Will all friends kindly note that Mr. P. Andrews, of last month's fame, is at Dunmow. We regret the omission, and express our apologies to Mr. Andrews and our other friends at Dunmow.

* * *

A woman can stand being married to a gambler as long as he wins.

* * *

Little fishes are sweet, and little rooms are warm.



The marriage between Miss G. M. Haines and Mr. H. V. Burchell took place at the Calne Free Church on Saturday, 29th December. The bride, who was attired in deep cream satin crepe, with wreath and veil, was attended by two bridesmaids wearing peach crepe marocain dresses and head-dresses of silver leaves.

Miss Haines and Mr. Burchell had both been attached to the Invoicing Department for a number of years, and the presentation from the Office Staff took the form of an oak bureau bookcase.

On December 24th, at St. Lawrence's parish church, Hilmarton, Mr. Edward Pegler was married to Miss Violet Moore, of Hilmarton.

Mr. Pegler was the recipient of a canteen of stainless cutlery from the factory and a cut-glass salad bowl and pictures from No. 1 Cellars.

At Calne parish church, on December 29th, Miss Frances Newth was married to Mr. Oswald Green. The bride was dressed in white crepe suede and wore wreath and veil and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums and was attended by four bridesmaids. Two dressed in turquoise blue crepe suede petal capes and small bridesmaids in pink crepe suede, with caps of silver leaves.

The bridesmaids carried bouquets of pink chrysanthemums. The bride was presented with a handsome clock from the Retort Department, to which she was attached for eleven years. The bridegroom was the recipient of a handsome Westminster chimes clock from the Slaughter Department. The present from the factory was a set of pictures.

* * *

If you will work for others as you would like them to work for you, you'll never be out of a job.

* * *

The twelfth commandment is this: Don't take yourself too seriously.



When we were putting together a few notes for the January issue we referred to the entire lack of copy. We are afraid that this dearth still applies to the February issue. However, we are consoling ourselves with the fact that the January Magazine is only just in our readers' hands so that there has hardly been time to reform and make the necessary good resolution to send in something, however small, at least once or twice a year.

Just after Christmas we always find that there is something of a lull before the serious business of the New Year commences. No doubt this also applies to our friends on the road, whose customers are doing all that they can to clear up the goods which they purchased for Christmas and which have not all been sold. Many of them are also busily engaged with stocktaking.

This is just the time to do some serious thinking and planning ahead. We are all apt to get into a rut if we do not have a critical examination of our methods from time to time. There are always new methods of tackling old problems, from the organisation of journeys to the discovery of new methods of approach for particularly difficult customers. We at this end also find that there is sometimes a little breathing space at this period, when new plans of campaign can be tackled for the coming year.

We hope that a combination of the hard thinking which will have been carried out both outside and inside will result in a breaking of records before the end of 1935.

The Birmingham Exhibition takes place before the end of January, where we shall have a large Stand at what we hope will be a very successful show.

We are sorry to say that Mr. W. E. J. Carpenter, our Oxford representative, met with a serious accident recently, which has caused him to lie up for some time. Mr. Carpenter was severely cut in the head, and

it was indeed fortunate that nothing more serious transpired.

"HINTS TO SALES DEPT." "He Gets My Goat."

The origin of the common American expression of annoyance, "He gets my goat," has puzzled most people, but the recent experiment of a well-known American manufacturer of fountain pens throws some light on the subject, says the "Morning Post."

He purchased a goat of potent personality, and announced to his travellers that the one who secured fewest sales in a given period would have to entertain the animal as a guest at his house during the ensuing month.

The goat has already paid a round of visits, but has never stayed twice with the same host. The sales are going up, appropriately enough, by leaps and bounds.

A REPLY TO THE "PIE CLERK."

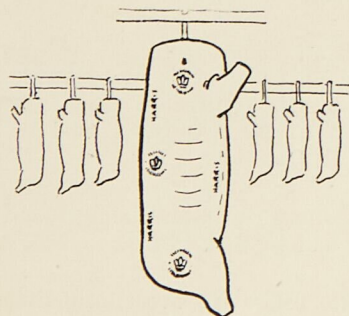
An Irish navvy, being a stranger in a Scotch city, was gazing at a gasometer in a puzzled way.

"And phwat may that be?" he asked a passer-by.

"I dinna ken," replied the native.

"Begorra, that's the biggest dinner-can I've ever seen," said the astonished son of Erin.

SPORTING TERMS ILLUSTRATED.



Football—"Off-side."



LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"The History of the Novel in England," by R. M. Lovett and H. S. Hughes.

This book traces the history of the novel from Elizabethan times right up to the present day, and it is intended to illustrate the connection between the novels and the attitudes and lives of the people living when the novels were written. It would be of special interest to those who wish to follow up the recent series of lectures on "Social Progress" by reading books about previous periods of economic distress, which show how people faced and overcame their difficulties. Most of us have read Dickens, Scott, &c., but this book brings to one's notice other less widely-read authors whose novels throw a lot of light on the miserable conditions under which the working-classes lived during the first part of the last century, and before any social reforms had been started.

LADIES' HOCKEY.

Our hockey records for the past month are not very full—mostly a record of scratched matches. The men had no match at all and the ladies only two, and one of them was a last minute engagement after a cancellation.

On December 5th we should have played the Avon Rubber Co., but they scratched, and we were fortunate to get the Whitley Club to kindly accept the date, and a very pleasant game ensued. We lost rather heavily—4 goals to 8. This was due to one or two weaknesses in our play, of which our opponents took full advantage with their excellent turn of speed. Dorothy Holley scored three goals and Irene Hunt one. Quite a feature of the game was the absence of rule infringements. The Umpire cannot

recall a game in his experience with so little use of the whistle.

Playing at Bradford-on-Avon on December 29th, and not at full strength, we managed to pull off a good victory by 6 goals to 3. For the win we are primarily indebted to Margaret Angell, who played a wonderful game in goal. Stopping a fast-rising ball with her eye, necessitating a ten-minute halt early in the first half, it would not have surprised anyone had she taken no further part in the game. But, pluckily resuming, she played the game of her life, and during the second half was always in the picture, and always did the right thing.

It was a remarkable performance, displaying grit and that sporting determination which plays so desirable a part in team work. Bravo, Margaret! Dorothy Holley also played a good game as centre-forward. Her four goals were the result of quietly sticking to her job and being in a position to take full advantage of the passes her colleagues gave her. Irene Hunt and Francis Henly also scored. A very pleasant game and no difficulty to control.

Our Post Bag.

To the Editor,
"Harris Magazine."

DEAR SIR,

The following is an extract from one of my "Representatives' Advices" (not Calne), under date 3rd January, 1935, and I think it deserves to be "noticed" in the next available issue of the Magazine!

"PORK AND BEEF DRIPPING.—List price remains unchanged, at 7/6 per bundle of 100 yards."

Where, and upon what, have the typist's thoughts been centred?

Yours faithfully,

DOBSON DODDS.

Annual Children's Christmas Carnival.

THE 13th Annual Children's Christmas Carnival organised by the Harris Welfare Association, was held on Saturday, January 5th, on the ground floor of one of the factories, which had been kindly lent by the Directors, and two revue performances, in which members of the firm only took part, and a dance were held in the Town Hall. The whole proceedings were marked by great enthusiasm and were most successful.

These happy family gatherings of this famous Company were originally started for the children of members of the Welfare organisation, and the little ones still have pride of place in the proceedings.

Early in the afternoon they were entertained at a matinee performance of "Stand Up and Sing," produced by Miss G. E. Fellows, to whose splendid work a reference is made later in this report. Subsequently, in happy mood, the youngsters proceeded to the Carnival, where they were entertained to an excellent tea, which was splendidly arranged and managed under the direction of Mr. George Gough and a band of willing helpers.

Many of the retired servants of the firm were the guests of the President of the Association (J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P.), and his presence, in company with Mrs. and Miss Bodinnar, was a pleasant feature of this happy tea party. Mr. and Mrs. Redman were also present at the function.

After tea Mrs. Bodinnar, assisted by Father Christmas, distributed presents from the Christmas tree. Miss Bodinnar distributed portions of the monster cake, presented by the President (Mr. Bodinnar), and packets of sweets, presented by Mr. R. P. Redman, were distributed by Mrs. Redman.

When the doors were thrown open to admit the adult members and their friends at night, the scheme of decoration and the lay-out of the hall could be appreciated to the full. The predominant colours were green and yellow interspersed with coloured electric globes, and the whole effect was charming and gay, reflecting great credit on all those responsible for the decorations.

The judging of the fancy dress classes was undertaken by Sister Gowan and Mrs.

Sewell, at the request of Mrs. Bodinnar, and resulted in the following awards being made:

Girls, 8 to 14—1, M. Hart, Gipsy; 2, J. Simpkins, Fairy; 3, S. Hart and P. Trembling, Ancient and Modern; 4, C. Andrews, Carnival.

Girls under 8—1, G. Newis and M. Cleverly, Babes in the Wood; 2, B. Hart, Soldier; 3, M. and D. Black, Victorians; 4, D. Sutton, Red Riding Hood.

Boys, 8 to 14—1, J. Cousins, Order of the Bath; 2, E. Cousins, Chef; 3, J. Wiltshire, Robin Hood.

Boys under 8—1, B. Stanley, Good-night; 2, B. Angell, Mrs. Grundy; 3, B. Wiltshire, Hiker.

At the conclusion of the presentation of the prizes by Mrs. Bodinnar, little Sheila

"The Gay Grenadier."



Patterson came forward and presented her with a bouquet of red carnations.

Whilst all the fun of the fair continued in the Carnival Hall a crowded house in the Town Hall greeted with enthusiasm the evening performance of Miss G. E. Fellows' presentation of "Stand up and Sing." The whole programme, with its delightful contrasts and interludes, came over to an enraptured audience. Costumes, stage effects, and lighting were really excellent, and the dancing of the younger members of the chorus was very tastefully executed. Both performances reflect the greatest possible credit on Miss Fellows and her helpers for all the hard work entailed.

A reference to this part of the programme would be incomplete without a tribute to

"Finishing Touches."



the support rendered by the Orchestra. Later in the evening the Jazz Band contest, which was adjudicated by Mr. C. E. Blackford, resulted in the following awards:—1, Printing Department; 2, Kitchen Department; 3, Pie Department.

The ceremony of the crowning of the Carnival Queen (Miss Margaret Wheeler) was preceded by a comedy touch, during which the claims of several rival claimants to the crown were considered. This was an excuse for the introduction of several topical, local, and domestic jokes, and proved a very successful innovation.

After the ceremony of the crowning of the Carnival Queen by Mr. Bodinnar (who took the opportunity of wishing everyone a Happy New Year) a procession was formed and the Queen made a royal progress of her domain to the strains of the Calne Town Band, assisted by the massed Jazz Bands.

The thanks of the Committee are once again due to the Calne Town Band and their conductor, Mr. C. E. Blackford, who gave their services free.

The excellent organisation of the day's proceedings was due to real team work by a host of helpers who supported loyally the chairman of the Committee (Mr. T. W. Petherick) and the joint honorary secretaries (Messrs. G. R. Ashman, A. McLean, and R. B. Swaffield).

The Carnival results I am asked to relate
And give those names smiled on by fate.
The Bacon Weight Guessing comes along the first,

And here are the names, all in one burst:—

| | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| R. V. Haines. | M. F. Clifford. |
| Mrs. Biffin. | F. Stapleforth. |
| H. Bowman. | Mrs. Brittain. |

C. Exton.

The programme and its number—alas 'twas not mine,

It was claimed by the holder, who held No. 9.
The cigarettes were raffled, but again I got nil.
They are all smoked by now, by Mr. R. Hill.
For the doll I'm afraid I was not very early,
Its possessor is now one called M. Cleverley.
The chocs were a size—but to go on with the tale,

They passed into the keeping of one—F. Gale.
Corinthian I coveted, but I fear that is off,
The one who now plays it is—well, J. Gough.
So here are the winners, done nicely in rhyme,
To the losers here's wishing better luck next time.

"Stand up and Sing."

The inadequacy of the Town Hall was clearly demonstrated on the occasion of the evening performance of "Stand Up and Sing."

Those who were fortunate enough to get in were treated to an enjoyable show, and they were not slow in showing their appreciation. The performance was of the non-stop variety type, with none of those irritating delays between items.

It is not the writer's intention to single out any special items. There were seasoned artists and newcomers, but they blended so well that we have a team that should be able to provide us with many enjoyable evenings.

The "Babes" deserve special mention inasmuch as they acquitted themselves like seasoned players. Their performance was both a surprise and a delight. With practice and a continuance of the capable direction of Miss G. E. Fellows, they should progress to further triumphs.

The sketches were undertaken by the talented members of the Dramatic Section, and were fully appreciated and enjoyed by the audience. A little more action might have emphasised more the funny points, but who wants to be super-critical?

Those responsible for the tasteful setting and lighting of the stage are hereby handed a bouquet. They fully deserve it, and as those behind the scenes are not specially applauded, we "give them a hand" now. One can go on enthusing, but is it necessary? We all know that a good show

was put up, smartly performed, and splendidly controlled. It is to be hoped that this team will be kept together under its present management and so provide a much-needed want in the way of entertainment.

Finally, hearty congratulations to the Dramatic Section!

The following was the programme:—

"Sing as we go," the gang; "This Little Piggy," Trixie McFaull and "Our Babes"—Stella Jenkins, Katherine Kettle, Peggy Kettle, Sybil McLean, Audrey Newis, Peggy Rubery, Phyllis Rubery, and Betty Taylor; "Counter Attraction"—an interlude by Dorothy Cockram and Jack Bromham; "Love in Bloom"—song scena, Trixie McFaull, Jack Wiltshire, and chorus; "Going to the Pantomime"—Joan Ellery, Betty Wiltshire, G. R. Ashman, R. B. Swaffield, Dick Swaffield, and Herbie Webb; "14 Rollicking Sailors"—"Our Men" in a breezy five minutes; "Who made Little Boy Blue?"—Gladys Keepence, Nancy Woodward, and "Our Babes"; Herbie Webb in an amusing interlude; "Our Post Office"—as Kathleen Angell, Dora Bouillon, Jack Bromham, Dick Swaffield, and Herbie Webb sometimes see it; "Isle of Capri"—song scena, Nancy Woodward, Jack Wiltshire and Chorus; finale, the Gang; "God save the King"; Chorus—Gladys Keepence, Trixie McFaull, Nancy Woodward, Vivienne Woodward, Jack Bromham, Herbert Brittain, Richard Swaffield, Jack Wiltshire, and Herbie Webb. Orchestra—H. Morgan (piano), F. Stockdale (banjo), S. J. Rymer (violin), and Tommy Williams (drums).

NOTICE

Is hereby given that SPECIAL runnings of

"THE GHOST TRAIN"

are timed to pass through Calne on

FEBRUARY 26th and 27th next.

For times of arrival and 1st, 2nd and 3rd class fares see small bills.

BOOKING OFFICE NOW OPEN!

Book your seats well in advance and avoid having to "stand in the corridor."

"Stand up and Sing"



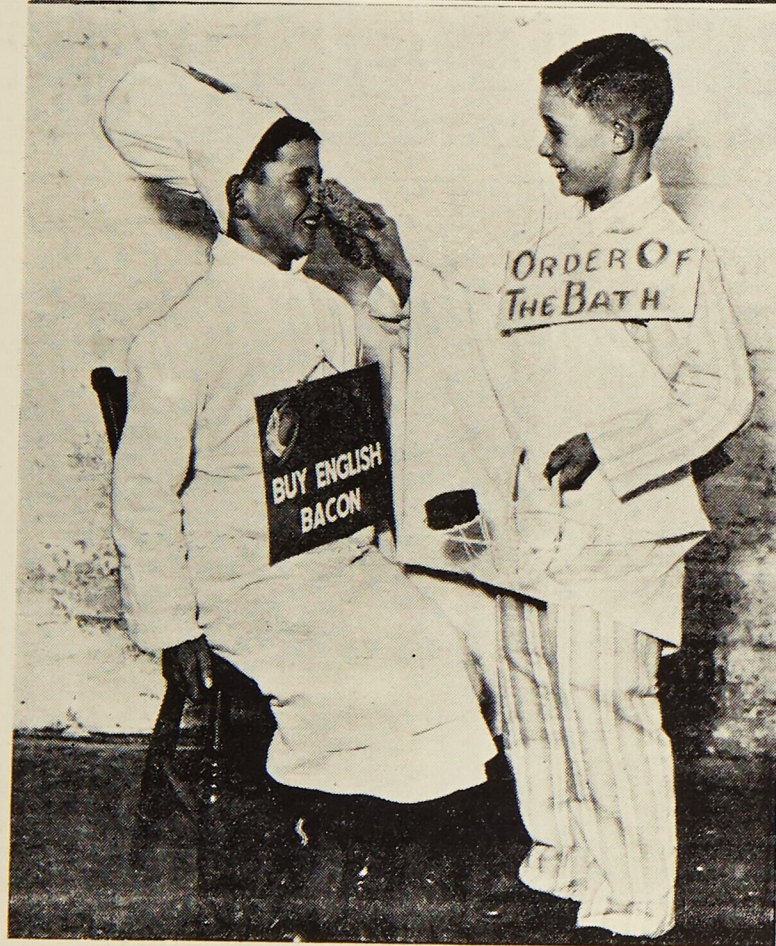
THE CONCERT PARTY.



THE PARTY, ORCHESTRA AND STAFF.

The above photographs are reproduced by kind permission of "The Wiltshire Times."

"Prize Winners."



"Getting the Grease off."

"In Carnival Dress."



"Some of the best."

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Bodinnar and Mr. and Mrs. Redman
at the Carnival



"Happy Helpers."

Friends Elsewhere.

CHIPPENHAM.

On Friday, 21st December, we held the sixth annual general meeting of our Employees' Benefit Society. At the commencement great disappointment was experienced when Mr. Long explained that owing to an appointment at the Ministry of Agriculture, and the accumulation of detail work in connection with the Bacon Marketing Scheme, Mr. Bodinnar had found it impossible to attend. In the circumstances Mr. Long had been requested to express our President's apology for his unavoidable absence and, at the same time, wish every member a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year. A resolution was unanimously passed, expressing deep regret that Mr. Bodinnar could not preside that day and very heartily reciprocating his good wishes for Christmas and the New Year. Our Vice-president, Captain C. Herbert Smith, who is always anxious and ready to do us service, kindly filled the breach and occupied the chair, expressing at the time that his one regret in having do so was caused through Mr. Bodinnar being unable to come himself.

The Minutes of the previous annual general meeting having been disposed of, the Chairman made a personal appeal to any who were still outside the Benefit Society and Hospital Scheme to join up at once. He understood there were very few, and these mostly the young people who were thus not insured against sickness and accident.

The accounts were evidently satisfactory and pleasing to the members in as much that they were passed without dissentient remark. The Chairman commented on the very healthy balances of the Special and Reserve Funds, and thought that members must be very satisfied with the share out, which, he understood, amounted to 5s. 7d. for a full share. Even with such an apparently insignificant bit of "hard cash," we venture to suggest much pleasure may be experienced and given by wise and thoughtful expenditure at this time of year.

All the officers were re-elected, with the exception of Treasurer, the late treasurer having now undertaken that office in another

and dual capacity. The Chairman explained that Miss Hunt, to the great loss of the society, had in August last left, and he believed was now very happily married. It was therefore necessary to elect a new treasurer. Mr. Pinfield was elected to fill this vacancy.

This practically concluding the business of the meeting, Mr. Long proposed a very hearty vote of thanks to Captain C. Herbert Smith for presiding, wishing him, Mrs. Smith, and their family a very happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year, which met with the ready approval of all, and to which Captain C. Herbert Smith responded, reciprocating the good wishes.

Before dispersing the Chairman, on being asked by Mr. Long, Chairman of the Welfare Association, presented the prizes to the winners of a very interesting Darts Tournament which had previously been completed:—1st prize, J. Burry; 2nd prize, F. Jones; two equal 3rd prizes, H. Butler and A. Holley.

E.T.

* * *

DUNMOW.

By the time these lines are in print we shall have seen "the Old Year out and the New Year in."

We wish every reader of the Harris Magazine a very happy and prosperous New Year.

We hope everyone had a happy Christmas, with plenty of fun and enjoyment.

The writer thought a glimpse of the sea at Frinton for a few minutes would be refreshing during the holiday, and it certainly was. How different the sea looks in winter. The beach deserted, huts all closed and dreary looking, gulls shrieking. But it makes us more appreciative of the lovely weather in the summer, when we revel in sea, sun, and sand.

No doubt many of our readers will be interested to know that this subsidiary has recently completed a quarter of a century's trading, and we have with us two who joined the company at the commencement, namely, Mr. P. Andrews, of the Office staff, and Mr. J. Walsh, of the Factory staff.

Mr. Andrews recollects the first killing day in November, 1909, when about 26 pigs were killed. Of these some weighed in the neighbourhood of sixteen scores.

Since that time we think we have

educated our farmers to know "better than that."

The following is an experience of an employee of one of our customers:—

On seeing a barrel which had just been delivered by the railway company, the lad lifted the lid, put in his hand to take out loins and kidneys (which he presumed came from Dunmow), when, to his great surprise and horror, his hand was nipped by a live crab.

We can imagine how the boy felt when he gazed at the contents of the barrel.

We guess he will "look before he dips" in barrels in future!

V.L.

We sympathise with two of our factory staff, namely, Messrs. W. and C. W. Ribbans, in the death of their father, at Chelmsford Hospital during January.

The deceased was an expert in an unusual line, namely, he was a bellringer of above the average attainment for something like 35 years; and after the funeral his colleagues rang a muffled peal.

The good relationship existing at Dunmow was again exhibited this year at our New Year social. We had not hoped to have the cheery and helpful presence of Mr. Bodinnar at this social this year, and we wondered (and worried whilst doing so) how we could possibly get on without him, for we had on our staff three who were due to receive medals (20 years' service) and two who were due for bars (25 years' service). We really had worried, for, as decent humanitarians that we are, we could not fairly ask Mr. Bodinnar to spare the time this year, just when he seemed to be *much* more than overtaxing his strength in other directions.

However, we wrote and said, "Here are so-and-so due for decoration, what shall we do about it?" Which brought the answer, "If you can fix up to meet me on the 11th inst., I will try and come."

The 11th was fixed, and Mr. Bodinnar came, and amongst other things—100 per cent. pleasant—he decorated with bar, for 25 years' service, Messrs. P. Andrews and J. Walsh; with medals for 20 years' service, Messrs. H. Crick, Tim Walsh, and C. Wyatt.

We met in the new Town Hall, Dunmow; and may we say to all that we are able to boast rather in having the privilege of

meeting in such an ideal building. There's no more suitable or beautiful place in all England. Perhaps more of this hall another time.

The ninety present included Mr. and Mrs. Coles and Mr. Johnson, of London, and but for the fact that Ipswich were to meet at their own effort on the morrow, we know some of them would have been there, too.

Mr. Coles' short speech was most suitable and happy in outline, and we again thank him for the gesture London made in coming. We also thank Mr. and Mrs. Dobson for supplying dance music, local artistes for coming in to help fill the programme, and lastly our own Miss Robinson for her two beautifully-rendered set pieces on the piano-forte.

Mr. Bodinnar made it known beforehand that he specially wanted to meet the Silver End contingent, and these played up well by coming over to the strength of a round dozen. (You who do not know Essex can hardly appreciate how shy we all are, and how we positively hate to be on show, and you would have got much amusement by watching us watch each other for so long!)

To Silver End employees Mr. Bodinnar said: "... And I would like those who are new to this business of ours in Dunmow to take it very seriously from me that the policy of our business is that we shall take care of each other and try to do the square, honest, and honourable thing, so that business may become for us something very much more than the ordinary mechanical thing which work, as work, can resolve itself into. That is why I am glad to be here to-night, and why I am particularly glad to see new faces, and not least the faces of those who have come along from Silver End. I shall try some day, if the powers that be will give me a few hours, to come out and see what sort of a job they are making at Silver End. I am very glad to welcome you to-night."

"I want to make an announcement to my Silver End friends. I want to tell them that the Savings Scheme is open to them, and I hope they will make use of it. I also want to tell them that from January 1st we are going to extend to Silver End the Efficiency Bonus Scheme, which is in operation in the factory. When it gets into the Savings Scheme and you want to draw the money out, you can; but you cannot draw it out until the end of the year.

I hope you will make use of the Savings Scheme. I know of no other scheme that does give 5 per cent. interest in these days. It is an extraordinary rate of interest, and it has cost the firm this year something like £900 to make up the difference between the amount received from the Gilt Edge Securities in which the money is all invested to give the total of 5 per cent."

To the whole of us was said: "... But the chief reason, perhaps, why I am here to-night is that I may once more demonstrate to you that no factory of ours shall ever be able to have in it a man or woman engaged in this work who can say that at no time have they come in touch with that far-away body known as a Director. You know quite well that on those other occasions when I have come I have endeavoured to make you all realise that work is only possible upon the happiest and pleasantest lines if there is an absolute understanding and friendship between those whose job it is to lead and those whose job it is to carry out the work. The one thing I value more and more as the years go on is the fact that at Dunmow and Ipswich, and elsewhere, I can look every one of our men in the face and believe we are friends, because friendship and understanding and sympathy in the conducting of a business are absolutely essential. We are not here merely to earn our bread and butter; we are here to make the way pleasant and possible by sympathy, so that, ultimately, we may all hope to tread in that larger way that leads to a larger life to come."

The acceptance of this by our friends from Silver End was well marked at the meeting, and has since been confirmed by the numerous enquiries and promises made by them as to procedure.

A very full statement as to the absolute safety of the moneys invested in the Savings Scheme was made during the speech.

To the whole company of us much was said of wisdom and help.

At nine o'clock we had finished our supper, and Mr. Bodinnar had to at once jump into a car waiting to take him twelve miles to the station, thus leaving us to carry on until eleven o'clock, when we sang "The King" and dispersed.

* * *

To-day most of us realise that the main thing is not to make the sale, but to make sure that the customer will call again.

HIGHBRIDGE.

The annual general meeting of the Benefit Society was held on Friday, the 15th December, 1934. Unfortunately the President, Mr. Bodinnar, was unable to preside owing to pressure of business in connection with the Marketing Schemes, and his letter, read to the meeting by Mr. Kidley, was received with regret by all. Captain C. Herbert Smith, however, was able to come along, and he expressed his pleasure at once more attending the annual meeting, and hoped for continued success to the society.

Mr. Kidley, chairman of the society, presided in the absence of the president, and the report of the year's working he presented shows that the funds remain in a healthy condition. He stressed, however, the point that there were still a number of our colleagues who had not seen fit to join the society, and he appealed to those who were not members to join at once and make the society a hundred per cent. representation of the staff. In view of the financial position of the society it was decided to have a share out this year, and the members showed their confidence in their officials by re-electing all en bloc, with the addition of a member of the Office Staff to the Committee.

News has just reached us that the Pigs Marketing Board have confirmed the Pig Contracts for 1935, although details of the arrangements arrived at are not yet to hand. We hope that 1935 will prove successful for us all, and that our Chief and those associated with him in their great efforts to bring order into the industry will have their hopes realised before the passing of another year.

We are sorry to record the absence, through illness, of Mr. A. H. Hill, and to him, together with Mr. A. Wyatt, who is still on the sick list, we offer our sympathy and hope for a quick return to normal health and strength. We are glad to welcome back to work Mr. F. Pople after his recent accident.

R.C.L.

The Anne Kidley Cup and Austin Competitions are going stronger than ever, E. Cann and H. Smith being close competitors, A. Hill, A. Solomon, and G. Webb being the next dangerous. Up to now the Austin Cup goes West, as we here understand this competition. In conclusion I must say

the last Friday in the month we look forward to meeting at the Crossway.

SKITTLE CLUB LEAGUE MATCHES

At the time of writing

We've played sixteen games in all,
And if we'd won another ten
We would not have had a fall.

The champion scorer I will not name,
He had A. Hill to climb,
The next was just B. Neath,
How E. Cann played was fine.

Walter was not very Young,
He came before W.J.P.,
H. Blackmore had played eleven,
A. Holley had climbed the tree.

C.B. was Shier, he should
Have had a better Fate,
Llewellyn, too, seven games had played,
Hardly reached his eight.

Fred Pople had bad luck,
He will get his Laurels later,
Wm. Young did his best
And nearly caught old Slater.

Beasley did not do so bad,
So far as he had gone,
But far enough to get in front
Of A. Solomon.

F. Burland, just a passenger,
But he had had his fling,
And last, but not the least,
We conclude with A. King.

W.S.

* * *

IPSWICH.

Leaden skies, a sodden earth, an almost interminable rain, have been our portion for weeks past. So much so, indeed, that if it continues we shall become amphibian. It will *not* continue, however! Even as I write there is rift in the clouds, and a white light shows reflected from their upper layers, whilst just a glimpse of blue may be caught ere the rift closes. Not much, but enough for us to learn that from the rain and snow, from the chill blast of the winter's gale, the lash of its stinging sleet, will be born anew that ever-recurring miracle, when Nature,

from the travail of winter, brings forth the burgeoning glories of the spring.

Trade is brisk at Ipswich, work a plenty, and always more in prospect. A happy state of affairs, and we are not unmindful of our obligation to those whose efforts have brought these things to pass.

Our Sports and Social Committee are hard at it, in preparation for the annual works Social and Childrens' Tea. There is a lot to be done, and they do it well and ungrudgingly, feeling amply rewarded if only things go well.

Mr. Bodinnar, we hope, will be with us, together with some of our London and Dunmow friends.

We have received a kind invitation to Dunmow to attend their annual Social—always a very cheery affair. Unfortunately theirs is on Friday, January 11th, and ours on Saturday, the 12th. Anyway, here's how, Dunmow—all the best!

Our sympathy goes out to Miss P. Wingate (Office) on the death of her sister. We were glad to see Mr. Carver (Slaughter Department) out of Hospital, and recovering from the effects of his accident when he collided with a car whilst cycling to work some weeks ago.

After a very exciting contest the Ludgate Cup has changed hands this year, the victorious team being the Slaughterhouse B Team, captained by the redoubtable Bill Barker. Congratulations B Team, and cheers for the runners-up, who made a great fight for it.

A.H.M.

* * *

LONDON.

MORE GARDENING.

Once again I find gardening rather intriguing, for there are very few hobbies more interesting or more beneficial to health than gardening. One has fresh air, the exercise is good for the body, and it is a stimulant for the mind, for with its absorbing interest one's troubles seem to disappear. I am not going to try to tell those friends who live in the country, where every house has its own garden, how they should grow their vegetables and flowers, but I think I

can say that their efforts have not always been successful. I remember my first experience with some apple trees. I obtained a dozen of the cordon variety, planted them according to directions from many well-meaning friends who were anxious to give me information. They all thrived well, and the result the first year was flowers, and no apples. Well, I thought, I could not expect too much the first year. Then I tried my hand at pruning. This I tried to follow from a book, which I think could not have been written for novices, for I found I was getting simply a forest of shoots, and in a very short while we were getting nearly enough firewood to keep us going. I thought it was time enough to call in an expert. He examined the trees and he said to me, "You've got tap root." He meant the trees, of course, not me, but it sounded to me that it might be a job for the plumber. He soon got going, but I thought he was giving me a lesson on ruthlessness, but, of course, now—well, one learns.

As a lad I lived in the country and to me then all vegetables seemed to grow with ease and profusion. In the garden we had rows upon rows of potatoes, and some of the potato flowers had turned into the potato fruit. We used to know this as the potato bottle. One day we had some visitors from London and they were rather amazed at this and wanted to know whether potatoes grew on the top of the plant or under the ground. It was just as absurd to us as if they had asked whether kippers swim folded or flat.

I think one of the worst jobs a gardener has to contend with is weeds, and I remember a case of a gardener who found weeds his pet aversion, and I often thought that he missed the beauty of his garden with his over zealous desire to eradicate every weed. He and his wife had declared a perpetual war on weeds, and on one occasion the good lady decided on a morning's weeding and, passing a spot by some trellis work where she had weeded only a week ago, she found them there again, running right along the trellis work. Out they must come, and the most disgusting of all was that it was a new variety. It was certainly a new variety, for it was some Canary Creeper plants which had been carefully planted by her better half only a few days ago. The rest of the story I am sure would be censored.

Having a friendly chat during last summer over the garden wall, we fell to

discussing my next door neighbour's rhubarb. It was only July, and his rhubarb was spindly and looking very sad. I mentioned carbolic acid or chlorate of lime, and if no better results, well, dig it up and burn it. He, however, suggested a little pruning, to which I agreed, so he cut off the leaves to give it a chance. The result gave the appearance in miniature of a heavy bombardment of a forest.

Do I enjoy gardening? Well, if I can get the ground dug and weeded, the trees pruned, and the lawn mowed, I can truthfully say that I do enjoy the rest.

When I visited the Calne Flower Show I thought I should like to know how the exhibitors obtained such good specimens. I am sure there are many readers of our Magazine who would appreciate it if they would part with one or two of their secrets. Why not give us a few tips?

G.C.

TO A STOUT FELLOW.

You possessed no beauty when first I saw you, neither were you slender or polished, No silvery band or knob adorned you, neither were you quite straight. Then why did I pick you? Of course, I saw you were extremely strong, but now I come to think, perhaps there was no real reason. You were just one of a bunch of ash sticks lying unobtrusively in a dusty corner. I wanted one of your kind; but perhaps it was only after you had spent a year or so with me that I realised my happy choice, for now I am convinced none of your humble brethren could possibly possess such a range of sterling qualities.

Do you remember Backa Falls? How I vowed there would be no tea for me until I had climbed them? Boulder after boulder was conquered, and scratches and bruises meant nothing to me. "What a fool he is," you must have said, but I despair of explaining why I cared nothing for cut or bruise, for only a climber knows the glorious exhilaration of conquering new ridges and crags. What a nuisance I thought you; but there would have been no tea for me that day had you not come to my aid. I found myself completely trapped on a narrow ledge with just one huge boulder in front of me. Without you I should have had to go back, but, taking the whole of my weight, you allowed me to pull myself up until that giant was no

longer the conqueror, but the conquered. Not a groan or even a creak did you utter, although the strain must have been terrific. That was your first excursion, and you most certainly won your spurs that day.

No, you certainly are not a thing of beauty, and any of the "bright young things" of this sophisticated and conventional age, with their superficial, petty conventionalities, would regard you with looks of horror. But, without a doubt, you have more pleasant memories than they. "Let us see life," they say, and are whirled about in the gaudy lap of the city and think they are seeing life. What do they know of it, they who have never trodden the crisp heather or battled with the gales on the ridges? What do they know of it, they who have never stood on the last outpost of the hills and looked out across the plains at nightfall, seeing the twinkling lights break out in city, in village, and in lonely farm? Life! Does the canary in his gilded cage see life, think you? Ask the moorhen or the eagle himself, and he will tell you. Or does the pedigree Pekingese, reclining on a silken cushion and fattening on viands that a poor shepherd has never dreamed of, see life, think you? Ask the sheep on their wind-swept pastures, or the seagull leaping from the crag, and they will tell you. How, then, shall the canaries and the lapdogs of humanity see life?

No, old stout fellow, they will never see life as you have seen it, and so, though you are not rich in the trappings and decorations so indispensable to some people, you are rich in memories which their pleasure-seeking minds could never appreciate.

T.G.

WE ARE SIX.

(Continued).

DEAR READERS,

Rather belatedly the Cockneys have decided on their New Year resolutions. We are definitely going "highbrow." Hitherto it has been "Free sides, free fores, nine gammerns fer Frapston," or "Hate 'ams fer 'ind'ead." However, all this has been altered and conversations are carried out in the most perfect Mayfair English, by jove! Here is an example: "I say, old fellar, jolly old thing-a-me-bob of Hempstead wants naine sayds on Frayday, don't you know?" To which the reply would

undoubtedly be: "How positively devastating, by gad!" In soft undulated tones orders are passed to and fro. Our balers have acquired the grace and deportment of mannequins, and now our charm of movement has developed into a sublime goose-step, cultivated by years of stepping over pro-



truding bales. Our colour scheme is blue, and our old school ties flutter with our graceful movements.

All this is in harmony with our highbrow attitude, and these, dear readers, are but a few of our New Year resolutions. We hope yours, at least, are more practical than ours.

Yours,

THE C.C.'s.

IN AND OUT OF SEASON.

Seasoned as one should be with journeying the streets of the West End of London, the most sophisticated of travellers could not fail to be impressed by the perfection of the choicest fruits and flowers that are displayed in the gutters and West End shops. The intensive culture of fruits and flowers has advanced considerably during recent years, and these are now produced in such quantities as to be available at reasonable prices by the humblest of the people.

Apples are a big trade all the year round and are to be purchased cheaply from the barrows and stalls in the market places. On sale in the higher class fruit shops we saw something new in the way of packing graded English apples. A special package

is put up by Chivers, of Histon, Cambridge, containing 12 lovely Cox's Orange Pippins. This is a flat package, made of the same material as strawberry baskets, and these were being sold in the shops at 2s. We have also had beautiful bunches of violets and mimosa offered to us by the ever-youthful flower girls.



There are evidently not enough double English walnuts produced in this country, for we observed Californian double walnuts on sale at 1s. 9d. per lb. Here is a suggestion for our younger producers to do something for our own market of the future by planting hundreds of double walnut trees, for there is no sweeter home-grown nut than this, which can be used for so many purposes.

By the time these lines are in print we shall be seeing fresh, ripe strawberries on sale, and these commence at about 10s. per lb. Fresh asparagus will also be available at about 7s. 6d. per bunch. The seasons are fast merging into one another, and the choicest fruits and flowers are becoming more and more available the whole year round in one way or another, and find their way to the West End.

J.T.

* * *

When you feel yourself becoming discouraged over a periodical slump, remember that even the brightest day may suffer a temporary eclipse of the sun.

* * *

Unless you live honestly within your own means, you will be forced to live dishonestly upon the means of others.

IN TOWN TO-NIGHT!



FASHIONS:—MILLINERY EN MENU.

THE CHAP HAT.

You all know the most popular "CHAPEAU CHIC"

For CHAPERONES or girls of twenty, It's the well-known HARRIS CHAP or CHEEK, A product of Calne since SEVENTEEN SEVENTY.

We hope to bring you something new and interesting each month.

"CARRY ON, LONDON!"

* * *

REDRUTH.

We have received the familiar notice requesting copy for the February Magazine forthwith, and we should like first of all to congratulate those responsible for the production of the Christmas, 1934, number of the Harris Magazine. It was a splendid achievement.

The festive season has come and gone and we have many happy memories of Christmas, 1934. Perhaps the short holiday was all the more appreciated because it was preceded by a very busy period. Christmas passed off very quietly at Redruth. It rained without ceasing on Christmas Day and made it a real fireside Christmas. Not for

many years has such miserable weather been experienced. The streets were consequently deserted, and even the youthful carol singers had to remain at home. On Boxing-day the rain cleared away, and in the afternoon the town was again deserted, everybody apparently going to Camborne to see the Rugby match between Redruth and Camborne. This is a local Derby which has to be seen to be appreciated. Redruth won by 1 goal and 2 tries (11 points) to nil.

The annual ballot for the election of the Works Council for the coming year took place on December 14th, and resulted in the following being elected:—Pengelly, W., Merritt, E., Carpenter, W., Perry, J. H., Hocking, L.

J. H. Perry has created a record by being a member of the Works Council for nine years in succession, while E. Merritt has been successful six years in succession.

The Council also acts as the Committee of the Sick Benefit Scheme, with the addition of T. Pidwell as Office representative, and officers were appointed to this body as follows:—President, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq.; vice-president, Mr. W. A. Roynon; secretary, Mr. W. B. Friggens; treasurer, Mr. W. A. Roynon; company's auditor, Mr. A. J. Clark; men's auditor, Mr. W. T. Pengelly.

Most years have some outstanding events and characteristics. 1934 will go down in history locally for three reasons.

First, in April the revision of administrative boundaries took effect. Camborne and Redruth became united, despite the fact that 97 per cent. of the two Councils voted against amalgamation and a post-card poll of the electors revealed that 97 per cent. of the ratepayers did not desire it. Yet, generally speaking, controversy has died away and the lion and the lamb have laid down, more or less peacefully, together.

Secondly, in September, the Amalgamation of the Circuits of the three branches of the Methodist Church in Redruth took place. This is an event of far-reaching importance to the town, and the result of this amalgamation is the forming of one of the largest Circuits in Methodism, with 40 chapels, 6 ministers, 104 local preachers, nearly 2,000 Church members, and about 10,000 adherents.

Thirdly, the sixth Bishop of Truro preached his last sermon on Christmas Day

in Truro Cathedral, and Dr. Frere's retirement to Mirfield takes place forthwith. The appointment of the seventh Bishop will not be long delayed, and even at this moment is probably the secret of the Prime Minister and his advisers.

The See of Truro is not 60 years old until 1936, and to have seven Bishops in such a short period is surely a record.

It is perhaps too much to expect that the new Bishop should be a Cornishman, but we do not forget that the most famous of all West-Country Bishops for the last 300 years was a Trelawney.

* * *

TOTNES.

Another reminder has been received from the powers that be that news from Totnes has been missing lately from the pages of the Magazine, but really this is not so much due to lack of interest as to the fact that at this time of the year there is little of interest happening in our neighbourhood, so that, in the local dialect, there is "nort" to write home about. And even now we had almost despaired of finding a subject, when a little bird whispered that our ancient town has been discovered by Woolworths, and that they had come to the conclusion that possibly a source of income might be derived from the inhabitants of Totnes and surrounding districts, and consequently have purchased premises for the opening of one of their stores a few yards from our retail shop. Naturally, our shop manager is hoping it will lead to an increase in the turnover, as it is quite possible that the new store will prove of some attraction to our country friends who, having to pass our shop window, may be tempted to take away with them some of the table delicacies displayed there.

Like many other towns, Totnes has had its troubles in the matter of the inadequacy of its water supply during dry periods (there is, however, at the moment no anxiety in this respect as we have recently received copious supplies from overhead), and for some years past this has been a source of grave concern to our city fathers, and considerable controversy has been aroused over the various schemes which have been projected, but it does appear that our worthy councillors have now solved this difficult problem, as a scheme has now been completed which will enable the town to obtain from the neighbouring Dartington Hall Estate

sufficient supplies for many years to come. And this may also be the means of allowing the Council to provide a suitable bathing place for our young folk, the need for which has been a standing joke here for a considerable period, as our Mr. Powney found when he occupied the civic chair.

At the time of writing preparations are going forward for our annual social, to be held about the time this will appear in print. We hope to be able to say more about this in the next issue.

W.J.T.

* * *

TIVERTON.

We would like to take the opportunity to thank all our friends at Calne and elsewhere for the hearty greetings sent to us during Christmas, and we hope that 1935 will be a very successful year for us all. We are now anxiously waiting the results of the new contracts, and we are expecting and hoping for a busy year.

H.C.

* * *

Drink nothing without seeing it; sign nothing without reading it.

* * *

No-one can safely appear to have money save he who has not got it.

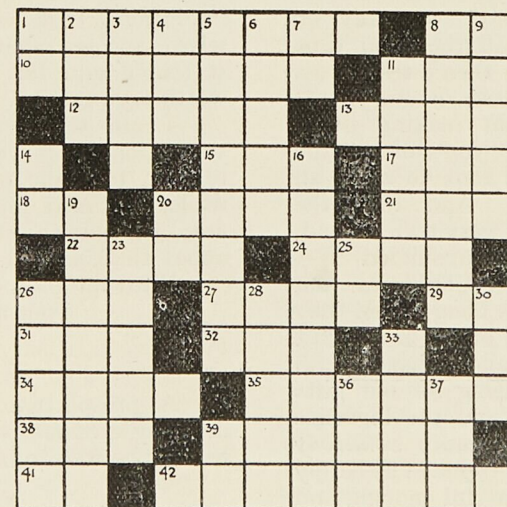
* * *

"Beware of the paint," whether on walls or on women.

CLUES ACROSS.

- 1.—Food of the gods.
- 8.—On this account.
- 10.—Genus of sharks.
- 11.—Chemist's workroom (abbrev.)
- 12.—Flexible twig.
- 13.—Instigate.
- 15.—Diseased.
- 17.—Affirmative.
- 18.—Bone.
- 20.—Trifling.
- 21.—Beverage.
- 22.—Fruit.
- 24.—Equestrian game.
- 26.—Seize.
- 27.—Border.
- 29.—Expressive of effort.
- 31.—Consequence.
- 32.—Go astray.
- 34.—Head covering.
- 35.—Consisting of lines.
- 38.—Goddess of mischief.
- 39.—Last but one.
- 41.—Compass point.
- 42.—Ornaments.

OUR CROSSWORD (No. 1.)



The solution will appear next month.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1.—Unit of weight.
- 2.—Change.
- 3.—Cessation.
- 4.—Renegade.
- 5.—Shore-crab.
- 6.—Bomb.
- 7.—That is.
- 8.—Kind of sausage.
- 9.—Fleshy.
- 11.—Obedient.
- 14.—Swindle.
- 16.—Pertaining to the hare.
- 19.—Covered with spines.
- 23.—Supply with.
- 25.—In consequence.
- 26.—North American tree.
- 28.—Fillets (Archit.)
- 30.—Pertaining to sport.
- 33.—Waste away.
- 36.—Small block of metal.
- 37.—Consumed.
- 39.—River.

No. 1.

"SAFE AS THE BANK OF ENGLAND"

THE

C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd.

SAVINGS SCHEME

was formed to help you

TO SAVE MONEY.

Are YOU availing yourself of
this opportunity?

Our Post Bag.

To the Editor.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I was highly amused at the adventures of A and B in the Ipswich Notes. Friend A has certainly achieved fame, as I have read of this adventure in one or two of the weekly periodicals. I little thought at the time that the venue was S. Suffolk.

Yours faithfully,

PAUL PRY.

Hullo, Kiddies!

I was hoping that before this was ready for print I should have had your letters telling me what you most enjoyed at the Carnival, but you see it takes a long time and a lot of work to make our Magazine each month, and so this has to be ready before I have heard from you. Of course, I am expecting to get such a lot of letters, because I know you had a lovely time and I am so anxious to know what you thought about it all.

Anyway, I promised to tell you what I enjoyed most, didn't I? Well, it was all so enjoyable that it is rather hard to say which part was the best. But I think that what I really enjoyed most was to see all the girls and boys, little and big, and the wee babies with their mothers or aunties seated at the tea-tables—row after row of them, all looking so glad and happy, with the older friends who have worked (some of them nearly all their lives) in the factory and who are now taking things a little easier, but who are always glad to come back, at least once a year, to see their friends and to have a cup of tea and a good time with the little ones. And I think *that*, and the smile and hand-shake of one who has been their chief, and who is always their friend, goes a long way to make theirs a "Happy New Year."

Do we, I wonder, ever think what a lot of care and thought there is behind these lovely times that we have, especially on Carnival Day? First of all the good time we have in the Town Hall; then a trip across to the beautifully-decorated Factory. If you know anything about making paper chains and things like that you can imagine what a long, long time, it took to make all those lovely decorations. And then the tea and the music of our "very own" band, and all the beauty that surrounded us—the Christmas Tree, Father Christmas, and the Crackers. Wasn't it a bang, when they all went off, one after the other, and didn't we look smart in our caps and things? And then, as we filed up, waiting for our gifts from the Christmas Tree and the big slice of cake, and the bag of sweets. *Somebody* has to give all these things to make us happy and I wonder if we are grateful enough, and if we ever think of the boys and girls who don't know what it is to go to a Christmas

Party, not to speak of Christmas Trees and visits from Father Christmas and all the good things that we enjoy.

Well, I'm not going to preach a sermon about it, but we'll just think about it a bit, won't we, and of *all* the happy times we have, because somebody, somewhere, gives.

I heard a story the other day—and it was a true one—about a horse who gave. You didn't think a horse could give much, did you? Well, this one did; he gave most of his life to hard work in a big city, day after day, drawing heavy loads and, what was the most pleasing thing about it, he did it cheerfully! There was never any need for a whip; he did his day's work, *and* a little bit extra when it was necessary. And when he got old, too old to do very much more work, he was given a field in the open country—he had probably never been in the country before—so that he could rest and enjoy himself. I think he deserved it, don't you?

I have thought a lot about that horse, and what a lot it could teach us. Bearing other people's burdens. We don't like burdens, do we, especially other people's. And yet, there's such a lot of joy to be got out of doing something for somebody who is in need, and you can always find somebody who will be glad of your help. What are you in your home, a helper or a hinderer? And what are you at school and out of doors? The world is always needing helpers, and it's never too early to start. Shall we begin now, remembering those New Year resolutions that we copied out for ourselves, and see what we can do at home and at school and for other people? It's well worth trying.

I am still waiting for some brainy suggestions from you young folk who want to help to make our Kiddies' Page worth while, and next month I hope we shall be able to publish the prize-winning letters about the Carnival.

With all good wishes,

Your affectionate,

AUNT SUSIE.

* * *

A prospective employer is influenced more by a man's past record than by what he says he will do in the future.

* * *

Prevention is better than knowing who did it.



Last month I appealed to the gifted and methodical to help some of our readers to find an interesting diversion. Unfortunately no-one has responded, but I have in my possession a letter from a colleague attached to the London Department (evidently an ardent supporter of the "Harris Magazine"), asking if the H.W.A. has ever thought of running an Arts and Crafts Section?

Well, on one or two occasions at the Calne Carnival and Flower Show, there has been an exhibition of handicrafts, such as fancy needlework, rugmaking, &c. Now this question has set the ball rolling by making a call for keen competition.

Why should not every branch compete at the Calne Annual Flower Show this year? Here's your chance. So start your special hobby right now. You have six whole months to make a good job of it.

If you are seeking something new you will find lampshade making and decorating a very fascinating and profitable occupation. It is essentially a home decoration, and can be made to match the colour scheme of any room, whether for a pendant fitting, table, or floor standard. Special paper can be cut to any shape, and with a few touches of colour, given that characteristic personal touch which is at once the admiration of one's friends. Anyone desirous of taking up this hobby can, by applying to Winsor & Newton, Ltd., 30-40, Rathbone Place, London, W.1. They will supply all necessary material and instructions on this and other interesting hobbies, such as fancy leatherwork, stencilling, and glass painting.

Do you know that the best sardines, or any other small tinned fish, such as brisling, sild, &c., are best if summer packed than if packed in winter? Nature, in looking after its own, endows fish with thicker scales and skins in winter than in summer. Hence, summer packed sardines are more succulent and tender. Most well-known brands are packed in the fall.

V.L.D.

SALES are on! I really think the shops look ghastly now, all bundled up with oddments and jaded-looking articles. But apart from all this, if you can bring yourselves to going inside the shop, now is the time to take stock for Spring.

I think the Duchess of Kent's trousseau will lead the way during the coming year, if we don't quite follow it, so that it is really worth while remembering these points when purchasing your Spring outfit.

Tailor-mades in very bold tweeds, I understand, will be worn a great deal, with short coats and tight skirts, split preferably at the back, in order to be quite comfortable for walking.

Velvet for evening still heads the list of materials, don't you think? What looks lovelier than a simply but well-cut gown, for instance, in that lovely rich green that is being worn so much, high in the back and low corsage in front, on the Empire lines.

For day wear necks will not be so severe, but the high neck line will still predominate.

Steel clips and belts on a black chenille blouse look marvellous—very bright and livening—and what could be better on a dark and dreary winter's night?

Do you think the snow will ever come this year? Let's hope so, for I'm sure we are all longing to wear those gay rep ski-ing outfits in blues and reds which of a certainty strike a very colourful note against the snow. Let's hope!

Talking of snow, rain, &c., brings us up with a jerk as to our skin. This weather plays absolute havoc, doesn't it? So for goodness sake, look to yourselves and keep cheerful. Almond oil is most soothing if rubbed gently into your skin, and is quite a beautifier also. Try drinking hot water in the morning—it is surprising what it does to your eyes and complexion. Also give your eyes a weekly bath in a weak solution of boracic.

And do be sure to procure a really good cleansing cream, for after the grime and

murkiness of our winter days a really good clean up at night is essential. And does it make a difference? I'm telling you!

Then your arms. What looks worse than mottled arms at a dance. It really is only bad circulation. So get a loofah glove and rub hard; you'll soon put the wrong right. And then, at the same time, rub some sort of oily skin food into them. This is a very good hint.

Oh! and have you ever tried powdered orris root for a dry shampoo?

Now let's to the Kitchen.

This is the time of year when we say "What can we give?" the sort of sandwiches people like, and we really think, with a shudder, of a piece of dried meat between two pieces of equally dry bread. But no, this needn't be the case at all. Try cheese and nuts. Jolly good! Powder some chestnuts; mix with cream cheese until it is quite a paste. Another filling is sliced banana and brown sugar. Sounds not too good, I know, but try it. I think you'll like it. Maybe you're a savoury person. Well, try sardines mashed with a dash of lemon juice, spread between thin brown bread and butter; or salmon paste mixed with finely-chopped cress. All these make such a difference to our sandwiches.

I have found that if you have a tea or coffee stain on your skirt try soaking it in warm water, if it is still wet, or if it has dried rub it well with borax and then wash.

Then, if you want to stiffen lace or other delicate articles, try milk. It is much better than starch. Dip them in the milk and iron while still damp.

I came across this in the paper the other day and thought it rather sweet:—

Oh! brand new year, with a brand new face,
Bring us, please, twelve months of grace.
Oh! gay, young year, with knowing eyes,
Make us, please, a trifle wise.
And teach us do, along the mile,
That folly (sometimes) is worth while.
Oh! brand new year, unwearied yet,
Teach us how we may forget
Pain and sorrow of the past,
To the future hold us fast.
Give us hope for stalwart staff;
Teach the timid how to laugh.
Oh! brand new year, undaunted, strong,
Give us all a gallant song.
A song to sing as on we wend—
Until you, too, are around the bend.

Then from the sublime to the ridiculous. Have you heard this one?

The Glasgow woman likes a man with a past, the Edinburgh lady a man with a future, but the Aberdeen woman prefers one with a present!

I once made a cake, and a big slice I took
To feed the ducks aswim in the brook.
To tell what happened, I really do shrink—
But as each gulped a morsel, down, down
they did sink!!

Congratulations to all those who were in "Stand Up and Sing." It was a great show.

JANE.

DO YOU DREAM?

If so Consult our 'Orrible Orracle.

If you dream of an—

ACCIDENT.—To dream of this means some woman has treacherous intentions towards you. If this is brunette, the outlook is dark.

ACE.—An adventurous journey is before you. Especially if the ace trumped your partner's trick.

ALARUM.—Surprising news is on the way to you. If this dream is not heeded, then the surprise will be on "Bonus" day!

APE.—A wealthy man will meet you in strange circumstances. "Ah, Tarzan, I believe."

ASTHMA.—Your dearest wish will be granted. Ask Ma!

BACON.—Sharp-edged tools should be carefully handled this week. In other words, don't Shakespeare!

BANISHMENT.—You would be better without the dark man's friendship. Fairwell!

BEAR.—A hurried meal will have unpleasant results. Our added advice is don't rock the boat, unless, of course, you want quick results.

WATCH FOR THE NEXT CHAPTER.
(To be continued in our next Issue).

* * *

You cannot saw wood with a hammer.

* * *

Persistence is the mother of miracles.
It is half of achievement.



BY APPOINTMENT

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 9. _____ MARCH, 1935. _____ No. 3.



THE next issue of our Magazine will bear the imprint which marks its hundredth appearance. It is fitting that this event should be marked by increased interest and support from the employees of the Firm. Since the opening of the year several hundred new subscribers have been obtained, and promises of help from fresh contributors are already materialising, as a reference to our pages will show.

Work connected with the production of the Magazine has not always been easy, but a source of inspiration has been the sustained interest, help, and advice given by our Chief on all matters connected with its issue month by month during the past eight years.

During this long period, under the heading "Between Ourselves," we have been kept in touch with the policy and ideals of the House of Harris, portrayed in a lucid and graphic manner.

Not only has the Magazine proved an effective link between the Firm and its employees, but it has also helped employees at the parent company and the various branches to visualise each other more clearly and realise that they are members of a large industrial family. In our first issue we asked you not to come with us for the first steps only, but to accompany us all the way, and to those who have done this we extend our heartiest thanks and appreciation.

Between Ourselves.

BY request we reproduce Mr. Bodinnar's speech at the Savings Scheme and Bonus Meeting, held in Calne on Friday, 25th January, 1935.

"You have all had an opportunity of looking at the Balance-sheet of the Savings Scheme. I do not want to say very much about it except to point out that we invested about £55,000 of your money in buying Government Stocks, and if we were to sell those Government Stocks at the high prices ruling to-day we should realise about £62,000.

Personally, I know of no other such balance-sheet dealing with the funds of members of a staff in such an adequate and satisfactory way. You have had 5 per cent. upon your deposits. Of that 5 per cent. the Company have paid 1½ per cent. at a cost in 1934 of £836. The Company has made this gift so as to allow you to have that very handsome rate of interest. In addition we have provided the cost of running the Scheme.

I told you last year that I had finished preaching the virtues of this Scheme. I had said enough for nine years, and I do not intend on this tenth occasion to say much more about that, though I am reminded of an old parable which dealt with ten bonny lasses, each of whom was going to the same wedding feast. It was a particularly dark night, and they had to take their lamps with them. Five of them forgot their oil, but five of them got there safely, and I ask you if you will put up with this mention of an old-time parable out of a very good book as representing what may apply to those who do not rightly use the opportunities which are given for thrifty habits and wise forward thought in regard to other days.

I move that the Audited Accounts of the Savings Scheme for 1934 be adopted.

Now with regard to our Bonus Schemes.

I want to remind you once more that these Bonus Schemes, whether they be the Efficiency Bonus Scheme or any other, were not suggested to the Directors; the Directors gave them to you. They were at the time of their inception a free gift; they remain a free gift. They may, if circumstances

become such as to make it necessary, be withdrawn at any time, but I am glad to be able to announce that they will, unless unforeseen circumstances demand their withdrawal, be continued for the year 1935.

Let me say again how glad one has been to have just casual bits of news from those concerned that in some cases the withdrawal of savings has meant that the "Englishman's house has indeed become his own castle," because he has been able to buy it, and that there have been many other ways in which these monies have been of service.

I had a very interesting point put to me in regard to the use of a Bonus, which I will endeavour to answer, as I was assured that it would be of some interest to the younger members of our staff. This is the question:—

"I am earning a certain salary. I pay all I can out of my salary at home; the balance is not quite sufficient to let me go away for my holiday in the summer without using some of my bonus. Am I justified in using my bonus towards a summer holiday?"

My answer is this. Once the money is placed to your credit in the Savings Scheme nobody but yourself has any right to say what shall be done with it. You are then your own trustee; you are responsible for the use of the free gift which you have received, and if, in your good judgment, it is necessary to your health, to the progress of your intelligence, to spend part of that money in any way which your own conscience approves, then you can find your own good answer to the question. There are no detectives in the Firm watching how you spend your money; the money belongs to you. I had myself as a kid awfully funny ideas about money, and on the very rare occasions when my pocket money got doubled from 1d. to 2d.—and I can assure you that was a fact—I used myself to take an uncommon joy in seeing if I could manage to save that extra 1d. Sometimes the spirit was willing and the flesh was weak and it did not get saved; but if I were the person who put up this particular question, and I am assured that it is of general interest to a lot of our young people, I should at any rate say that I would never on any occasion spend on personal enjoyment, the whole of the Bonus I received.

I expect you would like to know something about pigs. In this connection, as pigs are the life-blood of the English Bacon

Factory, and as this Bacon Factory of ours is one of the two largest in the country, the supply of the raw material is naturally a matter which is of vital importance to every one of us who rely upon this place for our means of livelihood. The two Marketing Schemes which are co-related, and which together are calculated to do something for the betterment of agriculture and for the employment of more men, are dependent upon various important factors. The Government of the day decided that the only way in which these two Schemes could find some foundation upon which to get a footing was by the regulation of the supply of foreign bacon into the country. They made a bargain of honour with the foreign countries and gave to them the power to administrate the quotas that were allotted to them. In 1934 these quotas were, taken altogether, greatly exceeded. In addition there was the great Imperial Conference at Ottawa, where Canada was given, among other things, the right to send up to 2,500,000 cwts. of bacon to the Mother Country in return for other working arrangements that were made which were to benefit, as it was then assumed, the Homeland.

These things have to be dealt with by means of a calculation of figures. There has to be taken into account first of all the total number of pigs which have been contracted for in this country; those figures have to be turned into hundredweights of bacon, and that is where the sum begins. On to that has to be added the commitment of this country to Canada and New Zealand as to what they can bring in, and a figure was put in for Canada, which was done in consultation with the Canadian Government, as being the total amount they thought they would send in 1934. Canada sent in more than was allowed for. Totting up the sum of the home-produced and the Dominion bacon, there was a balance to be filled up by foreign countries. That amount was also exceeded, with the result that through 1934 there was no stability in supply or in the price to the consumer, the result being that the retailer did not have the level, steady, reasonable price for home-produced bacon that had been envisaged in the commencement of the Scheme.

These conditions made the return of prices to the farmer somewhat erratic, coupled as they were with the rising cost of feeding stuffs, and the farmer more and more got into

the habit of sending his pigs to the nearest factory where he could see them weighed. The result was that when the contracts were asked for for 1935 the distribution of pigs was not satisfactory to about 250 factories. I wish you would get out of your heads what you may have seen in some of the popular papers that the difficulty has been in connection with two or three large factories, and will you take it from me, as one who ought to know, that it does relate to the difficulty of something over 250 bacon factories in the country.

Well now, I want to tell you that the time for you and the time for us is not going to be quite so easy in the first four months of this year as it was in the latter months of 1934. I want to commend to you a very carefully-written article which I am putting in the February Magazine, which will explain the position to you and show you what we are trying to do. We have not stopped our efforts in trying to get pigs for this factory. Our supplies here for the next four months are not satisfactory. We have not stopped. We are about to have issued a further supplementary contract for pigs for the year 1935, which may to some extent improve the conditions. At any rate, I can hope and promise that the conditions in the latter part of the year will be more satisfactory in regard to pig supplies. Of the Schemes as such I can only say this, they have gone long enough to prove that there is a great deal in them if they are properly and fully administered, but they both require certain amendments that will prevent for one thing the sale of pigs outside the Scheme at prices that are very much higher than those that are within the Scheme, and which has penalised the loyal farmer who has contracted for pigs within the Scheme. We are endeavouring to tighten up these things with certain other drastic alterations that will be necessary, and with the help of the Government we still hope to make these Schemes such that they will do for Calne what they have done for Dunmow, what they have done for Ipswich, Chippenham, and various other places, and what they have indeed done here, too, in the provision of more work.

Now I would like to get somebody to second the resolution that the Balance-sheet should be adopted.

Seconded by Mr. A. J. Mail and Mr. F. Gale.

Modernism.

THE Oxford Dictionary tells us that the function of poetry is the expression or embodiment of beautiful or elevated thought, and differs more or less from ordinary prose writing. The same authority has it that in order to deserve the name of poem the theme and its treatment must possess qualities which raise it above ordinary prose.

The poet should add to prose the seduction of rhythm and the charm of imagery.

I know of no better example of this addition than the views expressed by Dorothy and William Wordsworth in the classic example of "Daffodils"

The former wrote in prose in her journal: "When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park, we saw a few daffodils close to the waterside. As we went along there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there as a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above them; some rested their heads upon the stones as upon a pillow for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake, they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing."

The poet takes this prose writing and adds to it the seduction and charm of imagery, thus:—

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of the bay.
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:

A poet could not be but gay

In such a jocund company:

I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon the inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

When writing about Daffodils we must not forget Herrick's Ode:—

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong, &c.

This article is headed "Modernism," and in its original form I quoted in full an absolutely up-to-date poem from a book published last month. I wanted to bring out the loveliness of the earlier English poets and contrast them with some of the present day work. Our Editors, however, tell me that if this is done there may be trouble because of the copyright.

Therefore, I can only write in general terms. I think that the new style is ugly and does not conform to the real function of poetry.

One regrets the cult of ugliness that is sweeping over English art and letters. It is on a small scale one hopes, but dangerously like the invasion of barbarism which swept away Greek and Roman culture.

It is due, I suppose, to the tyranny of the machine.

I often think the charm of poetry has a good deal to do with the rhythmical working of the body. You can march to poetry, not to prose. The measured motion of the heart and the intake of breath do subtly affect our powers of appreciation.

But the machine is a thing of straight lines, rectangular and mathematically struck curves, and must therefore lack all the delicate contours and infinite variety of form which is the noblest product of man's mental powers.

R.E.H

* * *

It was remarked in the department that one of our canteen girls was very despondent, and we wondered if "Wheezy Anna" (her pet egg-laying fowl) had gone broody.



C. & T. Harris (Calne),
Ltd.

SILVER MEDAL.

| | YEARS. |
|----------------------|--------|
| BALL, F. W..... | 20 |
| BARBER, P. W..... | 20 |
| BILLET, F. E..... | 20 |
| BRITAIN, E..... | 20 |
| BROWN, G. C..... | 20 |
| FISHER, H. G..... | 20 |
| GALE, A. H. T..... | 20 |
| GIDDINGS, T..... | 20 |
| GODDARD, A. F..... | 20 |
| GOUGH, V. I..... | 20 |
| KNOWLES, P. T..... | 20 |
| OGILVIE, W. G..... | 20 |
| SILK, G. G..... | 20 |
| SLADE, B. C..... | 20 |
| STEVENS, E..... | 20 |
| TREMBLING, Miss B. | 20 |
| WATTS, H. F..... | 20 |
| WESTON, A. H..... | 20 |
| WESTON, W. S. J. ... | 20 |

Calne Milling Co.

KIRTON, T..... 20

SILVER MEDAL WITH ONE BAR.

ROSE, H. T..... 25
RUTHERFORD, J.... 25

SILVER MEDAL WITH TWO BARS.

MAIL, A. J..... 30

SILVER MEDAL WITH THREE BARS.

CLEMO, A. H..... 35
HAINES, A. H..... 35
PARTRIDGE, E. F.... 35

GOLD MEDAL.

ANGELL, E. F..... 40

GOLD MEDAL WITH ONE BAR.

KINGTON, J. F..... 45

GOLD MEDAL WITH TWO BARS.

EDWARDS, F. G..... 50
ROYNON, J. E..... 50
STEVENS, F..... 50

GOLD MEDAL WITH FOUR BARS.

CARPENTER, J..... 60

Wiltshire Bacon Co., Ltd.,
Chippenham.

SILVER MEDAL.

WESTON, W. H..... 20

SILVER MEDAL WITH ONE BAR.

BAKER, J. J..... 25

SILVER MEDAL WITH TWO BARS.

MASSEY, A..... 30
PERRY, E..... 30

GOLD MEDAL WITH ONE BAR.

DIGHT, J..... 45

The Dunmow Flitch Bacon
Co., Ltd., Dunmow.

SILVER MEDAL.

CRICK, E. C..... 20
WALSH, T..... 20
WHYATT, E. C..... 20

SILVER MEDAL WITH ONE BAR.

ANDREWS, P..... 25
WALSH, J. 25

Highbridge Bacon Co., Ltd.,
Highbridge.

SILVER MEDAL.

BEVAN, Mrs. M..... 20
CHEDZOY, A. C..... 20

SILVER MEDAL WITH ONE BAR.

POPLE, F..... 25

Harris (Ipswich), Ltd.,
Ipswich.

SILVER MEDAL.

SMART, F. T..... 20

West of England Bacon
Co., Redruth.

SILVER MEDAL.

MERRITT, E..... 20
PERRY, J. H..... 20
TRUDGEN, W. J. ... 20

West of England Bacon
Co., Totnes.

SILVER MEDAL.

GRANGER, W. H. ... 20
TOZER, R. J..... 20
TUCKER, W. J..... 20

SILVER MEDAL WITH THREE BARS.

DASH, F. W..... 35

GOLD MEDAL WITH TWO BARS.

SMART, F..... 50



In starting a Poultry Section for the Magazine we realise the difficulty of making an interesting job of it, because, in addition to the papers devoted entirely to the industry, most publications cater for the fancier.

Consequently, therefore, we are certain that, generally speaking, it will be practically impossible to find anything new to write upon the subject.

However, there may be many readers who do not realise what a fascinating and profitable occupation poultry-keeping can be, and it is the object of this preliminary article to try to induce as many as possible to take up this delightful hobby.

Bearing in mind the maxim, "Do not aim too high at the start," we will assume that it is our intention to keep just six pullets for producing breakfast eggs all the year round. With the average householder space will be a consideration, and so, if we choose, we can keep these birds on the Intensive System in an outfit occupying an area of only 4ft. wide by 14ft. long, and not more than 4ft. high.

We will go into the question of houses and runs later on, and whether to buy or make them.

Hens lay wonderfully well when kept intensively, and the way in which this system is said to have been discovered is very interesting. A man who kept fowls was moving to a new neighbourhood. As he could not take all his birds with him he took the best, putting them in an old piano case. To his astonishment the birds laid more eggs while cooped up in that case than they had ever laid when at liberty. On the Intensive System fowls are not let out, but are always confined to their house and run.

If we have more ground available than the area mentioned just now, we can keep our birds either in a larger intensive house or keep them semi-intensively, that is, let them

have an outdoor run (grass for preference) to scratch about in.

In our next article we will select the particular breed of poultry we intend to keep. There are many breeds to choose from, and in selecting a breed we like we shall add to our pleasure. We shall probably purchase day-old chicks, the idea being to get the pullets to lay by October, so that we shall want our chicks some time in March or April, according to breed.

For the benefit of those who are trying to make up their minds about poultry keeping we should like to say that it is a hobby which, by good management, can be made to pay handsomely, and can be developed into a jolly good spare-time occupation. And it has this advantage—whilst the husband is at work the wife can attend to the fowls. Ladies are usually very successful with poultry. A number of wives run the poultry as their own particular side-line. This is a splendid idea. We have noticed, however, that in these cases the hens generally prove more profitable where the husband keeps pigs. We wonder why?

We should like to know what our more-experienced readers think of the idea of forming a Poultry Club Section of the H.W.A.? The Annual Exhibition could be held in conjunction with the Flower Show. Would the necessary support be forthcoming from the numerous fanciers there must be in the Firm?

* * *

Owing to pressure on our space we have been obliged to carry forward the following contributions to next month—

"Rollright Stones."

"News from the East."

* * *

Our Post Bag.

To the Editor,
Harris Magazine.

31st January, 1935.

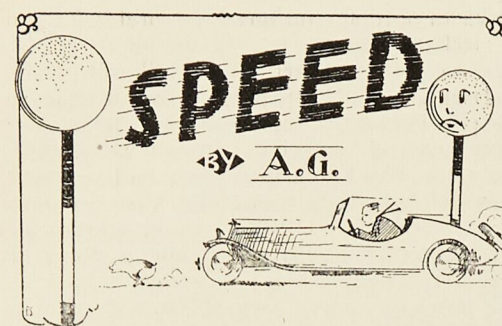
DEAR SIR,

I propose, with a view to make interest and increase sale of Magazines, to suggest a Monthly Legal Column. Answers to correspondence on all matters, inviting readers to have any query cleared. Not necessary to give full name, but initials and Branch.

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

W. SLATER.



So the Minister of Transport, whose beacons are positively sprouting in some London streets, has decided to enforce the 30-mile speed limit in built-up areas so soon as the sign-posts are ready!

This has already aroused a lot of controversy as to the definition of "built-up areas." In some instances it is going to mean that at least 15 miles outside a town can at present be said to come under this category.

In any case is this going to make the streets any safer?

It would be interesting to know how far vehicles moving above 30 miles an hour are responsible for the terrible number of road accidents. It is an accepted fact that a reasonably swift-moving vehicle is just as easy, if not easier, to control as a slow one. Unless both the pedestrian and driver are alert and ready 5 miles an hour can prove just as dangerous as 50 miles an hour.

For a long time now the motorists have stood to be shot at; in fact, some people would have them at the end of a "yard arm" for daring to sound their horns to warn them!

If only pedestrians would realise that it is a human impossibility to stop a moving mass, often weighing more than a ton, at a word there might be far less accidents.

I expect the thought has come to every motorist that some people place a tremendous amount of confidence in drivers by their acts of indecision and foolishness in crossing busy roads, far more than anyone with knowledge of motoring would.

In my own opinion speed limits are unnecessary with good drivers, good brakes, and wide-awake pedestrians. Punish the road hog out of existence, but punish also the foolhardy jay walker, and you will have gone a long way towards making the roads safe for pedestrians and motorists alike.

Speed must go on, otherwise our roads will become clogged with traffic at the present rate of increase in licensed vehicles. (I am not talking of excessive speeds—they should be reserved for the race tracks and testing runs. The speeds are necessary in the interests of mechanical progress. Without such experiments we should not have to-day engines of as low as 10 h.p. capable of developing road speeds of over 70 miles an hour. Compare this cheap power with the cost of engines necessary for the same speed only a comparatively few years ago.)

Speed has come to stay and, to my mind, is not the main cause of road accidents. There is dire necessity for far more co-operation on the part of the walking public with motorists. The pedestrian has the first right of the road, but that is no excuse for its abuse.

Take a walk along any main London street and just see the use that is made of the "Toffee Apple Sticks." People still step off the pavements at will without regard for traffic or the safety zones provided for them.

There is an experiment being made in the North of England where the pavements of dangerous corners are railed off so that crossers are bound to take care, and it looks as though this idea is one worthy of being extended.

Talking of crossing roads reminds me of a story I once heard of a dear old lady coming to a cross-road and waiting for the policeman to give the signal to cross. In due course the officer stopped the traffic and, pointing to the people on the edge of the pavement, shouted "Pedestrians." There was the usual mad rush across with the exception of the dear old lady who still went on standing there. The policeman allowed the flow of traffic to start again, and in due course held it up and turned to the further collection of people and shouted again, "Pedestrians," with the resultant mad rush. This went on for three or four times, and still the old lady went on standing there, with the result that the policeman went to her and asked how much longer she was going to hesitate. He was staggered to receive the reply that as yet only "Pedestrians" were being asked to cross, and she was waiting for him to invite the Roman Catholics to make the crossing!

The Minister of Transport would do well to make it illegal for smooth-faced roads to be constructed. Some towns still have their main streets re-made with a surface

that is absolutely like glass in wet weather, and with the finest driving, brakes, and tyres in the world it would be impossible to have complete control of your car in the event of having to stop suddenly. We have this kind of road to contend with outside the towns also, and it is hard to understand why they still persist in making them when the rough-surfaced roads have proved so successful and safe for all concerned.

* * *

"A Trip to Egypt."

HAVING just completed a tour of Cairo and near-by places, I thought it might be interesting to some of our readers if I wrote a little of what I saw.

We spent nine glorious days and eight thrilling nights on the boat. (There is plenty of entertainment these days on the boats—not a bit like it was years ago; those crinolines occupied so much deck space). However, we reached Port Said on the morning of August 5th feeling quite excited and all hot and bothered. It was a little warm really, but when we reached shore, after passing through Customs, our thirsts were well quenched by the drinking of a bottle of Amstel Beer. Having a little time to spare before leaving for Cairo, we had a creep around first to look at Lesseps monument, which stands on the end of the pier. (Vicomte Lesseps designed the Suez Canal, and in whose memory this statue was erected). From here we quietly walked to the main street again and took a horse-drawn cab to the station. It seemed rather nice to ride in such state once again after being so used to our modern life here. I may add that the natives, the majority of whom wear red hats, something like a red flower-pot turned upside down (this is called a "Tarbouche") were all over anxious seemingly to welcome us to their country by saying, "Eddini, backsheesh," which I learnt after meant, "Give me some money or tip."

We eventually spent 4½ hours in the train, and the view was not much as we left Port Said at 5.30 p.m. Part of the way we ran parallel with the Suez Canal and then one hour with nothing but sand on both sides, which has a nasty habit of blowing through the smallest of holes, and is more uncomfortable to have around your neck

and in your eyes than anything I know.

At ten p.m. we arrived at Cairo. It is a larger station than one would imagine, having four platforms and a very high roof. Outside was waiting an outside in taxis, into which we "parked" our tired bodies. Now for our hotel, I thought. My friend said, "I hope the driver doesn't take us to a desert sheikh." "What if he does," I replied, grasping my six-shooter. Sorry, I meant "six-seater." We were received at the hotel in Sharia Kasr-el-Nil, and after a meal retired (no alarm clock to set either), greatly looking forward to the morrow. We awoke quite early, as the day dawns early there, it being daylight at 5 a.m. and really dark at 6 p.m. At breakfast we decided to walk around the town simply to find our bearings, and learn the whereabouts of the Pyramids, Museum, Citadel, and Mouski, these being the principal points of interest, more of which I will write later.

The trams run on lines and are owned by the Tramways of Cairo, Soc. Anon. Buses as well as trams run throughout Cairo; the fares are cheap, there being 1st and 2nd classes. The trams are not so comfortable as ours, and the buses are only single deckers. The city has many nice churches—St. Mary Pro Cathedral (C. of E.) and St. Joseph's (R.C.) being among the principal we visited. The main streets are well fitted with all kinds of shops, and they do not spare electric lights in advertising. The cafes are also well contained; one can drink a lemonade and have his boots cleaned at one and the same time, not forgetting the backsheesh after. What gives this city a colourful aspect is the numerous pots of red flowers set out in the centre of squares and streets. This town takes a lot of pride in the planting of trees in its streets, and when in blossom have hues of red, white, and blue, and beautify the streets considerably. In the middle of the town is a beautiful garden, known as Ezbekieh Gardens, where one can take a meal and enjoy nice surroundings such as one enjoys in our own country.

Shopping in the Mouski.

This is considered the most native quarter of the city, and the streets in this district are narrower and not so clean as in other parts. It is possible to buy here anything from a canary to a *totom pail*, so it is hard to really choose one's curios, although some real camel-hair rugs are made in this district and sold at good prices. The weight

of one of these coloured camel-hair rugs is great, but they are considered valuable, and last for years. The brass work, some of which is made locally, is also nice work consisting of coffee sets, trays of various descriptions not at all costly, but they make lasting curios, especially if you are hit with one by your wife, like I was a fortnight ago.

Entertainments.

The entertainments in Cairo are such as to meet with modern requirements, chiefly cinemas showing films in languages to meet with the understanding of its audiences, chiefly Arabic, French, Italian, and there is an English talkie cinema known as The Royal, but even this cinema has its translation sheets on either side of the screen. I might say here that the Egyptians also have their own film company, with Egyptian actors and actresses. Cowboy pictures are greatly appreciated by the younger Egyptians, who get extremely excited during the show. Dances are run regularly and attended by many nationalities. Cairo has a fine Opera House, but not too frequently used. Also situated in Opera Square is a fine monument of Mohammed Ali, seated on a horse, and greatly admired by all. Also on our right, along the gardens I mentioned, is a horse cab rank, quite a sight.

We now cross the road to Sharia Maghraby and back to our hotel, feeling a little tired, and so to bed.

Next month a visit to the Pyramids.
LESSA.

* * *

BRAMBLE BLOOM.

When Nature's lovely garden doth its garb of green assume,
I fondly love to ramble where the bramble blossoms bloom,
Down where the woodlands' fringe doth shade the meadow by the stream,
'Tis there I choose to wander, or to sit and see, and dream.

Where birds all sing or warble all the joyous sunny days,
The swallow loves to linger when its visit here it pays.
I can hear the cuckoo calling, and often get a thrill
As I watch the skylark hover in sunlight o'er the hill.

I hear the magpies chatter in a hawthorn on the hedge,
A pigeon in a fir tree seems to make a constant pledge!
Perhaps it tells its lover it is still her worthy mate,
Or may be has a story that it simply must relate.

This lovely dell of blossoms is so full of jolly song,
Its very stream doth warble as it gaily flows along,
And breezes through the rushes sing a whisp'ring soft refrain
That seems to fall to sadness, then leap back to joy again.

If patience is a virtue, then yon heron has its share!
It seems almost a fixture standing fishing over there.
Where oft the brilliant plumage of its rival flashes by—
The kingfisher more beauteous than rainbows in the sky.

My dell is next to paradise, as many lovers think,
As they wander through in moonlight of its delights to drink.
For rapture here is boundless, and enchantment holds its sway,
A fallen tree trunk makes a seat where moonbeams softly play.

They build them fairy castle in this natural setting sweet,
They fancy them like magic spring from grass about their feet.
With gardens full of honeysuckle, and the wild rose
All in the dell, and at the time the bramble blossom blows.

THOMAS H. HARVEY.

SPORTING TERMS ILLUSTRATED.



"A Selling Plate."



Notices for articles for subsequent publications come with such rapidity that one really doesn't know whether it is for April, May, or perhaps October next. Heigh ho! That is as it is; but what I should like to know, **how can we keep track of time?**

The third month of the year is well on its way, and we all pray that the worst of the weather has passed. The snow, wind and rain all play havoc, not only with our fields, trees, houses, &c., but with our faces. Be out in a biting, easterly wind for half-an-hour or so and what is the result? A terrible calamity—the wind has chafed your skin, making it sore and rough, so do prepare in such a way that you won't suffer more than is necessary. Rub a soothing cream into your skin before you venture forth, and then, on your return, a little more will do wonders.

And the spring flowers are out, tra la. Don't they look really sweet and lovely? Although in January I did see a carpet of greens, whites, and purple—it was a thousand violets in a Somerset garden, intermingled with snowdrop and primrose, a truly refreshing sight for the time of year. And now we are having them for a while, for, in my opinion, there is no season of the year that is more lovely than the awakening of spring; no flowers so lovely as the violet, primrose, daffodil; no tree is so lovely as when it is first coming to life again after the dreary, long winter; no field is so lovely as when it shows the first pale green delicate shoots; and no bird song is so exquisite as now, during nesting time. So with all this loveliness springing into being, let's try and put our lives right with the spring and with

the new year which so quickly passes. Try and get some of the joyfulness of living and the spirit to serve, both at home and at work, carrying us right on through the many difficulties which beset us.

AND NOW, HERE'S SOME NEWS.

I'm having a **Recipe Competition**, and I want you all to send me in recipes for Maids of Honour and Tea Scones. For the best one I will give an Elizabeth Craig Cookery Book; or, if you so wish, its equivalent value in something else. So lots and lots of Recipes, please. Address:—Miss MUFFETT, at Messrs. C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd.

Needless to say the best ones selected will be printed here.

The Competition is open until 31st March.

And do you know there are still lots of things we don't know, and can't seem to find out, so I am going to start a question and answer column, and if you will send your queries in I will print them; and, please, someone try and answer them. So do let's really get going now and make this a kind of continuous show. Carry on!

Someone has just sent me in a question now:—

Q.—I have just burnt the top of my polished table with a cigarette. How can I smooth it off?

Being quite frivolous, a very clever young man said to me the other day, "You want to introduce a little humour into your page." So I said, "Well, if that is so, perhaps you can suggest something." The following is the result:—

Q.—Who punches the holes in muffins?

What boils water?

What is lace?

Where *do* the flies go?

What does a billiard ball when it stops?

Maybe an equally brilliant individual can answer these questions.

DO YOU DREAM?

Further Solutions by the 'Orrible Oracle.

BREAKFAST.—Don't trust fair men with your money. Pay your own fare.

BONUSES.—Advancement in your work will follow this dream. The busier the rosier.

CABBAGES.—Regard the blue-eyed man with suspicion. He has no heart.

CAMPHOR.—Disappointment will cause you tears. Anyway, what did you camp for?

CAPTAIN.—Nine is a number you should shun. We tried to shun it in the Army, when we were taught to "shun."

CART.—You will attend wedding celebrations—you'll see someone else in the cart.

CHEMIST.—Beware of falls—Niagara and banana skins.

CHOKING.—The number eight is not beneficial to you—as Anne Boleyn said before she took her cold chop.

CLOUDS.—Inconstancy will bring you a heartache and inebriation will bring you a headache.

COLLECTION.—Be careful not to look behind. Remember the wife who lost the hat through this, and there was no collection.

CONVICT.—This dream denotes that you will make your home in a much larger house than the one you now occupy. Still, it may be a fine.

* * *

The New and the Old.

ARTICLE 3.

As the first two articles of this series have dealt with weapons of war, this month we are writing of what, for numberless years, has been regarded as tokens of peace.

The collection of old clay pipes shown in the picture are of the kind commonly termed "fairy pipes," and were made at the commencement of the 17th Century.

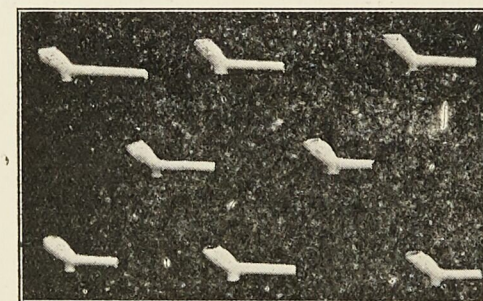
No doubt every reader of the "Harris Magazine" has at some time or other seen, and perhaps handled, one of these old pipes, when it must have occurred to many that partakers of the "weed" in those days could not have indulged very heavily. Often enough a fair-sized pea will completely fill the bowl of these so-called "fairy pipes."

As a general rule the pipes are found without stems, but perfect specimens are about eight inches in length, with their small heads or bowls almost egg-shaped, and are thicker in the stem than pipes of later periods.

Another peculiarity is that in many cases they have the maker's initial at the

bottom of the head, and this has led to many people collecting them. A small collection by Wiltshire makers can be seen in the Museum at Devizes.

It is common knowledge that tobacco was first introduced into this country during the reign of Elizabeth, but at least one authority has stated this belief that many of the "fairy pipes" were made long before her accession. The only proof he offers, however, is, to use his own words, "When half of the great tower of Kirkstall Abbey, Co. Yorks, fell down in 1779, a number of these 'fairy pipes' were found in the



mortar, and it is known that the most modern part of the tower was built in the reign of Henry VII. (1457—1509), and after the Abbey was dismantled at the Reformation, there was no access to the upper part of the tower. Several were also found at Newcastle in the Castle Midden, when the houses built on that ancient accumulation were removed." (See "Trade Tokens of Wiltshire").

Amongst the collection shown are pipes which, from their trade marks, have been identified as the work of John Howell, who was made a freeman of the City of Bristol in 1651.

According to the Ulster Journal of Archaeology III., p 320, in Ireland these pipes are called "Danes' pipes." Several specimens were found in a Danish cairn in 1855.

A.B.

* * *

Wedding Bells.

At Cherhill Parish Church on February 2nd, Mr. Jack Bull was married to Miss Eileen Dew, of Cherhill. Mr. Bull was presented with a fireside chair by the Engineering Department.

C. & T. HARRIS (CALNE) LTD., SAVINGS SCHEME.

The Annual General Meeting, of which notice had been given to all Depositors, was held in the Calne Factory on Friday, 25th January, 1935, and we have pleasure in printing a copy of the Balance Sheet which was then submitted and adopted:—

BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1934.

| LIABILITIES. | | | ASSETS. | | |
|--|---------|-------|--|---------|-------|
| | £ | s. d. | | £ | s. d. |
| Amount due to Depositors, including Interest to date | 57,595 | 12 3 | Cash due by Lloyds Bank, Ltd :— | | |
| | | | Current Account as per Cash Book ... | 2,125 | 17 4 |
| | | | Deposit Account | 500 | 0 0 |
| | | | | 2,625 | 17 4 |
| | | | Investments at Cost :— | | |
| | | | £40,000 3½ per cent War Loan ... | 40,333 | 3 0 |
| | | | £7,000 3½ per cent. Conversion Loan ... | 5,337 | 18 0 |
| | | | £11,080 10s. 6d. 2½ per cent. Consolidated Stock ... | 8,993 | 1 3 |
| | | | | 54,664 | 2 3 |
| | | | (Market Value—£61,379 13 8) | | |
| | | | Interest on Investments accrued to date ... | 246 | 18 3 |
| | | | Claim for Refund of Income Tax ... | 58 | 14 5 |
| | | | | £57,595 | 12 3 |
| | £57,595 | 12 3 | | £57,595 | 12 3 |

AUDITOR'S REPORT.

I have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books, Records, and Vouchers of the Fund, and find it to be in accordance therewith.

The correctness of the Cash at Bank has been confirmed by reference to a Certificate received from the Bankers.

The Certificates of the Investments as set out above are registered in the names of four Trustees, and are held by Lloyds Bank Limited for safe custody.

I hereby certify that 99 per cent. of the Depositors' Pass Books have been examined with the Ledger Accounts.

106, Edmund Street, Birmingham.
18th January, 1935.

(Signed), JOHN T. LEWIS,
Of AGAR, BATES, NEAL & Co.,
Chartered Accountants.





BIRMINGHAM EXHIBITION.

This Exhibition took place from the 22nd to the 31st January, and was productive of good business. There were some exceedingly interesting stands, and all the exhibitors were of a high standing. Many of the exhibits were of distinctly original character, comparing favourably with the stands seen at recent Grocers' Exhibitions at the Agricultural Hall, London.

The Trade really did their level best to support this Show, which, unfortunately, is generally more than can be said of the average provincial exhibition. The attendance of the public was also very good.

The authorities ran a large number of competitions for window dressing, salesmanship, and other features.

C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd., put up three prizes for the best window dressed only with Harris Productions. This gave some very interesting results.

The Staff on the Stand put in some real hard work under the leadership of Mr. Edmonds, and we feel that this will have been justified by the results which will be forthcoming in the future.

Mr. Clarke Bartlett has written to us this week to say that his car, which was stolen some twelve months ago, has now been recovered. He was asked by the police to identify the car, which is, apparently, one of some fifty others which have been stolen by a gang. He has been notified that he will be required to give evidence when the prosecution takes place.

We sympathise with Mr. W. H. Curgenven, the London representative of the Wiltshire Bacon Company, Ltd., Chippenham, who has had the same misfortune as Mr. R. E. Harris by being knocked down and badly injured by a bus. This happened in Oxford Street, and, no doubt, some of our readers saw a paragraph in the paper where

it was mentioned that the police and passers-by had to lift a bus off an unfortunate pedestrian, who had been knocked down. No name was mentioned, but Mr. Curgenven was the unfortunate individual.

Mr. Curgenven was taken to hospital, and we feel sure that every one will wish him a speedy recovery.

Best wishes to Van-Salesman G. I. Williams, who was married on the 21st January.

Mr. J. P. Cartwright and Mr. I. Lammiman are continuing to make gradual progress. We all send them our best wishes for continued recovery to strength.

We notice in the last issue of the Magazine reference was made to a quotation for Pork and Beef Dripping at 7s. 6d. per bundle of 100 yards. The question was asked, "Where and upon what have the typist's thoughts been concentrated?"

One of our Van-Salesmen also appears to have had a moment of temporary mental aberration this month when he wrote and asked us to forward "the following Celanese tickets." He must have been reading the advertisements!

Mr. J. F. Kington writes that he has a relative on H.M.S. Shoreham, now in the Persian Gulf, from whom he has received a letter in which he mentions that the preparations of C. & T. Harris are much appreciated by the ship's company.

It is nice to feel that Harris Sausages go down just as well in the Persian Gulf as they do in the Old Country.

J.H.G.

* * *

Set your watch every morning by a good clock and you will find a bad watch to go nearly as well as a good one.

Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. JOHN MERRITT.



The name of Merritt has been associated with the West of England Bacon Co., Redruth, from the very beginning, and for many years there has not been less than three members of the family working here at the same time. The father of the subject of our Picture Gallery was one of those who worked here when the factory was first opened, and this son came here from school in April, 1907. It will thus be seen, despite his very youthful appearance, he has 28 years of service to his credit.

He had two years of active service during the war, serving in France from 1916 to 1918. For several seasons he was a playing member of the Redruth Rugby Football Club, and played many good games at scrum half whilst wearing the red jersey. More recently he has interested himself in the exhibition and racing of homing pigeons with much success. He is highly respected by all with whom he comes in contact, and we sincerely hope he will be spared for many years to continue his loyal service.

W.B.F.

* * *

She is not a good housewife who is always buying pennyworths.

WHAT!! A PANCAKE.

A SPECIAL RECIPE—WITH EXPERT ADVICE

Beat or agitate one egg.

(The best way to agitate an egg is to tell it that its old-age pension has been stopped). Mix gradually with a mixture of $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, and a pinch of salt.

(The mixing must be done gradually, inasmuch as the egg and flour belong to two distinct classes of society. The egg is associated with the Stage and Drama, hence the expression, "Egging him on." The flour, as its name implies, is haughty-cultural; that is why we get the flower of the family. There is a special species known as the Flour Rose or Self Rising). If these two elements are so disdainful that they hesitate to mix then paste them with the back of a spoon until they learn better.

(The spoon is better than the knife, as with the latter the elements have a tendency to cut one another.)

When the egg and flour are thoroughly acquainted, let their ardour cool.

Heat some lard.

(Special Note—If the right lard is used then one's efforts are "Crown"ed with success).

It follows that the heating will be done in a frying-pan and not father's top-hat.

The heating will be done until the lard smokes.

(See that it does not smoke the cheaper brands).

Place half-a-teacupful of the mixture.

(There is no need to break a cup in half to make half a cup).

Fry until a rich golden brown.

(If the colour comes up pink, then something has gone wrong).

Roll up and serve immediately with castor sugar.

(If one cannot "roll-up" then a simple "head-over-heels" will do).

And a squeeze of lemon.

It is to be noted we have refrained from advising "tossing." Our experience has been that it is a fag to keep on climbing a step ladder to detach from the ceiling. . .

* * *

Do not put too much money in your children's pockets on going to school. It is sowing the seeds of prodigality.



LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"First over Everest," the Houston Mount Everest Expedition, 1933, by Various Authors.

After many attempts had been made to conquer Everest on foot this great air expedition was planned in the hope of taking photographs of the summit of Everest and the neighbouring mountains. The first few chapters are concerned with all the numerous details that had to be carefully considered and arranged before it was possible to start for India. It took some time to obtain sufficient money to finance the venture. Lady Houston was ill when the expedition was first thought of, but when she recovered and was informed about it she was quite ready to advance the money. Then, as Everest lies half in Tibet and half in Nepal, permission had to be obtained to fly over Nepal—there was no likelihood of being allowed over Tibet. When the planes had been chosen, they had to be tried out at a height of at least 33,000 feet with the full load of crew and instruments they would have to carry over the mountains, and then the crew had to practise donning their flying kit and connecting up all the electrical leads attached to them. After continual practise they could get dressed in twenty-five minutes. They also spent a long time experimenting to find the best positions for taking the photographs.

Chapter V. is about the various attempts to ascend Everest during the last 100 years. The rest of the book describes the journey to India; the anxious time spent at their base at Purnea waiting for favourable weather conditions; the actual flight over the mountains, and the results of the photographs, a number of which are reproduced in the book.

SKITTLE CLUB.

The Committee of the Skittle Club broke new ground when they arranged a Smoking Concert on January 18th, at the Marden House. Nearly 100 members attended, and the evening passed pleasantly and all too quickly. Many members of the Revue Party attended, and, together with the help of other members, a splendid musical programme was gone through. Mr. A. Boase, the chairman of the committee, presided, and the refreshment department was in the capable hands of Mr. R. H. Stanley, the hon. secretary.

On February 8th we took a representative team to Chippenham and played against the Wiltshire Bacon Company's skittle team, at the Railway Inn. A most enjoyable evening was experienced, and we look forward to the return match in March.

Since the New Year skittles has become a favourite game with the ladies, and departmental games are being played each Tuesday. Departments represented are Retort, Pie, Slaughter, Kitchen, Printing, and Office, and up to date the Retort girls have not been beaten.

LADIES' HOCKEY.

This month we record two wins, a loss, and a scratched match. January 5th, versus Oldfield Park, was scratched. On January 12th, at home versus Christchurch, Swindon, we had a field day as regards goals, and the score, 12 to 0, suggests very weak opponents. The score does not represent the run of play, for although our defence was invulnerable, yet repeated attacks were made upon it, and the game was fairly open.

It was our shooting proficiency that was the outstanding feature of the game. Our opponents had opportunities, but could not accept them. Dorothy Holley led the

forwards well and scored 7 goals. Irene Hunt scored 3 and Frances Henly 2.

Against Stothert and Pitts, at Bath, on January 19th, we lost by the odd goal in 3. Molly Angell scoring our only goal.

We entertained Devizes at Lickhill, on January 26th, and won by 3 goals to 2. Irene Hunt scored twice and D. Holley obtained the other goal.

MEN'S HOCKEY.

Again a rather lean month—the only match to record is versus Swindon (G.W.R.) at Lickhill, on January 19th. A very close match was lost by 3 goals to 2. The game was even throughout the first half, and it was not until the interval that we were able to score. The home forwards showed much lack of thrustfulness when in front of goal, and had they only turned to advantage half the chances given, would have won easily. Our two goals were scored by R. Heath. Other matches during the month were scratched, viz.:—v. Garrards, on January 5th; v. Christchurch, Swindon, on January 19th; and v. Warminster, on January 26th.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 1.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|-----|---|-----|---|
| 1 | A | 2 | M | 3 | B | 4 | R | 5 | O | 6 | S | 7 | I | 8 | A | 9 | S | 10 | O |
| 11 | S | 12 | E | 13 | L | 14 | A | 15 | C | 16 | H | 17 | E | 18 | L | 19 | A | 20 | B |
| 21 | W | 22 | I | 23 | T | 24 | H | 25 | E | 26 | M | 27 | O | 28 | V | 29 | E | 30 | |
| 31 | D | 32 | N | 33 | I | 34 | L | 35 | L | 36 | Y | 37 | E | 38 | S | | | | |
| 39 | O | 40 | S | 41 | I | 42 | D | 43 | L | 44 | E | 45 | A | 46 | L | 47 | E | | |
| 48 | P | 49 | E | 50 | P | 51 | O | 52 | P | 53 | O | 54 | L | 55 | O | | | | |
| 56 | P | 57 | I | 58 | N | 59 | R | 60 | O | 61 | O | 62 | N | 63 | Y | 64 | O | | |
| 65 | E | 66 | N | 67 | D | 68 | E | 69 | R | 70 | R | 71 | M | 72 | A | | | | |
| 73 | C | 74 | A | 75 | U | 76 | L | 77 | L | 78 | I | 79 | N | 80 | E | 81 | A | 82 | R |
| 83 | A | 84 | T | 85 | E | 86 | P | 87 | E | 88 | N | 89 | U | 90 | L | 91 | T | | |
| 92 | N | 93 | E | 94 | R | 95 | O | 96 | S | 97 | E | 98 | T | 99 | T | 100 | E | 101 | S |

Another Crossword will appear next month.

Friends Elsewhere.

CHIPPENHAM.

SKITTLES.

On Friday, January 11th, 1935, we renewed acquaintance with our friends, the Corsham Conservative Club, and spent a most enjoyable games evening with them. We had previously met our Corsham friends on their alley on two previous occasions, with the result that each team have one win to their credit. With this feeling of equality it was only natural that there was the friendly spirit of keen rivalry present during this match. Unfortunately we could not realise our ambitions. The first leg resulted in a win for our opponents by 14 pins. We certainly improved during the second leg, and ran out winners by 6 pins. But our hopes of victory were soon laid low in the third leg, which our rivals won by 33 pins, and so assured them of victory by 41 pins.

Corsham 334 Pins.
Chippenham ... 293 ..

We were also unlucky at Billiards, only winning one match out of five. Once again a most enjoyable evening passed too quickly, and we thank our Corsham friends for the excellent way they entertained us.

* * *

The return skittle match with Corsham was played on Friday, January 25th, 1935, when we had the pleasure of receiving them at the Railway Inn. There was no provision for billiards in this house, so we had to devote our energies to skittles. Naturally, as we were playing home we felt we had a fine opportunity of wiping out the arrears of the previous match, but when the total scores were written it was discovered that we had to acknowledge defeat once more by the small number of 2 pins. This is not a big margin; just sufficient to make us the losers, and shows what a keen game it was from start to finish.

Total scores :—

Corsham 286 Pins.
Chippenham 284 ..

We express our sincere sympathy with the family of the late Mr. Wm. Church, who passed away after a short illness on the 22nd January, at the ripe age of 84 years.

Mr. Church, who was our first engineer, retired in September, 1925, on reaching his 75th birthday, after 34 years' service.

W.V.L.

Our Welfare Association continues to make progress, and the Committee is doing its utmost to see that every section of the staff is provided for in their programme of activities. With this object in view a Ladies' Dart Tournament has been arranged. This, we think, is rather a unique competition, and although it is too early to prophesy the result of same, it is encouraging to report that every lady member of the staff has entered the competition. This is pleasing, because it shows that the Association has the support of the "fair sex" behind them. Perhaps in the future we shall have an Inter-factory Dart Competition for the ladies.

CORRECTION.—In the last issue of the Magazine it was stated that we had purchased a "Bristol Dart Board." This is an incorrect description. It is a "Bristle Dart Board," and we shall be only too pleased to provide our friends elsewhere with full particulars and the name and address of the firm which supplies same, if they should require this information.

We congratulate Mr. George Warne, of the Factory Staff, on the birth of a daughter.

W.H.W.

Much consternation was caused in the Traffic Department by the receipt of a Way Bill from the Passenger Department for "1 Dog." This was returned to them with a polite note to the effect that we did not deal in this class of live stock. The matter was considered serious enough for them to telephone us regretting the error, and expressing relief at knowing our factory was not a home for "lost dogs."

J.S.

In the January issue of the Magazine it is observed that the picturesque headings familiar with the Branches are missing. Some of our readers are anxious to know why they are discontinued.

W.H.W.

(EDITORIAL NOTE :—These headings will be resumed when the pressure on our space has been relieved).

SIXTH ANNUAL SOCIAL.

The Annual Social of the employees of Wiltshire Bacon Co., Ltd., was held in St. Paul's Church Hall on Saturday evening, the 2nd February, and was well attended, over 170 being present, including several friends from Calne.

The Social opened with songs and sketches by both the Factory and Office Staffs, and the latter rendered the very popular policeman's chorus from "The Pirates of Penzance," ably led by Mr. H. Eldridge as the sergeant, Mr. J. Swayne being a very efficient accompanist.

The Harris Concert Party, from Calne, then gave a splendid non-stop entertainment of over an hour's duration, every item being enthusiastically received. Miss Fellows, as producer, and the company as a whole must be congratulated on the excellent show which they put over. The visit was made possible through the kindness and generosity of the Deputy Chairman and Managing Director, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P.

Mr. Long proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Fellows and her company for their kindness in coming to Chippenham that night, which was carried with acclamation.

Mr. W. V. Long, welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Bodinnar, said "Once again it is my pleasure to give to the Deputy Chairman and Managing Director of our Company, and the many Companies with which we are privileged to be associated, a very hearty welcome to this our sixth annual Social. We also extend an equally cordial welcome to Mrs. Bodinnar, and thank her very much for the interest which she has always taken in all our activities. The only fly in the ointment is that the trio is not complete by the inclusion of Miss Bodinnar, who, unfortunately, was unable to be with us to-night, but we hope this is a pleasure only deferred and that we may be favoured by her company on some future occasion.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all of you who are associated with me in the business, whatever your jobs—in the Factory, the Office, and the Shops—for the ready help and assistance you have given me during the past year. I also want to thank my many friends at Calne, particularly the heads of departments, many of whom I am delighted to see here to-night, for the advice and guidance they have always so

willingly given. The friendly and cordial relations existing between us all make business a pleasure and life a real joy to me.

I have already spoken of the wonderful show put on for us by Miss Fellows, and so much enjoyed by us all, and here and now I want to thank Mr. Bodinnar for having made this possible.

I feel I cannot conclude without a brief tribute to a very dear old friend who, I believe, was with us at all our previous socials, and who, a week or two ago, was looking forward to being with us to-night. I refer to Mr. William Church, who passed away on the 22nd January. It is comforting to know his illness was short and his passing painless and peaceful. He commenced with the Company when the business was first established at Chippenham, in July, 1891, and after 34 years of faithful service, retired on his seventy-fifth birthday, in September, 1925. During his years of well-earned rest his interest in the Company never flagged, and every time I met him he always enquired how things were progressing with the firm. I think we may well say and think of him in the words with which I feel sure he was greeted on entering into that higher life, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

This was seconded by Captain C. H. Smith, who also offered his heartiest congratulations to Miss Fellows and the concert Party, and thanked the Chippenham Welfare Association for their very kind invitation to his wife and himself to join in the social.

In reply, Mr. Bodinnar assured the assembly of the great pleasure it gave him to be present at their social gathering. He congratulated the Welfare Association on the success of their efforts, and the branch generally on the high percentage of employees making use of the Savings Scheme.

Mr. Bodinnar concluded by thanking the Manager and Staff for their services in the past and invited them to continue to assist in maintaining the honourable place which the House of Harris has secured in the world of commerce.

Mr. Bodinnar, who had a cheering and encouraging word for each recipient, then presented Long Service Medals to those who had qualified to receive them.

After an interval for refreshments there were various games and the Embassy Band provided dance music.

The prize-winners were as follows :—Musical Arms—Ladies, Miss K. Tucker ;

gentlemen, Mr. W. Hallett. Lucky chair—Mr. L. A. Trow. Spot dance—Miss K. Brandfield and Mr. G. Gill. And all children under 14 received gifts.

The prizes and gifts were kindly presented by Mrs. Bodinnar, who received a bouquet presented by Miss Hooper. Mr. T. Bullock (foreman) proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Bodinnar for her kindness in coming that night and presenting the prizes, which was received with great enthusiasm and carried with cheers and acclamation.

"Auld Lang Syne," followed by "God save the King," brought the party to a close on the stroke of midnight, everyone being of the opinion this was the most enjoyable evening they had ever spent in the history of the Company.

Mr. B. F. Pinfield was an efficient M.C.

* * * DUNMOW.

Pilfering is a very bad habit, whether of ideas, another's good name, or money, or what not. It constantly goes on, openly, secretly, or camouflaged. However, some folk do not mind the other cribbing his ideas, for it brings a sort of vanity out, and so seems to rather more than pay in full—in fact, some like to be copied.

But we at Dunmow have other ideas when we think of our very old (860-870 years old) celebration custom. We naturally want to keep the custom clean and precise and in its own home. Please, you who read, remember this when you are tempted !

Last week one was met with the following in Harrow : "Oh, yes, *Dunmow* ; we have just held a kind of Dunmow Flitch Trial here, and it was most successful ; indeed, they wanted us to broadcast it." When told of our purchased trade mark rights, as vested in "Dunmow Flitch," the rejoinder soon came, "Oh, but we are safe ; we called it a 'Court of Love.'"

Yet these things seem to go on the world over. A relative came back last autumn from seeing the Passion Play at Oberammergau, full of disgust at the fact that these villagers also had their cheap imitators in other quarters of the Continent, and that their wonderful idea was constantly being copied, and in such a way as to lower the whole thing for them.

There's only one Derby Day, one Boat Race, &c., so please leave our custom alone.

Shall we record the fact that yesterday, on the 5th February, the local Farmers' Union held a whist drive and dance in the new Memorial Hall. There were over 300 tickets sold, and the whole affair was in such a vein that no-one who attended would agree that the farmer could have a care in the world!

We regret to record that Mr. William Gladstone Spurgeon is at home ill, and we hope he will soon be back at work again.

Should any of our readers want to know a little of the Essex dialect and mentality, get Bensusan's, "At the Sign of the Wheat-sheaf."

* * *

EASTLEIGH.

On the occasion of his marriage to Miss Edith Burley, Frank Browning was the recipient of a drawing-room clock, and our good wishes are expressed in this token to the happy couple for their future happiness.

According to figures recently published the Eastleigh Carnival Committee in their last effort realised over £490 for the local hospitals. Great credit is due to the organisers of this annual event for the splendid way in which the carnival was carried through.

One of our staff, who was a prominent member of the "Lillywhite" football team last season, has, according to latest reports, retired from local football. We are wondering whether there will be news later that the "Saints" have signed on another player.

We hope to write articles each month for the Magazine, and appeal to each one of our Eastleigh readers to assist us.

EASTLEIGHAN.

As our friends in London have introduced themselves I think that the Eastleighites should return the compliment. Here are a few of the boys:—

ERVINE.—I don't think there is anybody in Calne who does not know him; but, for the sake of others, he is the foreman.

TOSSELS.—From Calne. Only 5ft. 6in., but we know when he is about.

ROLLS.—Also from Calne. And also (poor chap) married.

RAY.—From Calne. Like father, like son. Cellar man. His hobby *was* married life. I don't know what it is now.

FRED.—Quite an old-timer at Eastleigh; but never mention "Hill 60" to him.

PADDY.—Also an old-timer. I believe he dreams of runners.

JOHN.—Some people mistake him for a film star. But I always thought film stars were handsome.

TICH.—Only small, but never ask him who flecked the porker.

PERCY.—What he hasn't done, what he hasn't seen, where he hasn't been. Well!

LEN.—A proper butcher. His motto is, "Families waited on daily."

REGGIE.—No. 1, quite a nice chap; but if he wants to fight you take no notice of him.

CHRIS.—Only young, but with the making of a good butcher in him. At present he makes the tea.

OLD NICK.—Quite a nice old chap until you say, "Little man, you've had a busy day."

NOBBY.—6ft. 2in. in his socks. No wonder Tommy Green likes him.

W.J.

* * *

HIGHBRIDGE.

It is with great pleasure we record the fact that at a recent celebration of the members of the choir and bellringers of West Huntspill Parish Church, it was stated that two members had between them a record of 103 years church service. One of these was Mr. Charles Hancock, in charge of our Cooked Goods Department, who has been a member of the choir for fifty years. In addition to this he had been a bellringer for 45 years, but this part of his church service he has had to discontinue since his illness some while ago. Mr. Hancock has always been an indefatigable Church worker, and in addition to the activities recorded above has occupied prominent positions in local Church affairs.

R.C.L.

FOOTBALL.

Being our first season for entering the football arena, our team, though not brilliant, are plodders, and are endeavouring

to lick themselves into shape for future seasons. They are sportsmen and look forward to their games on Saturday afternoons, but they have yet to learn, that the success of pulling off a win in football is team work and not so much individual play. It is combination and organisation that win, and this they proved on Saturday last, when playing against Wembdon in the Hospital Cup Round, and won by 2 goals to nil. It was the team work in the second half that did it.

C.B.S.

SKITTLES.

We are now three parts through the season and showing better progress than of late years, winning 8 out of 22 matches. The team has this season been strengthened by C. B. Shier, A. Hill, and A. Holley, who came in first time this season. A. Hill looks dangerous for the Gerald Holt Cup and League Championship. A. Holley and W. J. Pople have a splendid average for thirteen matches. For consistency in playing our old champion, E. Cann, will want some beating. H. Neath is following up very closely. The Knock-out Cup is now pending, and I am sure the team that is picked will take some beating.

W.S.

ANNUAL SOCIAL.

The fifth annual Social was held on Saturday, the 26th January, and proved to be one of our most successful events.

We had the pleasure of the company of Mr. and Mrs. Bodinnar, Captain and Mrs. C. Herbert Smith, and Mr. J. G. Hooper. Unfortunately neither Mr. and Mrs. Petherick or Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate were able to be present, much to our regret.

An innovation this year, at the suggestion of Mr. Bodinnar, was a concert given by some friends from Calne, led by Miss Fellows and Mr. Swaffield, which opened the evening's proceedings. A bright and attractive programme was rendered and was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and the artistes, some of whom, we understand, were called upon at short notice, are to be congratulated on the excellence of their performance. At the conclusion of the concert, Mr. Kidley expressed his appreciation on behalf of the audience, at the same time pointing out that the expenses of the party had been entirely

defrayed by our Chief personally, so that we might have the pleasure which it certainly gave. Miss Fellows suitably replied, and was presented with a bouquet by Master Vowles.

Followed a little dancing and then refreshments. After Mr. Kidley had welcomed our guests, Captain Smith expressed his pleasure at being present once again at the annual gathering.

Mr. Bodinnar, who was received with acclamation, then addressed the gathering, and said he was always pleased to come to Highbridge, as the welcome he was given was not surpassed anywhere. Speaking of the difficulties of the past year in the industry, he thanked those who had done their bit, and asked one and all to still give of their very best in the future, as it was very necessary that all should pull together. He also dealt with various phases of the Marketing Schemes, and gave us some very interesting facts and information. The strength of the Savings Scheme was also brought to notice, as being quite the safest and best investment of which he knew. Finally, Mr. Bodinnar, in referring to his visits to the various branches at this time of the year, invited anyone who had any matter they felt they would like to discuss with him, whether personal or business, to bring it to his notice, and he would be delighted to do all he could to help. A bouquet was presented to Mrs. Bodinnar by Miss Sansom, and a bowl of flowers to Mrs. Smith by Mr. Cann.

During the course of the evening a very pleasant duty was performed by Mr. Kidley, who made special reference to the ladies who year in and year out ran the very necessary part of any social gathering, that is refreshments. Mr. Kidley on behalf of the members, in referring to their loyal and arduous labours, presented to each a small token of the esteem in which they are held. The ladies are Mesdames W. J. Young, R. Gibbs, J. Norris, and Holley.

An interesting item during the evening was an Old Folks' Parade, which Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lawrence won in a canter. Their nearest competitors have a long way to go yet to catch Fred. The parade took the form of a wedding march beneath decorated arches to suitable music from the band, each lady competing being presented with a posy of flowers.

Mrs. Bevan, of the Creamery Staff, was

presented with the Long Service Medal and Mr. Bodinnar, when making the presentation, remarked that it was a unique occasion so far as Highbridge was concerned for a lady to be decorated, and very infrequent in any of the other companies. Mr. A. Chedzoy also received the Long Service Medal, and Mr. Fred Pople a bar for 25 years service.

Miss Ena Sage during the evening very kindly gave a short piano accordion recital, her skilful rendering being very much appreciated.

Dancing and games occupied the remainder of the evening until a quarter to twelve, when "Auld Lang Syne" brought a very enjoyable evening to a close.

The Chairman, Committee, and Secretaries are to be congratulated on the arrangements made for this very enjoyable evening and the necessary work it entailed, and while it would seem invidious to mention names, we feel that a special word of thanks should be accorded to Mr. H. C. Marsh for all the hard work he puts into these events, and to the ladies of the catering staff, and those who gave up their Saturday afternoon to prepare the hall.

"STAND UP AND SING" AT HIGHBRIDGE.

'Twas the fifth Annual Social
And Miniature Ball,
On the 26th January,
At Highbridge Town Hall.

There was a novel feature,
Which made us gay and hearty,
At Mr. Bodinnar's instance,
The Harris Concert Party.

'Twas very well staged, I must admit,
And the footlights gave it tone,
With "This pig went to market,
And this one stayed at home."

Then the customer at the drapers
Her purse she had forgot,
Samples to be sent post free,
And silk that must be shot.

Then there was a love song
By an artist very fair,
But when she was off the stage
She had ne'er a care.

Then the Post-office scene,
And customers unnerved,
Gossip on weddings
And customers unserved.

Then Mother Goose came on,
Disposing wit with ease,
Of his little tom-tits
And his flying trapeze.

The family at the pantomime
Was the next on the scene,
The daughter with her bullseyes
Was a perfect scream.

Then a recitation,
Which was something new,
A Wiltshire country lass,
"Eliza, where be to-o."

Then the grand finale,
Words cannot express,
By the whole company,
Made it a grand success.

Then thanks to the Producers,
Most eloquently stated,
And to those behind the scenes,
Such success had emanated.

Then the dance it started,
Musical arms and chairs,
Fox-trots and balloon games,
Amid music of popular airs.

The Old Folks' Parade it started,
With an endearing touch,
Fred Lawrence in a canter
Won with his dear Old Dutch.

Captain Smith then briefly spoke,
'Twas received without demur,
Quotations from the Classics
And a great Philosopher.

Our Chief then addressed us,
Matters important to all,
Schemes and general progress,
Why he answered Highbridge Call.

Presentation of prizes,
Excitement in the room,
A bouquet to Mrs. Bodinnar
And wonderful hyacinth bloom.

Then on with the motley,
Fox-trots galore,
When the band had gone its length
The dancers clapped for more.

The waitresses, not forgotten,
They had a trying time,
Tempis Fugit, the last waltz,
Altogether—"Auld Lang Syne."
W.S.

IPSWICH.

With the lengthening of the days and the sun's rays becoming more felt, those of us who live in towns will be turning our thoughts to the open countryside. It is one particular piece of countryside that I have in my mind as I write this article.

Whichever part of the country we live there is always one spot which clings to our minds more than anywhere else. Although being an East Anglian, this beauty spot is not in that part of the country. It is situated on the borders of Wiltshire and Somerset, and is about three miles from Warminster and five miles from Frome. Ask anybody within a radius of five miles of these particular places where "Heaven's Gate" is and you would be instantly directed.

It is reached from the main road up a drive about 300 yards long, flanked on either side by the most marvellous species of rhododendrons you ever wish to see, whilst among the undergrowth the sweet-smelling azalea can be seen. Passing through the appropriately-named "Gates of Heaven," you find yourself on a plateau which presents as grand a scene as ever you wish to see. As far as your eye can see, and that is easily thirty miles on a clear day, you see the English countryside as writers and novelists portray it. The small town of Frome is easily visible, whilst to the left of it can be seen a tower which is actually situated about a mile from Shepton Mallet, so as the crow flies is about twenty miles distant.

To bring the scene to perfection, down in the valley is Longleat House, the ancestral home of the Marquis of Bath. The house derives its name from long letre, or stream, the water finding its way into Longleat Ponds from adjacent Shearwater, a natural lake of great beauty. It was on "Heaven's Gate" that the well-known Bishop Ken, after he had been deprived of the See of Wells, wrote those well-known morning and evening hymns, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun" and "Glory to Thee, my God, this night." His library, by the way, can still be seen at Longleat House.

Making your way back it is worth while, whilst you are in the locality, to visit the near-by village, Horningsham, where there is to be seen the oldest Congregational Chapel in England. It was built in 1566 by the Scottish workmen engaged upon the erection of Longleat House, who, finding that

they could not worship at our Church of England, asked their master for the land to build their place of worship. Three hundred and sixty-nine years later, and it is still standing, surely a tribute to them and their descendants.

Perhaps there will be many readers of our Magazine who have previously visited this particular spot of country. If they have, surely they must have felt the same as I, that as long as we have health and the will to travel those places will never be neglected.

One month of 1935 has gone, and we are in the month of St. Valentine, the friend of all true lovers. February, also, is the month for rain, according to its old title of "February fill-dyke." We East Anglians, however, have had rain enough and to spare. With the exception of one brief spell, the winter has so far been mild and wet, but there is plenty of time yet for frost and snow.

The outstanding feature of the month for us was the Annual Works Social, preceded, as usual, by the Children's Tea. The scene was laid this year at the Crown and Anchor Hotel, and the hard work put in by Mr. Secretary Storey and his Committee had its full reward in the very complete success of both functions. Mr. Bodinnar was with us once more, to our great content, and a small but very welcome contingent from London. A full description of the events of that happy afternoon and evening appear elsewhere in this issue.

We still continue to get our share of work and, occasionally, some little appreciation, as the following letter, recently received, shows:—

To Messrs Harris, Ltd.

DEAR SIRs,

Kindly rail four plain Flankless Breasts, which are very nice again & our smoked three quarters.

Yours faithfully,

Yours faithfully,

I. stuttter.

Our people were frightfully bucked over this unsolicited testimonial, but they were somewhat taken aback when a perplexed customer wrote returning his invoice and plaintively asking if we usually charged up our beef dripping at so much per 100yds.

The Ipswich Annual Children's Party, Works Dinner and Social Evening.

At 2.30 p.m. on Saturday, January 12th, 1935, some seventy children of the employees of the Ipswich branch and their parents, gathered together as guests of our president, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P., and Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate, in the ballroom of the Crown and Anchor Hotel, Ipswich, for the fifth of these annual parties.

On entering the nicely-decorated room (our thanks are due to that band of willing helpers who made it so) each child was given a fancy paper hat, together with a lucky number, and there was speculation amongst them as to who would win the lucky hat prize.

Very soon the children were gathered around the heavily-laden Christmas tree (the gifts of Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate), and it speaks much for Mr. Brock's persuasive powers when in a short time he had them all seated and was leading them in community singing

to the accompaniment of Mr. J. Lewis at the piano. This broke the ice as it were, the thaw being followed by a general warm up all round, due to an excellent entertainment of conjuring and ventriloquism provided by Uncle Felix (Mr. Felix Gordon), a well-known and liked local children's entertainer.

Such was the excitement and bewilderment of the children at Uncle Felix's tricks that when he (Uncle Felix) called for the assistance of one of the children to help in some magic cookery it was several minutes before help was forthcoming. I rather fancied that each child was wondering if he or she might be turned into a rabbit or something or other. Miss Dorothy Barker braved the ordeal, and what with her knowledge of cookery all the while being spoilt by Uncle Felix's over applications of condiments into the saucepan, the children were kept wondering what the results of such a mixture would be. Uncle Felix knew his job, and after a very primitive cooking (the saucepan was filled up with paper and ignited), imagine the children's delight when Uncle



Felix turned out fully two pounds of good, eatable toffees, wrapped in brightly-coloured papers.

Next Uncle Felix entertained with his talking model, Unlucky Jim, who caused much laughter. The time soon arrived for Uncle Felix and Unlucky Jim to leave, and they left the room to the accompaniment of appreciative cheers. This was followed by some games, a prize going to winners of the Musical Mat.

The children and some of the parents were then grouped for the taking of a flashlight photograph. Tea followed, and very soon the crackers were all pulled, and the good things provided to eat were less in evidence. Mr. Bodinnar, in his usual generous way, very kindly again this year defrayed the cost of the tea. Our thanks are due to him for the very great help he gives and the interest he shows on these occasions.

Meanwhile Mr. Bodinnar and Mr. Ludgate had joined us and were going the round of the tables, renewing old friendships and making the acquaintance of new friends in their usual amicable manner. Then came the climax of the afternoon, the arrival of Father Christmas, whose approach was heralded by Master Kenneth Seaman, and who was literally dragged into the room by the children. The role of Father Christmas was taken by Mr. F. T. Smart. I have no doubt that all our friends at Calne and elsewhere who know him can imagine what a success he made of his part. All credit and our thanks go to him for making his part a feature of the afternoon. Father Christmas presented to each child a gift from the tree and also a bag containing fruit, nuts, chocolate, &c., and a balloon, and I am sure that the expressions of delight on the faces of each child in turn conveyed to both Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate that their generosity was greatly enjoyed. Mr. Bodinnar, Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate were also the recipients of presents from the tree (but with no bags of good things). Mrs. Ludgate kindly presented the prizes for the lucky hat and games to the children.

The presentation of a bouquet of roses to Mrs. Ludgate by little Miss Christine Smart brought to an end a very enjoyable afternoon. On leaving I had several children ask me this, "Shall we have another party next year?" This, I think, speaks for itself.

The Staff Dinner followed, at 6.30 p.m.,

when about one hundred and forty employees together with wives and friends, sat down in the dining-room of the same hotel to enjoy an excellent repast. A pleasing feature was the presence of a party from the London branch, headed by Mr. Coles (manager).

Mr. Bodinnar occupied the chair. Following the toast of "The King," the toast of "The Club" was proposed by Mr. A. H. Mackenzie, who reviewed the progress that had been achieved in social and welfare work since its inception, under Mr. Bodinnar's guidance. Mr. Mackenzie humorously recalled early days at Calne, the days of the concert party, when Mr. Bodinnar was to be seen seated in the centre of the stage, whilst he (Mr. Mac.) was to be found at the end of the semi-circle with his face blacked. This reference caused much laughter. Mr. Mackenzie heartily congratulated the officers and committee of the Ipswich Club who had, he said, done such excellent work. Mr. C. Seaman, chairman of the committee, responded.

Mr. Ludgate, in proposing the toast of "The President of the Club," spoke of the many ways in which Mr. Bodinnar had helped the employees, both at work and in their social and sporting activities.

Mr. Bodinnar, who was accorded a hearty welcome, referred to the benefit of the Pig Marketing Scheme, in relation to the increased employment at the Ipswich Factory, and reminded us, with no little feeling, that our thanks were due to our "Maker" for the chances given us. In reply to Mr. Mackenzie's reference to the early days at Calne, Mr. Bodinnar said he thought Mr. Mackenzie must have had a finger in the seating arrangements at the dinner as he noticed he was that evening supported on either side by two portly gentlemen. Mr. Bodinnar accorded the committee his thanks for the arrangements made, and promised the Club his support in their activities.

The Secretary voiced the appreciation of the Club.

Mr. Bodinnar next presented Mr. F. T. Smart with a Long Service Medal for twenty year's unbroken service with the firm, congratulating Mr. Smart on the satisfactory way in which he had served the Company. Mr. Smart, in response, told us that his grandfather cured the first side of bacon for the House of Harris, whereupon Mr. Bodinnar was heard to say, "What's your grandson going to do?"

Mr. Bodinnar bade us good-bye, and left to the chorus of "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Mr. Fry, proposing the toast of "The Visitors," welcomed those who had come from London and elsewhere. Mr. Coles responded.

The party then adjourned, some to play whist, &c., others to enjoy dancing to the strains of Mr. Jeff. Lloyd-Pretty's Band. The dancing was intermixed with games and some excellent light entertainment by Mr. J. Frewer.

At the close of the evening Mrs. Ludgate presented the prizes awarded for dancing, &c. The Secretary expressed the Club's appreciation of the great help given and interest shown by Mr. and Mrs. Ludgate.

The joining of hands for "Auld Lang Syne" brought to an end a very enjoyable evening.

"The King," and then home just before midnight.

L. STOREY,
Hon. Secretary.

KIDLINGTON.

Following the suggestion made recently by Mr. Bodinnar, we have formed a small Magazine Committee, and we hope to have something interesting to tell our friends. We also hope to be sending a snapshot of one of our staff each month, together with a "Who's who." Here are a few of our first efforts.

As we write these lines we remember that our factory has now been open twelve months. We felt like hoisting a flag to commemorate the occasion. But, really, this would be unnecessary, seeing that we hoist four flags on every side of bacon we sell.

GEM OF THOUGHT.

He should be considered our best friend who is the most ready to tell us of our errors in a friendly way.

Having just completed our first year as a branch of our worthy and noted firm, we think we can look back on a full year, and also a happy one. Although we have had our problems, we are now settled and have welded together into, we hope, a very useful staff.

We are taking as our motto:—

"Efficiency makes for Proficiency."

We are looking forward to another busy year, and also to a visit from our Chief, and of being able to create a good impression of Kidlington on his mind.

We have been presented with a new dart board, and we are all in strict training, hoping to compete again for the cup. So look out, Dunmow!

SNOWDROP.

Pure as the snow that crowns the towering mountain,

Sweet as the air we breathe at early morn,
Emblem of purity; atom of surety,

Dear little snowdrop, we're glad you're re-born.

As the young morn in glory breaks o'er the hilltop,

Proclaiming afar another day's birth,
Flower of tranquillity, mortals are glad to see
The sunlight and thee cheer up the cold earth.

Like a small silver bell you sway in the east wind,

Emitting no sound of sweet melody,
Blossom pure as the snow; every year you come and go,

Music is not heard, but felt, seeing thee!

Mother earth kept you wrapped in her bosom,
Safe and secure from winter's dark night,
O! pearl of young springtime, would that life were like thine,

Purity, sweetness, tranquillity, delight.

LONDON.

I think that to most of us there comes little snatches of our Shakespeare occasionally when some small incident occurs that seems fitting for the event.

Such was the case with me during the Christmas holidays, and with great dignity in an effort to create an impression, I trotted out that phrase, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

As a Christmas present a child had received a book, which came by post, and upon opening it found it to be the class of book which was suitable in that child's life some three years ago. The result was disappointment and, I think, taken as a great under-estimation of advanced intelligence; in fact, almost an insult. The

incident was passed over and it was decided to hand the book on to another child four years younger. But there came the time for a letter to be written acknowledging its safe receipt and just to say, thank you, and it was at this point where a little argument arose. Why should that child say how pleased he was with the book when he was just the reverse? Well, it was pointed out that it was just one of those things which was done. A letter was ultimately written, but we were told that it was "just acting."

So, "All the world's a stage" came to my mind, for as children we liked our acting. We used to like to play the part of Red Indians, or as an engine driver, driving a few chairs as our imaginary train at terrific speeds. We lived in a fairyland of make-believe, and we were encouraged by our parents with those old fairy stories; none being more realistic than that of Santa Claus, the story in which every child romances and dreams of that generous old man with the red cloak and long white beard.

Our school comes along and gradually the fairyland disappears, but we still continue our acting. Just imagine the master leaving the classroom for a few minutes, and almost immediately a riot begins. Then footsteps are heard, the door opens, and every child appears studious, trying to give the impression that each has been swatting during his absence.

Just watch two or three boys a little excited out of doors, when suddenly the headmaster is seen in the distance approaching, and instantly you will see those boys, as quick change artists, appear excessively disciplined, and in quiet demeanour will give a perfect salute as the headmaster passes.

Do we continue this kind of acting as grown-ups? I think we do, and perhaps get more expert at it; sometimes we call it by other names.

I wonder if any of us have been with friends where you are certain there are two persons among the company who would wish each other 100 miles away. Yet everything is happy; there is an apparent pleasant atmosphere, but both of these are really acting. In fact, one may seem exceptionally nice to the other, who reciprocates entirely in the same manner. What a relief there must be when parting and they can slip back into their normal self! We may call this self restraint, but really it is just acting.

Think how we sometimes severely

chastise our children for some little childish naughtiness of which we ourselves may have been many times guilty. We assume a most serious and stern expression, difficult to keep up for long, as generally behind that expression there is an unseen smile which ultimately conquers. But we think we have acted well and have a feeling of self-satisfaction.

We even carry our acting among our intimate friends, for somehow we feel different in different company. We try to be serious with serious people, and our nature responds to that warm-hearted, jolly friend.

Our acting, however, seems to be one-sided, for whereas in a play it is as necessary to have the villain as the hero, we all like to play the hero.

There is one place where we should put on no pretence of acting, but where we should be just ourselves with our very own individuality, and where our affections over-rule all misunderstandings—that place is our home. G.C.

A FURTHER ADVENTURE OF THE C.C.'S.

A cold February morning. A gentleman of imposing appearance enters the London Warehouse. The Cockneys spring to attention. "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning. Is this the original Harris of Harris Wiltshire Bacon fame?"

"Oh, yes, sir, we are the people; second to none."

"Well, 'er, I've heard quite a lot about your bacon, but I've never tried it. Supposing I wanted, say, twenty to thirty sides, could you supply me?"

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure. Of course, there are the usual formalities. Could you give me your name, sir?"

"Oh, yes, I will give you my card in a moment. But I was just thinking you chaps have to keep pretty fit on this job, what?"

"Well, like everything else, you get used to it."

"Quite so; but all the same you people can't very well afford to catch the flu or anything like that. Now I have some wonderful cough tablets here, one penny per packet—"

Conclusion:—

One hammer.

One ambulance.

One hearse.

No flowers, by request.

THE C.C.'S.

"IN TOWN TO-NIGHT."



FASHIONS : MODES EN MENU.

THE SWAGGER COAT.

Swagger Coats for any functions,
As worn by the smart sets,
Are improved by Harris Luncheons
Over the shoulders as epaulettes.

We hope to bring you something new
and interesting each month.

CARRY ON LONDON!

* * *

REDRUTH.

The newspapers during the last few days have been telling us of frost and snow and ice-bound roads. These experiences are rare in Cornwall, but we have more than our share of wind and rain. Only a few days ago a very strong North-West gale did considerable damage to shipping on the wild and exposed North Coast. Several ships were in difficulties, but two were unable to

weather the storm—one was driven on the sand at Hayle, and was later re-floated with little damage; the other broke its moorings in St. Ives harbour, and was driven on the rocks just under St. Ives station, and was soon dashed to pieces by the waves. This unfortunate incident will, it is hoped, be the means of hurrying forward the work of the building of the new half tidal breakwater, which has already been sanctioned by the St. Ives Council at a cost of £10,000. The decision is the climax to a movement which has been in progress for several years to secure important harbour accommodation and a revival of the fishing industry.

Rugby football followers will be interested to know that the Redruth Rugby Club is having another successful season. Their record to date is:—Played 23 matches, won 21, drawn 1, lost 1; points for, 381; against, 77.

This is one of the best records in the country, and the figures reveal not only an excellent attack but also a very sound defence. The one and only defeat was in the away match against Torquay, who won by a dropped goal to nil, in the second match of the season, as long ago as September 8th. The return match was played on December 22nd, and Torquay were defeated by 12 points to 3.

The most notable result for this season was a win over Coventry, who brought their best side, which included their two 1935 internationals, Clark and Giles, and three or four others who have played for England or in the trials during the last two or three seasons.

Other well-known clubs who have also suffered defeat include Devonport Services (home and away), Plymouth Albion (at home), Newton Abbot (home), St. Bart's (away). Some very hard matches remain to be played before the season ends, the strongest opponents being Neath, St. Bart's, Exeter, and Wasps.

We sympathise with Mr. W. H. May in the serious motor-cycle accident which befell his son whilst going to his employment at Falmouth. We hope his progress will be maintained and that he will soon be able to leave the hospital.

W.B.F.

TOTNES.

Most of our friends who have visited us here have been struck by the really pretty surroundings of our factory, and they have probably also noticed the narrowness of some of the streets, particularly the main thoroughfare at the top end of our quaint old town, and they can quickly visualise the congestion of traffic so often to be found there, and so acute has this problem become that a bye-pass road is a most essential and very urgent necessity. For some years past a diversity of opinion has arisen regarding the route this road should take. At first a southern road was mooted, and it was thought this would solve the difficulty, but our Town Council later on discarded the scheme in favour of a northerly route, passing through part of our property, and until quite recently it was thought that the plan would be adopted, and this would have had the effect of placing our factory practically on a main road, and naturally our office staff were not viewing with any degree of pleasure the prospect of having the distracting noises, &c., of a busy thoroughfare substituted for the existing peaceful and picturesque beauty. There is now, however, a possibility that this projected scheme may be abandoned as considerable opposition to it has lately arisen in the town, resulting in the Ministry of Transport deciding to hold a public enquiry into the matter, and we are keenly interested to know the result of the same. Although it may appear somewhat selfish, some of us are even hoping that the powers that be will leave well alone and not interfere with what we have almost become to look upon as our own.

W.J.T.

Once more we find that spring is here,
The fields are green, the air is clear,
As usual all the lambs are gay
And trees put on their bright array.

Why should we feel so bright in spring,
Is it because the birdies sing?
Perhaps it is our Cornish air,
For as you know its rich and rare.

Even farmers are seen to smile,
But only for a little while.
Instead of helping Mr. Elliot's dream
They prefer to ruin the Marketing Scheme.

To hear most farmers one would think
The factories float, the feeders sink.
But seems to me, and truth to tell,
The farmer always comes off well.

One never seems to please the feeder,
Returns they say are always meagre.
But do they see with care and doubt
That pigs are lean or not *too* stout?

Now that's the trouble nowadays,
The farmer knows his pigs do pay,
For curers take them, lean or fat,
To make them fit for human palate.

Speaking of curers, of course we know
The best of pigs to "Harris" go.
And there they're changed to bacon fresh,
Fit for worker, Lord, or Princess.

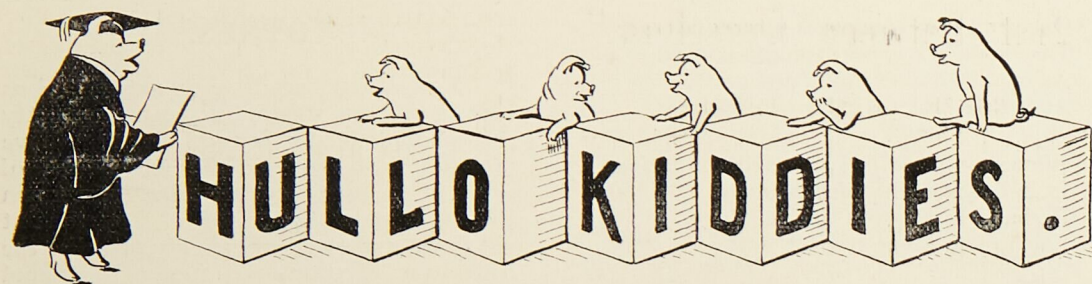
Now I close with a word to all,
If you want good bacon for "Harris" call,
For then you know you'll get the best,
For good folk have the same "By special request."

R.B.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SKITTLE LEAGUE, 1934-35.

Results to February 27th, 1935.

| | Played. | | | Pts. | |
|--|---------|------|-------|------|-------|
| | Won. | Drn. | Poss. | Pts. | Obtd. |
| Retort, Traffic, Stores, By-Products, and Export | 14 | 12 | 0 | 28 | 24 |
| Slaughter | 14 | 9 | 1 | 28 | 19 |
| Kitchen | 13 | 9 | 0 | 26 | 18 |
| Warehouse, Pie, Box, Mill, Despatch, Lifts and Groundsmen..... | 13 | 8 | 1 | 26 | 17 |
| Printing, Lard, Basement, Cellars, Laboratory, Tin, Shop, & Chauffeurs | 13 | 6 | 0 | 26 | 12 |
| Office | 13 | 4 | 0 | 26 | 8 |
| Boning, Rinding, and Sausage | 12 | 2 | 0 | 24 | 4 |
| Engineers and Maintenance | 14 | 2 | 0 | 28 | 4 |



HELLO KIDDIES,

I promised last month to publish the name of the winner of the Competition for the best letter about the Carnival. It is:—

CYNTHIA HART,

3, Lickhill Road, Calne.

Aged 11 years.

and here is the letter:—

DEAR AUNT SUSIE,

I think I enjoyed the Fancy Dress Competition most. You see it's such fun for us to be dressed up, and this year there were five of us, so Mother was very busy a long time before Carnival Day making all our costumes, and the fitting was taken great delight in, but this year everything was so good it seemed one big thrill from three o'clock in the afternoon till half past nine at night, when it was time to go home, tired, but happy. I think I ought to tell you we had three prizes for fancy dress, 1st and 3rd over 8 years and 2nd under 8. My Daddy works at Harris' in the Firm, and we are very pleased he does; we've one good day of fun to look forward to at Christmas.

Your affectionate niece,

CYNTHIA HART.

Well done, Cynthia! I am glad you and your sisters had such a good time at the Carnival, and I am sure your Mother must have thought it worth all the time and care she put into those dresses!

Don't you think Cynthia has a Mother to be proud of? I do, and I am sure Cynthia does, too, because she has sent me some of her favourite poetry, which I am having printed on this page, because she thinks some of you might like to learn it, too. This is it:—

MOTHER.

M is for the Million things she gave me.

O is that she is growing Old.

T for the Tears she shed to save me.

H for the Heart of purest gold.

E for the Eyes with love light singing,

R is for Right, and that she'll always be.

Put them together—they spell MOTHER,

The word that means the world to you and me.

Cynthia has chosen for her prize, "Hints on Girl Guides' Badges and how to win them," which I think is an excellent choice.

And now I think this almost fills the "Kiddies Corner." I am still open to receive your suggestions. I wonder how many of you are interested in Wild Flowers. At this time of the year it is most fascinating to watch the flowers pushing their heads through towards the light—first the bulbous kind, and later on just every kind and colour, that the fields and hedgerows are just blazing with their beauty.

When I was a little girl we had a Wild Flower Chart in our school, and the girl who brought the first of any kind of flower had her name put on the chart, and the name of the flower beside it. We could bring as many kinds as we liked, but it must be the first of a kind to go on the chart. At the end of the season the girl who had brought most had a prize, and you can imagine how keen we were to get the first of every flower we could. We used to spend hours roaming the countryside and the cliffs (because I was fortunate enough to live by the sea) searching for all kinds of wild flowers, and we had, of course, to learn the names of them all, most of which I have never forgotten. So you will see it is quite an education as well as a very real pleasure.

If you are interested and would like me to start a Chart I will gladly give a book at the end of the season to the winner. Put your flowers into an envelope, with your name and address (please, be most careful not to forget to put your name and address), and slip it into the little brown letter-box near the office entrance, addressed to "Aunt Susie." I shall be very interested to see how many of you are keen on this form of Nature Study.

With all good wishes,

Your affectionate

AUNT SUSIE.

"Just Between Ourselves."

COFFEE HOME TRUTHS.

The Englishman has a poor reputation as a connoisseur of coffee. This is rather curious when one realises that the majority of the finest coffees which the world produces eventually find their way to Mincing Lane, London, to be sold, whereas the mediocre and inferior types are bought by the Continent. France, very well known for the excellency of its coffee, buys mainly Brazilian Santos coffee, a type which is rarely found in this country, owing to its lack of quality. Although Brazil produces nearly half the world's supply, owing to the old-fashioned process of production, known as the "dry" method, Santos coffee possesses a curious and rather distasteful "bricky" flavour. With this poor raw material, however, Frenchmen, generally speaking, produce a far better liquor in the cup than we do, although we have the choice of such world-renowned coffees as Jamaica "Blue Mountain," Costa Rica, Vera Paz, Mysore, Kenya, &c. The reason for this is undoubtedly due to the lack of understanding and appreciation concerning coffee. Very few people realise that when raw coffee beans are roasted they immediately become a cooked article, and as such will quickly deteriorate. The flavour of coffee is contained in the volatile essences inside the raw beans, the roasting of which releases these essences to the surface, which soon evaporate unless quickly used. For the same reason it is even more essential that coffee should be freshly ground.

It can be seen from the above that coffee is best bought from a coffee expert, or a grocer who specialises in coffee, and freshly grinds it for each customer. Even better buy whole roasted beans and grind them yourself immediately prior to liquoring. Small coffee-grinders can be purchased at very low cost, the extra expense being more than counteracted by the increased fresh flavour of the beverage.

A number of people seem to prefer coffee and chicory to pure coffee on account of the former having a greater appearance of strength and body. This is entirely a fallacy. Chicory is the root of an endive-like plant, similar in shape to a parsnip. These roots, after cleansing and drying, are ground

and roasted, which gives them the appearance of coffee. Chicory has no coffee-like flavour or aroma, and is used mainly to add colour and body to the coffee liquor, and also to reduce the price. Very often chicory is used to mask the flavour of a coffee having poor characteristics. Undoubtedly the rather mistaken popularity of this beverage has had a deleterious effect upon the sale of pure coffee. The latter, if bought freshly roasted and ground, and if liquored according to directions given below, will produce a stimulating beverage second to none. Another fallacy is that to produce a liquor at its best one must possess a percolator. This is quite unnecessary, and it is greatly open to question whether percolation is as satisfactory as other simple methods.

The following method will perhaps be useful. Empty 1oz. of finely-ground coffee into a warm earthenware jug (preferably barrel-shaped) and pour on boiling water, thoroughly stirring the while. Later remove froth and pour gently into cups. Coffee is best served with hot milk (not boiled). The use of boiled milk alters the flavour of the coffee.

When consumers and retailers alike realise that roasted coffee deteriorates as quickly as cooked meat, although with very little outward signs, then, and only then, will coffee in this country enjoy the popularity it deserves.

V.L.D.

* * *

H.W.Eh?

Extract from H.W.A. Constitution:—

On payment of 5s. a Member will be entitled to participate in the activities of all Sections.

I've joined the Welfare Doings, and have paid my shillings five,

Now to join in all the Sections I'm very much alive.

Here's a problem for you all, it's nothing very shady,

But if I join the Ladies' Hockey, do I become a lady?

* * *

BEARDED HIM.

A customer sat down to a table in a smart restaurant and tied his napkin round his neck. The Manager called a boy and said to him, "Try to make him understand as tactfully as possible that that's not done."

Boy (seriously, to customer): Shave or hair-cut, sir?

Laugh and grow fat . . .



Reproduced by the courtesy of the Editor "Yorkshire Evening Post."

The little pig on the right certainly seems to be laughing, and probably has no objection to putting on weight. But what is the story he is telling?



BY APPOINTMENT

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 9. ——— APRIL, 1935. ——— No. 4.



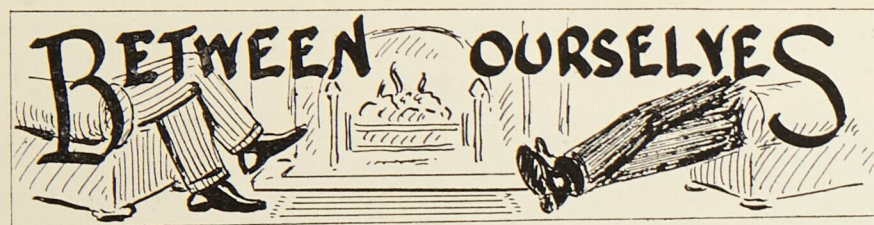
AS our next issue will coincide with the twenty-fifth anniversary of His Majesty's accession to the Throne, it may not prove amiss if we try to unfold some of the spirit of 1910 for the benefit of our younger readers. It was not really a nice year. The space devoted to a notorious murder trial and the wealth of detail given by the popular Press prompted Mr. Punch to depict a mudlark shouting to the crowd watching him, "Chuck us another ha'penny and I'll roll in it!" Over domestic politics passions ran high, and certain lawlessness, which during the next year or so was to become more pronounced, made many of our friends in other countries look askance.

Other things worried our foreign friends, and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt gave us some pointed advice in the course of a speech at the Guildhall.

There were bright spots, however; trade was steady and good, marking the commence-

ment of a boom cycle which was to continue until the outbreak of war. It was a curious mixture of hysteria and prosperity into which an ominous ingredient had been infused the previous year. In January, 1909, a patriotic play had been produced, entitled "An Englishman's Home," and in the December of that year Mr. Robert Blatchford published in a national newspaper a series of articles calling attention to our weakness in the event of an outbreak of war.

It has been said that the nation was something like a man who refused to live in a street leading to a cemetery because of the passing funerals. It must be obvious to us all that it was a great year for the pessimist, but beneath this veneer of vulgarity, materialism, and indifference, there was something which was to emerge four years later, much to everyone's astonishment, especially to John Bull's, and that something was—the unsullied soul of Britain.



A hundred Magazines ago.

JUBILEES and Anniversaries all have their peculiar significance.

To-day by the publication of this issue the Magazine celebrates its centenary issue.

Next month our publication will don a new garment suitable to the occasion and we, in common with all his Majesty's loyal subjects, will be celebrating the Jubilee of Accession.

It is a satisfaction to know that with the publication of our hundredth number we have, through the splendid work recently put in, attained a record circulation.

The magazine has a message, and when this fails to be recognised, the cause for its publication will become non-effective.

It is like a good many other things we do—a link not only between the various branches and the firm but also between each individual associated everywhere with our House.

Upon this page we have sought from time to time to convey something of the spirit which actuates our policy in regard to all our friends in all our concerns. We have used it as a medium for explaining

difficulties and developments. At times we have been glad to record achievements.

If, however, one object has been more present than another in these articles, it has been to indicate sympathy and understanding, believing that upon these principles the best working conditions are based.

To all those who have made the publication of one hundred issues possible by their sacrifice of spare time and their gifts of ability and matter, we are grateful.

I look upon the magazine as a medium which, if properly made use of, will serve still further to identify the interest of each branch and all who are in it with that of all branches and the interest of our factories and offices as a whole with each branch.

To this end, may editors, contributors and distributors find more power in their elbows and continue a good piece of work.

Changes in London (1).

THE issue of our hundredth number reminds us of the rapidity of the flight of time, and how with its passing the old order changes, giving place to the new.

What seer looking into the future would have predicted the changes that have come over our business affairs since our first number appeared? And just as during the eight years our business has changed, so the face of London has undergone a transformation, and at no time have these changes been so rapid and drastic as during the past year.

London ever extends its boundaries and constantly draws to itself new vast areas. Since Christmas the Watford people have had to consider two schemes—schemes which both mark a rapidly changing world. One, I think, will be rejected. It is a proposal to purchase a large tract of land with a view to opening an aerodrome. Opinion on the Council was evenly divided, but quite suddenly another big scheme came up, and the aerodrome plan is off. It has been found necessary to purchase the Whippendale Woods. This is part of a great scheme to circle London with a green belt. The Whippendale Woods are the remaining part of the once great estate of the House of Essex, and if the Council don't buy the land it will go to speculative builders. So we buy for £16,500, and in so doing will do our part in securing the Green Belt. The old Essex Estate is swallowed up—and mainly because of the incidence of the Death Duties. That sort of thing is going on all over England and in Scotland, too.

In London proper most of the great changes are concerned with traffic. I think in many ways more haste has led to less speed. The roads are so congested with motor traffic that very often it takes longer to get from point to point in a motor bus than it did in the days of the horse bus. Mr. Lloyd George has left his hermitage at Churt to take a part in trying to bring the new order into ORDER. As is usual with him he puts his ideas forward in language that is very plain spoken.

"Thousands of casualties on the road in our congested traffic, and roads that were never intended for this new contraption—roads which were massacring and killing people every day."

The story of the casualties runs like a thread through our Magazine. What about 100 per cent. casualties? It is, of course, coincidence, but there it is. On our London Provision Exchange three, and only three, Wilts Bacon Curing Houses (proper, and apart from the English) are represented. The three representing the Curers have all been knocked out, and the latest being Mr. Curgenvin, of Chippenham. I believe, and hope, that his accident has no complications, but in any case must keep him out of business for some time. Efforts are being made, and have, I think, done a little good. During the year we have erected the Beacons and established the Crossings, and we have done a little to free the roads from obstructions. This is being done by the removal of Statues, for which there used to be plenty of room. The Statue of Sir Robert Peel, which used to look down upon busy Cheapside, has been removed to the Police College, at Hendon, and King William IV., so long a landmark looking towards London Bridge, has gone to Greenwich. I do not know if Mr. Cobden still obstructs the traffic at Camden Town. As things are now the Cobden Statue is not only an obstruction but an anachronism. It might be removed to the London Museum.

As I anticipate a great demand on our space for this number, I will leave the other London Changes until next month.

R.E.H.

HE LEFT OPEN THE WINDOW AND IN FLEW ENZA.

Why is it, when I came out to-day,
Everything around seemed common and
grey?

Why is it, that when I meet a chap,
Instead of smiling I'm ready to snap?

Why at my lunch do I adopt a pose,
And instead of enjoying it turn up my nose?

Why do my smokes and my favourite fag
Taste in my throat like burnt-out rag?

Why, and oh! why—well, what's it to you,
You know as well as I—here it comes,
ATISHOO!!

NOTBERT.

Re-prints from our First Issue.

OUR FIRST QUOTATION.

"Let us think of those who are following after us, so that the industrial peace of Calne to-day may be the unbroken peace for 50 or 100 years hence."—Mr. J. F. Boddinar, at Annual Meeting of Welfare and Entertainment Society.

* * *

OUR FIRST JOKE:—

With a few deft movements the electrician put the finishing touches to his work. Then he stood back and surveyed the result appraisingly.

Suddenly a frown gathered on his brow, and he rubbed the back of his head. He was puzzled. Finally he smiled; a bright idea had just occurred to him.

"Hi!" he called to his assistant, who stood admiring his immediate

surroundings, "Put your hand on one of those wires." The assistant did as he was told. "Feel anything?" came the query. "No," replied the assistant. "Good!" exclaimed the electrician, "I wasn't sure which was which. Don't touch the other one or else you'll get electrocuted!"

* * *

OUR FIRST EDITORIAL:—

"Being aware of the responsibility attending the first steps taken along the high road of any adventure, the Editors of this Magazine ask for the sympathetic and practical support of all members of the selling, executive, operative, clerical, and buying staffs of C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd., its Branches and Associated Companies."

* * *

OUR FIRST LEG PULL:—

"It's a bit too thick!" These words were murmured during a lucid interval by our Bacon Order Department. Scenting a mystery, we despatched our Special Mystery Investigator to obtain first-hand information. It appears that an order (No. 20670) for 2 Backs, thick, were received by that Department, and signed "A. S. Thick." Records and ancient manuscripts were feverishly consulted, but, alas! no such name appears on our records.

Will the representative writing under this nom de plume please reveal himself so that the Bacon Order Department's night's rest shall no longer be disturbed?

It is a bit TOO thick!

* * *

Our first extract from another publication:—

"AS GOOD AS THEIR FAMOUS BACON."

A very interesting article, entitled "Ghost Trains," appeared in the "Manchester Evening News." After describing his experiences in the "cold, dark dead of the night" on a railway platform, the author



OUR FIRST CARTOON.

Mr. Henry Carpenter as "Father Christmas" at the Children's Carnival, 1927.

soliloquises on the mysterious and ghostly trains that pass through the station during the night. The following extract is of special interest to us:—

"You count many of these trains of vans as you watch through the night. They are trains of which you hardly think by day—or, at any rate, you rarely see them. They make no great boast of their business, unless you can read the mysterious chalk marks on their doors, and they leave you guessing as to what is in their parcels. They do not seem to want you to know what they carry.

"And then, suddenly out of the night comes a van that does not believe in secret business. It is labelled as proud as any express. On a board along the top you read 'Wiltshire Sausage Van, Calne to Newcastle.'

"There is nothing very ghostly in that. That little van, so ready to let you know it delivers sausages across country all the way from Wiltshire to Northumberland, brings you back to a real world, in which you have an appetite. You long for the refreshment room to open, and think that you will have sausages for breakfast, if you can get them."

We trust the author was successful in his quest, and also that he found them "as good as their famous bacon."

* * *

Under the title of "Who wrote it?" the following appeared in one of the early numbers of our Magazine. I think our

100th number provides a good opportunity for its repetition:—

Let me do something that shall take

A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favoured as to make

Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt by any selfish deed

Or thoughtless word the heart of foe or friend,

Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
Or sin by silence where I should defend.

Let me to-night look back across the span

Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say:

Because of some good act to beast or man

The world is better that I lived to-day.

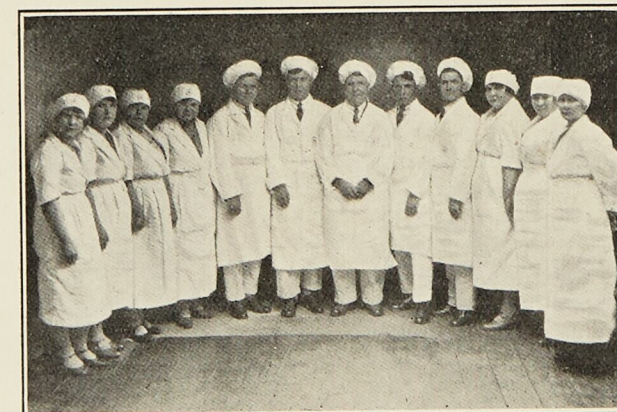
* * *

The archives of the British Museum contain many sealed documents which have been deposited there to await opening at a future date. Charles Dickens' letters were placed in the museum on the great novelist's death, and they will become available in two years' time. The papers concerning Earl Haig's command in the West were deposited in the museum, not to be opened until 1940. Some time ago Viscount Esher, author of "The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener," created something of a sensation by sealing up in the British Museum the diary of "K. of K.," with a ban on its opening for sixty years.

* * *

Do not brave the opinion of the world.
You may as well say that you care not for the light of the sun.

OUR FIRST PHOTOGRAPH.



"The Rose Family."



THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

Our national love of gardens springs from our national love of beauty. The average Englishman is susceptible to sweet scents and harmonious blends of colour in his garden. What he likes is a plot of his own where he can watch the results of his own exertion and enterprise. Of course, he has to dig up the soil, free the ground of weeds, and plant the seeds and bulbs. A back-breaking job, digging, but a marvellous cure for many of the ills that flesh is heir to. It induces the right sort of physical tiredness and dispels all worry.

Gardening is both the purest and most disinterested of human pleasure, for in giving pleasure to yourself you give pleasure to all passers-by. It is the most democratic of pleasures, and no flowers give a happier augury that warmer days are coming than the daffodils.

Every evening in the summer, every Saturday afternoon throughout the year, you see men released from their usual routine of work, armed with fork or hoe, barrow or spade, setting out to conquer and beautify the land that is entirely their own. The explorer and prospector in man at last finds full scope in his garden. Then again, one must have a garden for the children to play in, and one must admit that a garden is the better place for children to romp about than the streets.

One may forgive a man who is blind to the appeal of the great masters of painting, but surely no one fails to find a genuine happiness in the sight of a garden. Glance out of any railway carriage window and see what miracles men of limited means with limited accommodation have achieved with a plot of earth. There cannot be too much colour or too many sweet scents. Beauty always serves to increase beauty. Our gardens serve as perpetual reminders of that happy past.

GARDEN LOVER.

APRIL GARDENING.

Gardening is an extensive subject and covers a very wide range of operations. The soil in one county often differs from that of another. Not only is this so, but even in one district, such as the Calne area for example, soils vary from the heavy clay type to that of the chalk and sandy loams. With the advent of April's sunshine and drying winds, forks, spades, and hoes are brought into action, hence the familiar joke, "too many straight backs." Muscles are brought into play for the first time for many months. The wise man has already attended to his garden or allotment during March when the weather permitted. Then the soil would have been turned up and left in a rough state to be weathered. When digging at this time of the year it is a good plan to break the large lumps to prevent the soil becoming hard. It is also a wise policy to do all digging, or, in fact, any operation on the land, when the soil will not adhere to one's boots. The sandy districts can be worked immediately after a storm.

This is the month for sowing seeds, and to the ambitious gardener the following hints may prove useful for exhibition purposes. Land that was well manured last year and left fallow is the best for the above intention. Good results can be obtained from recent digging, provided the ground was well trodden while it was dry. Prepare soil for



"Marrow Minded."

the sowing of carrot and parsnip seed in the following way. For the former, take a crowbar and make holes about 15ins. to 18ins. deep and shape as required. Holes for parsnips must be deeper, from 24ins. to 30ins. in depth. All will depend on the soil at your disposal. Sieve some garden soil, leaf mould, and wood ashes, mix well together, and fill the holes. The seed should be the very best. Put three or four seeds into each section and cover with soil about 3in. deep. When the plants are tall enough, thin out the weak ones, endeavouring to leave two, from which the stronger will finally be selected to mature. The vigilant gardeners will be alert to the ravages caused by slugs, snails, &c.

Potatoes for exhibition purposes should have been stored in boxes with the crown end uppermost for some time so that sturdy shoots may develop. Now remove all except one or two. Plant in good soil fairly free from stones. "Pronging" these in is far superior to the old-fashioned "Pogger." This method takes longer, but the result justifies the time taken. The tubers and rows should be spaced 2ft. apart or eight rows to the perch should be sufficient. If the soil is extra good in quality and really large tubers are desired, a greater space in the rows should be allowed.

* * *

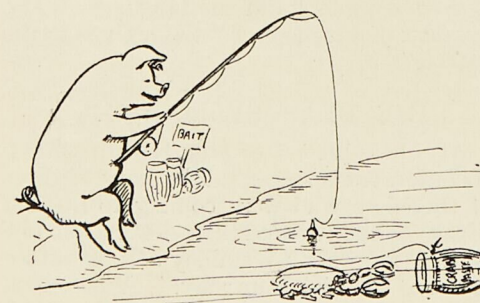
Why did the cro-cus? Because it saw the snow-drop.

F.G.

* * *

Of all fools, a travelled fool is the most intolerable. He brings back the follies of other nations and adds them to his own.

SPORTING TERMS ILLUSTRATED.



"Catching a Crab."

WOLVERHAMPTON.

There is such a variety of opinions or impressions of this town that perhaps it would be interesting to record a few facts appertaining to it.

Most of the prejudices, I believe, are occasioned by reason of its association with the "Black Country," but even this black country is by no means as black as painted.

Wolverhampton is situated on the fringe of this industrial area of the Midlands.

The town is a county borough, and has a population of 130,000. Unlike many of the large industrial towns of the north it is not of mushroom growth. Folk were living their busy lives here long before the advent of coal or steel.

In the early stages it was a large centre of the wool trade.

The derivation of the name is not satisfactorily decided, but it is interesting to note that in 994 Lady Wulfhun, sister of King Edgar, founded a monastery in the reign of Wulfhure King of Mercia, when the town was called "Wulfhere's High Town."

There are many fine municipal and commercial buildings and two beautiful and extensive public parks.

The annual flower show, which is now so well known, is held in one of these.

Perhaps the most interesting building is the magnificent church of St. Peter, with its Red Sandstone Tower, which stands at the highest point of the town.

This church was founded as a collegiate establishment in 994.

Among the monuments in the church is one to Colonel Lane, of Bentley Hall, who, with his sister, Jane Lane, helped in the escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester.

The country to the south and west is fresh and charming, and a few miles away, at Boscobel, is the actual oak tree which the monarch I mentioned used in his flight.

Himley Hall, which so very recently was in the news, is quite near, too.

There are no electric trams left in Wolverhampton; the public are catered for with the largest fleet of trolley buses in the world.

These serve all the neighbouring towns of the Black Country and make Wolverhampton the centre of entertainment and shopping for a huge population.

F. R. MERCHANT.

On the most Overworked Word.

IT would, I think, be definitely easy to supply the answer were I asked to name the most overworked, unappreciated, downtrodden, and generally hard-done-by individual in the British Isles. The trouble is that I am quite certain nobody would agree with me, although I have known the fellow nearly all my life, and there is definitely no mistaking his woe-begone countenance and unkempt locks.

Were I asked, "Which animal is the most necessary for the preservation and prosperity of the British Empire?" I would be but voicing the profound conviction of some thousands of loyal Wiltshiremen by stating, quite definitely, that what Calne thinks to-day the Empire will think to-morrow.

Was a nation ever founded upon the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? Yes, definitely. Think of the nation that was founded by the boy who definitely could not tell a lie! Can it be wondered that the veracity of his descendants has never been doubted even to this day!

Should I be questioned as to the most emphatic man I ever met, that again would be a query to which it would be quite easy to supply the answer. My mind would at once switch back to the days of my callow youth and the gnarled and bearded politician whose "Blimey, no"!!!* delivered in a voice of thunder from a well-lubricated throat, would definitely silence the opposition at the local—er, Forum.

But it was not my purpose to discuss either persons, principles, or pigs in this little chat. Words, my children, words—those overworked servants of humanity invented, so 'tis said, for the purpose of concealing our thoughts—were to be the subject of my discourse and the idea I had in my mind was to say something with a view to definitely discouraging the practice of flogging perfectly good words to death.

From time to time words are very definitely subject to the caprice of fashion, in much the same manner as ladies' clothes, and surgical operations. "Absolutely," "fearfully," "rather," "topping," "ripping," "quite," "ghastly," to name but a

few of the victims of fashion, were in recent times quite definitely worked to death, and in business communications "the writer" was so much in demand that all decently-trained typewriters could definitely be relied upon to insert those blessed words of their own accord whenever the simple and bashful "I" would have expressed the same meaning with about one-tenth the expenditure of ink and energy.

A friend of mine, now gone to his reward, once had a very bad attack of "quid pro quo," which, I understand, is a foreign way of saying "A Reland for an Oliver"—it came tripping from his tongue on every conceivable occasion, and is very definitely a striking illustration of the queer turns word fashions sometimes take.

It was with the object of discovering the most overworked word in our present day vocabulary that I recently spent an enormous amount of time and mental energy taking careful note of all the conversations, speeches, and printed matter that came within my ken, and the time had arrived when it would have been definitely possible to make a statement on the subject, but to my disgust and chagrin I discovered on opening my daily paper the other morning that that wretched fellow, Strube, had quite definitely queered my pitch, stolen my thunder, and blown the gaff.

To make matters worse the celebrated cartoonist does not seem to have made the discovery himself but got the "hot tip" from an American who had probably never heard the word before he came to England.

There is, therefore, no point in following this further, and so far as I am concerned the discussion may be considered closed—definitely.

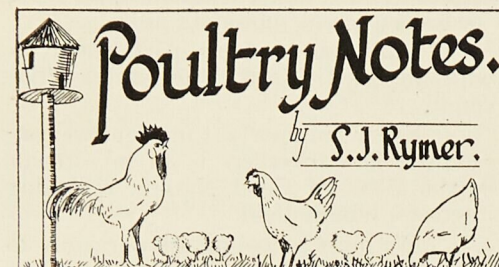
EPSILON.

*This expression for the benefit of those who do not understand the language, is the equivalent of our modern "the reply is in the negative."

* * *

THE DEAF SYLLOGISM.

At the dinner of the Headmasters' Association one speaker told a story of three deaf travellers who were coming to London by car. As they neared their destination one said: "Is this Wembley?" Another replied: "No, its Thursday." Whereupon the third said joyously: "So am I. Let's stop and have one."



I must apologise to readers (if any) of these notes for being a month behind with the subject, but, as a matter of fact, the introductory article was written, but submitted too late, for the February issue of the Magazine.

Now for the selection of breeds. I must point out that the object of keeping birds intensively is the production of eggs only, and therefore a light breed is indicated. Even cross-breeds, if on the light side, will do. I suggest then for the intensivist pure-bred White Leghorns. These are layers of white eggs. April is the correct month in which to hatch out Leghorns.

When deciding upon stock to be kept semi-intensively you must have an eye to the future. You may be able to sell eggs for hatching and also supply stock birds. Study the poultry journals or local newspapers and go in for the best. Now is the time to consider "strain." If you obtain eggs from a good-laying strain you will know that your stock has descended from generations of good layers. The semi-intensivist is advised to keep White Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds, or Light Sussex. These are known as dual-purpose breeds, because in addition to being good layers of brown or tinted eggs they make good table birds. It will be a good plan to find out which kind of fowl does best in your district before making your choice. The Rhode Island is a good bird to keep in towns as, with proper attention, it always looks clean. Although the chicks should be hatched out in March for winter egg production it is not too late to make a start.

Don't forget, we only want six pullets. With this number of birds we ought to be able to keep a small household in eggs for the table for next door to nothing. It costs very little to feed six fowls because we can turn all the scraps, usually thrown away, into eggs.

To obtain your chicks you can either buy a sitting of eggs and hatch by means of a broody hen or purchase day-olds. Those wishing to make a start, but having neither time nor convenience for rearing chicks, are advised to purchase their pullets in the autumn.

The first method is the cheapest and best. There is not the space in which to give a detailed account of the process, but any true fancier will be pleased to instruct the beginner. I will resume at the point where the chicks are hatched and safely under mother hen in a coop.

Your friend will have told you about dusting the hen with insect powder a day or two before the chicks are due. I am afraid most of you will have to protect the chicks from cats by day and rats by night. Have a wire run attached to the coop. At night put coop on a board. After a week or ten days you can let the hen out with the chicks, when the run will not be necessary.

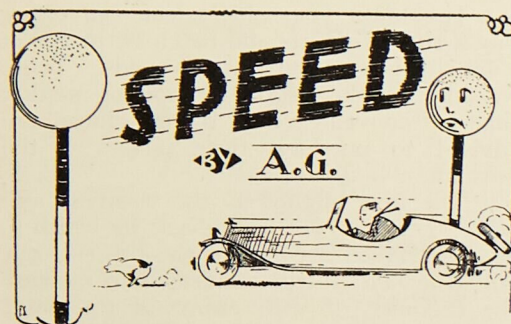
The second method—buying chicks—will give a little more trouble unless you can buy or borrow a broody hen to mother the chicks upon arrival. In this case be sure to put chicks under hen after dark. If you cannot obtain a broody hen the chicks will have to be kept warm by hot-water bottles. I have reared successfully batches of fifty chicks in this manner.

There are several "systems" of feeding the chicks. "Little and often" and "Do not over-feed" are rules worth remembering. Feed chicks every two hours, six times a day, for the first fortnight. I believe in feeding alternately with chick-rearing meal and dry chick feed. The last feed of the day should be the dry. I will continue feeding hints in the next issue.

I am very anxious to know if it is the desire of my fellow fanciers to have that Exhibition Tent at the Flower Show next August. Can we revive the interest which existed a few years ago, when Mr. George Gough organised a very attractive Fur and Feather Show at the Woodlands? This little Exhibition created a great deal of interest. And do you remember what fun the dogs caused on that memorable Saturday afternoon?

* * *

Wit is brushwood. Judgment is timber. The first makes the brightest flame, but the other gives the most lasting heat.



Re my article under the title, "Speed," in the last issue, the following extract, taken from a "National Daily," will no doubt prove of interest:—

DEATHS RISE WHERE MOST BEACONS ARE.

"London's Metropolitan area, with its 10,000 beacon pedestrian crossings, was the only part of Britain where road deaths increased last week, compared with the previous week."

"Ministry of Transport figures, issued yesterday, showed that a new low record of 105 deaths from road accidents was established in Great Britain. That number was a reduction of 16 on the previous week."

"But in the Metropolitan area the number of deaths was 31—9 more than in the previous week."

TWO RECORDS LOST.

"The total of injuries throughout the country decreased by 17 to 3,334, and in the Metropolitan area by 52, to 906."

"Preston and Stockport each recorded a death last week and lost their places in the list of towns without a single road fatality this year. The towns still holding the record are Plymouth, Middlesbrough, and St. Helens."

I think it is worthy of mention that Preston is one of the most congested towns of this country, particularly during the summer season, being on the main road from Manchester to Blackpool. At week-ends the mobile police are employed mainly in keeping the traffic moving and with as little space as possible between each vehicle. I have personally motored a distance of over ten miles on this road and never seen a break in the traffic, consisting of vehicles of every size and description, moving reasonably swiftly.

The following appears in the A.A.

Handbook and it does, I think, apply both to pedestrians and motorists alike:—

"With road manners, particularly, as with life itself, it's the little things that count."

"Every unimportant moment we concede to fellow travellers is an investment in the Bank of Good Nature, returning interest a hundredfold."

"We must school ourselves readily to concede that unimportant moment—to allow to others their right and proper share of the road."

"Courtesy begets Courtesy."

I see that Bristol and one or two more towns have refused the erection of Beacons because they have come to the conclusion that pedestrians will not avail themselves of the advantages to be gained by using them.

I still maintain that a speed limit is not the successful solution of the avoidance of the terrible number of deaths and accidents on the road to-day, but that there is dire need for a great number of pedestrians to become "road conscious," and if they will not acquire the habit it seems as though they will have to be taught.

* * *

LOOKING BACK.

This Programme of a Social gathering of employees of the Firm and their friends, held in 1916, will interest many of our readers:—

Piano duet, "Sleigh Bells," Mrs. Sloggett and Miss Lang; dance, Waltz, piano, Mrs. Sloggett; tambourine and National dances, by "Le Premier Fois" Troupe; song, "Admiral's Broom," Mr. Gunning; song, "A May Morning," Miss K. Webb; dance, "La Rinka," piano, Mr. A. W. Webb.

Distribution of prizes by Mrs. Bodinnar.

Song, "King Charles," Mr. W. Frayling; musical chairs; dance, Military Two-step, piano, Miss D. Beazley; song, "All the Latest Improvements," Mr. Billett; song, "Until," Miss Ham; dance, Boston Two-step, piano, Miss D. Beazley; song, Mrs. A. Beazley; dance, Valeta, piano, Mrs. Sloggett; song, "An Old-fashioned Town," Miss G. Gough; dance, "La Rinka," piano, Mr. A. W. Webb; dance, Sir Roger de Coverley, M.C., Mr. A. Beazley.

The Palace Theatre. 26th & 27th February.

"The Ghost Train."

a Drama by

ARNOLD RIDLEY

(Presented by the Dramatic Section of the Harris Welfare Association).

At the outset a word of thanks and appreciation to those gentlemen who are mentioned at the end of the programme. Most plays have pitfalls for the management, but this one seemed to be particularly full of them, and it is very creditable to Mr. R. A. Skuse and his able assistants that this production by Mr. Swaffield went according to plan, and with the correct and suitable atmosphere.

The play itself has never appealed much as a drama, with its long anti-climax of explanations based on a newspaper stunt of some twelve or more years ago, now hoary and moss-grown with age. It is really a cross between a farce and comedy, resulting in a chance for good acting and excellent theatre.

To Mr. Alfred Flay fell the task of opening the realistic and depressing waiting-room at Fal Vale station. It must be said to Mr. Flay's credit that at once the interest of the audience was transferred to the station-master, and they settled down to await with interest all that was to happen during the next few hours. We doubt whether any company employs station-masters quite so aged as Mr. Flay contrived to be, but there is no doubt that for the time being he was a station-master, and nobody thought of him as anything else; a greater compliment no actor would wish for.

Mr. Gerald Ashman, as Richard Winthrop, and Miss Trixie McFaul, as Elsie (his wife), next added to illusion. The former was suitably forceful in language, bearing, and manner; the latter as fed-up and petulant as any bride of twelve months standing could wish to be.

The romantic joint-role of the honeymoon couple, Charles and Peggy Murdock, was sustained in a very convincing manner by Mr. Jack Wiltshire and Miss Vivienne Woodward. This was Mr. Wiltshire's first big

part, and he made the most of it, and was ably assisted by his stage bride.

One of the finds of the evening was Miss May Garraway as Miss Bourne. She not only contrived to add some thirty odd years to her appearance, but convincingly assumed a role which has seriously tried many professional actresses of long experience.

As Teddie Deacon, Mr. John Bromham added laurels to his already overloaded brow. Mr. Bromham in his short time has played many parts, from a murdered Chinese cook boy on a pirate ship to a French photographer, but never has he been in finer fettle than as the monocled "silly ass" of this play. Not only did Mr. Bromham get over every time, but from his first entrance onwards the audience went half-way to meet him.

What element of drama there is in the "Ghost Train" centres round the simulated madness of Julia Price. Jointly, with the provision of suitable effects, the whole play stands or falls by the presentation of this role. Need we add that the production did not fall? Miss Fellows, who undertook this exacting and exhausting part most effectively, is a new recruit to the society, and a decided acquisition.

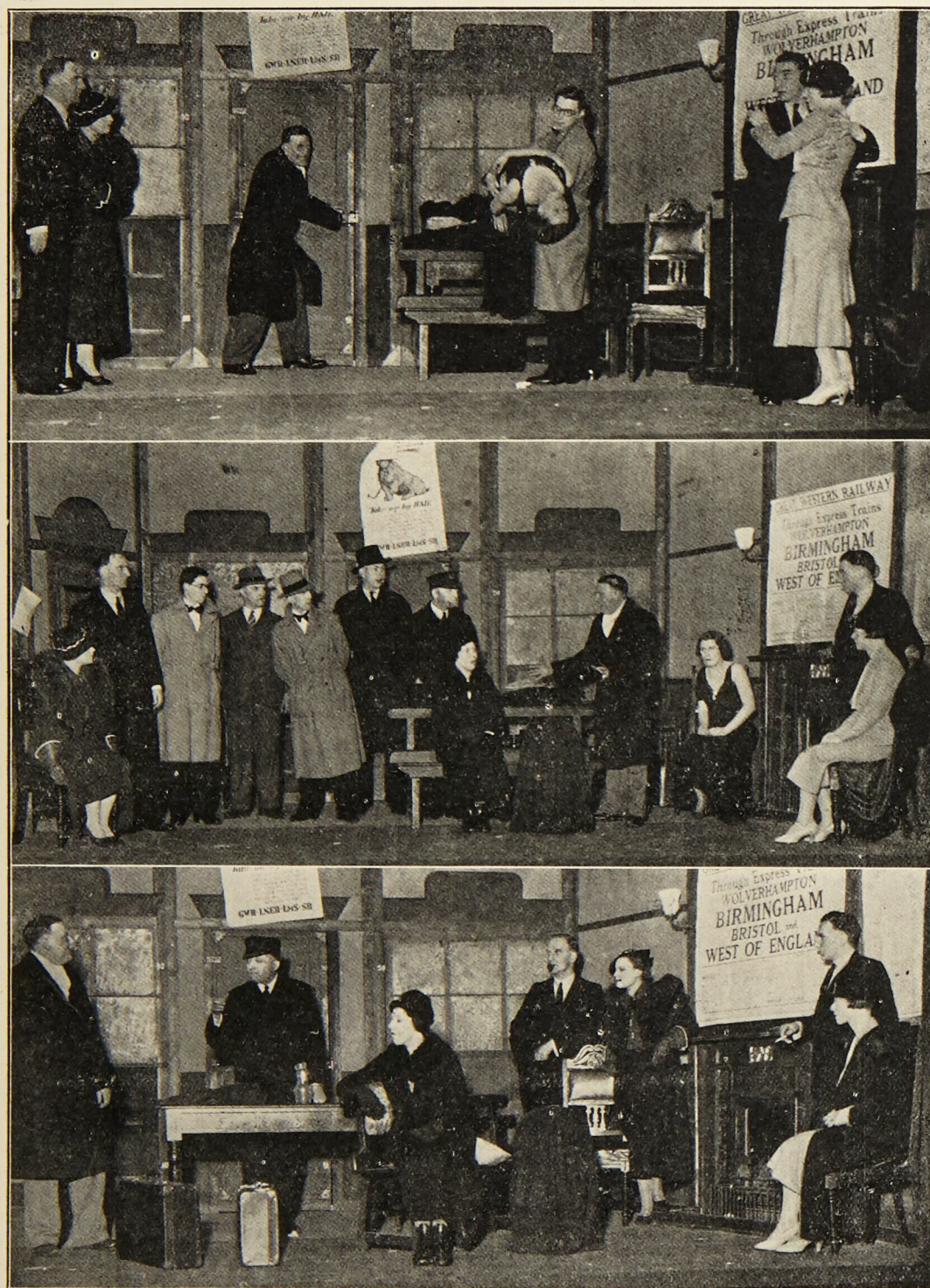
Mr. Herbert Brittain and Mr. Richard Swaffield, as Herbert Price and John Stirling, made a dramatic entrance, and behaved as to the former with suitable solicitude for his presumed sister, and as for the latter with true suavity and care for his patient.

Roy White and Albert Webb, as Jackson and Smith, helped to round off the whole plot very satisfactorily before the curtain fell on a really creditable and successful show.

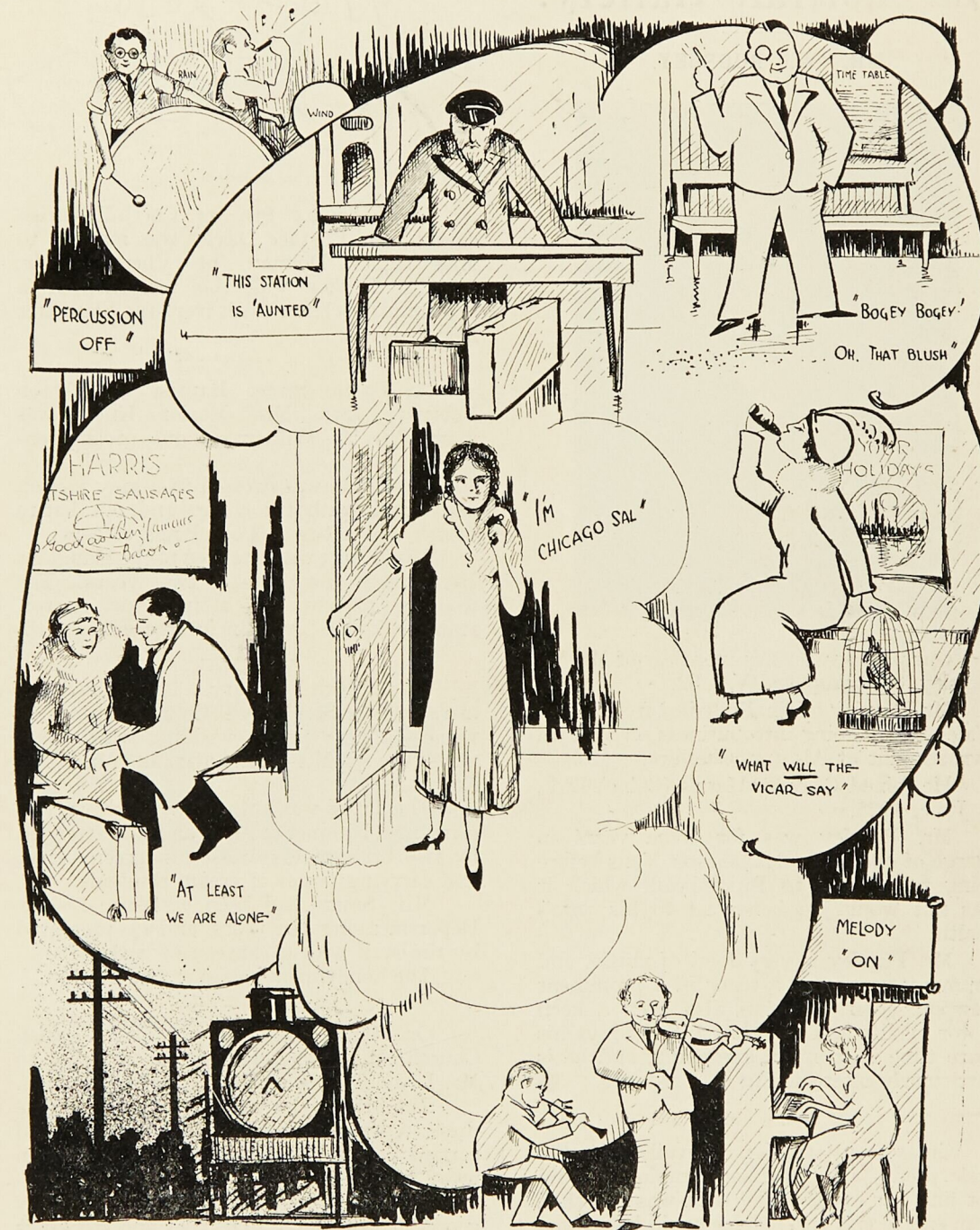
The Harris Orchestra provided an excellent programme of music at each performance, under the direction of Mr. S. J. Rymer.

Metaphorical bouquets were presented on the first night, and these took a more tangible form at the second performance when the ladies were overloaded with flowers and chocolates and the gentlemen were compensated with innumerable cigarettes.

A really great presentation and performance.



Reproduced by the courtesy of the Editor "Wiltshire Times."
"THE GHOST TRAIN."
 (as the camera saw it).



"THE GHOST TRAIN."
(as our artist saw it).

Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. W. PUGSLEY.



Our photograph this month is of Mr. W. Pugsley, of Birkenhead Van 32.

Mr. Pugsley originally hailed from South Wales before going into business on his own own account at Alsager, Cheshire.

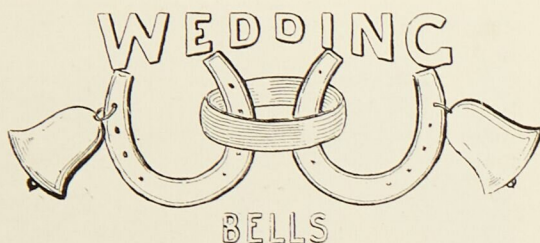
He joined C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd., in June, 1925.

Mr. Pugsley was for some years in charge of one of the Manchester Vans before being transferred to Birkenhead, which it was felt would be beneficial to his wife's health.

Mr. Pugsley is very fond of music, and for many years was a tenor in a prominent Newport choir. He has also been a keen motor cyclist and cricketer. Nowadays his spare time is spent in gardening, and he is particularly interested in rose growing.

* * *

Great consternation prevailed in the cycle shed; a Chippenham employee could not find her cycle. The shed was searched from end to end and no clue could be arrived at. In despair the young lady opened her handbag and there she discovered a return ticket. She had come by train, so the mystery was solved.



On February 9th, at Cherhill parish church, Mr. Eustace Davies was married to Miss Agnes Dolman, of Cherhill. Mr. Eustace Davies was the recipient of a Westminster chime clock from the Slaughter Department.

At Castle Street Baptist Church on February 13th, Miss Marion Knott was married to Mr. William Simons, of Chippenham.

The bride was dressed in a grey melton cloth coat, with fur collar, and felt hat to match and shoes and stockings to tone.

Miss Knott was attached to the Slaughter Department for almost two years. The wedding present was a frameless mirror, stainless knives, and an afternoon teacloth,

On the 16th February, a large crowd was attracted to St. Mary's Church, Calne, to witness a very pretty wedding which took place between Miss F. L. Smart and Mr. W. G. Edwards.

The bride was dressed in ivory velvet, carrying a bouquet of lilies, and was attended by two bridesmaids dressed in green velvet and carrying posies of cream rosebuds.

Miss Smart had been with the Ledger Department for ten years, and was presented by the staff with a canteen of cutlery.

The honeymoon was spent in London.

On March 2nd, 1935, at Calne Parish Church, Miss Ethel Hillier was married to Mr. Leslie Toogood, of our Eastleigh branch.

The bride, who wore an ivory georgette dress, a wreath, veil, and satin shoes, and carried a sheaf of Madonna lilies, was given away by her brother.

One bridesmaid, in crushed strawberry georgette, with large hat, shoes and stockings to match, and carrying a bouquet of tulips of the same shade, attended the bride. The smaller bridesmaid was dressed in pale green silk with bonnet to match and patent

shoes, and carried a basket of white chrysanthemums.

Miss Hillier was eleven years attached to the Warehouse Clerical Staff. The wedding present from the Factory was door mats, and from the Warehouse an occasional table and gilt-wicker chair.

At Calne Parish Church, on February 23rd, Miss Elsie Clifford was married to Mr. Sidney George Allen, of Chippenham.

The bride was given away by her brother and was dressed in a white ankle-length suede crepe dress with wreath, veil, and white satin shoes, and carried a bouquet of white tulips.

The bridegroom's sister was Maid of Honour, and wore a powder blue crepe suede dress with hat, shoes, and stockings to tone, and carried a bouquet of mauve tulips. The bridesmaid was dressed in shell pink suede crepe, with picture hat to match and pink shoes and stockings to tone, and carried a bouquet of pink tulips.

Miss Clifford was over six years in the Kitchen Department. The wedding present from the Factory was a set of frameless pictures.

* * *



CALNE,
March 7th, 1935.

DEAR SIR,

I notice one of your contributors says, "Speed limits are unnecessary with good drivers, good brakes, and wide-awake pedestrians." Ah, if only *all* drivers were good, and *all* brakes were good, and *all* pedestrians were wide awake, what a lovely world this would be.

Yours faithfully,
P. DESTRIAN.

* * *

If you are disposed to grow fat, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.

* * *

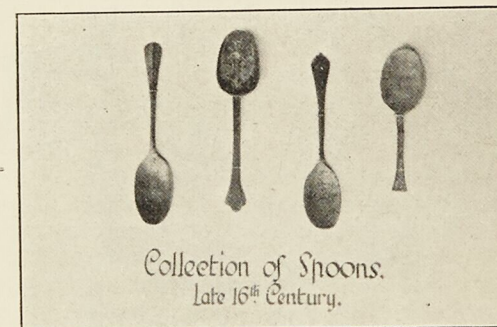
A woman should never play cards in public till she has learnt in private.

The New and the Old.

This month the photograph shows a collection of old spoons. Like all the previous objects shown under this title they were found in the silt of the river Marden during recent building operations, and, considering the length of time they must have been buried, are still in a good state of preservation.

From the trade-marks, which are impressed on the bowls of the spoons, they can be identified as belonging to the latter half of the 16th Century.

All the specimens shown are made of pewter, and to collectors and museum authorities are known as "rat-tails." This name was given them because of the peculiar



design on the back of the bowls which actually does take the shape of a rat's tail with the thick end towards the handle. The real reason of this rat's tail or rib, was, no doubt, to strengthen the spoon. The makers must have been fully aware of the softness of the metal employed and so added this artistic portion to that part of the bowl which was likely to receive the most wear. Modern spoons still retain a trace of this ancient custom, and as a general rule can be seen in the shape of a small shield or tongue-shaped continuation of the handle, which now usually does not exceed half an inch. The size of the spoons is approximately the same as a modern dessert spoon.

A.B.

* * *

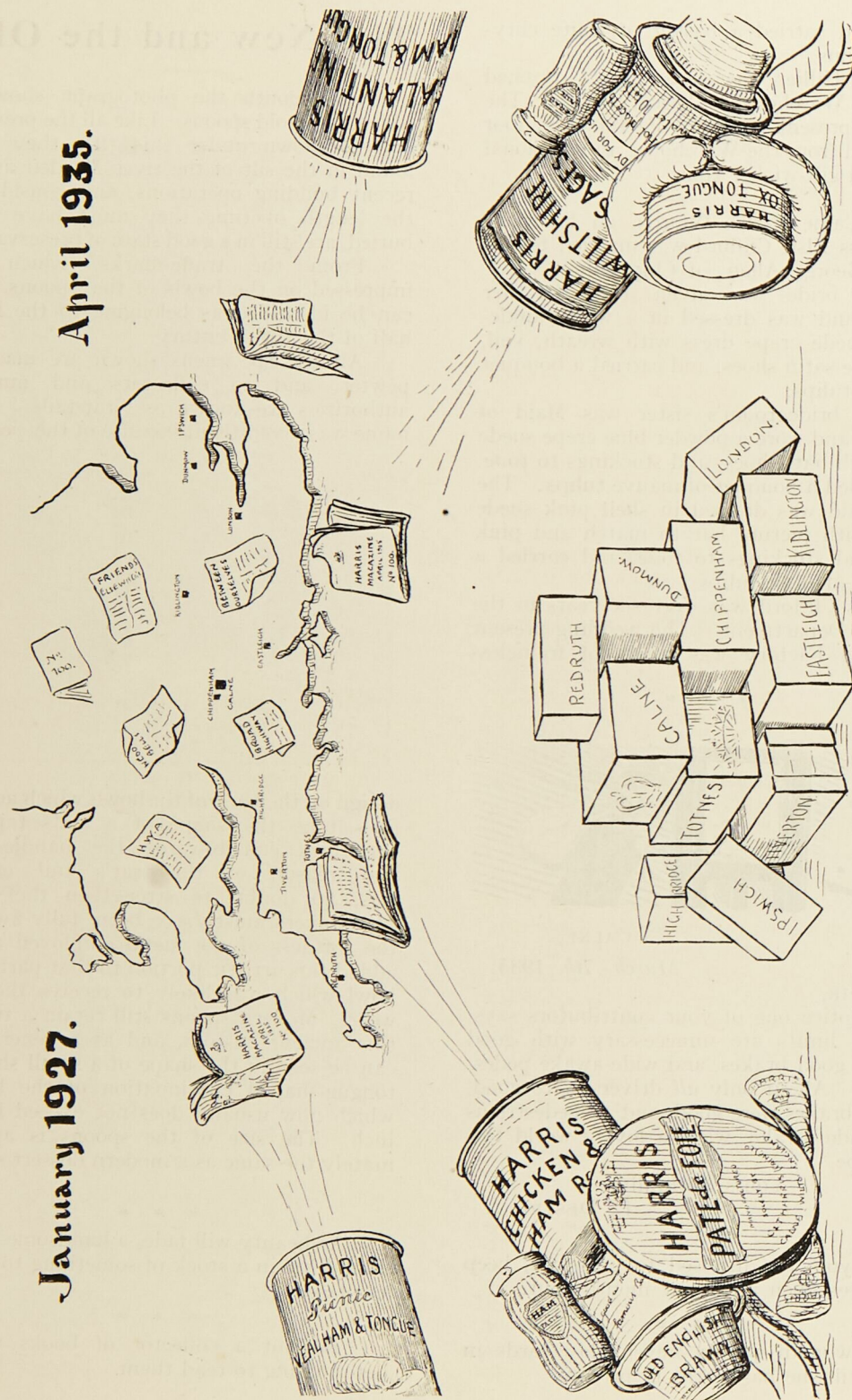
As beauty will fade, a handsome woman should lay in a stock of something to supply its place.

* * *

Be not a collector of books without determining to read them.

January 1927.

April 1935.



"Our Hundredth Salvo."



In an attempt to carry out suggestions which have been made for the improvement of the Magazine the writer is prepared to offer a chatty column each month for the remainder of the year, if such finds acceptance from our Editor.

It will consist of news collated from our own district of East Anglia, much of it being the result of first-hand knowledge and personal experience, and also reference to items referred to in the Press, which may convey something of general interest to ourselves as well as to those who live in other distant parts.

The London and North-Eastern Railway a few years ago introduced a system whereby goods destined to or from the Continent could be transported by train ferry. It is now possible to shunt large numbers of laden trucks directly on the boat, thus saving the expense of unloading and stowage. It is quite a familiar sight to many of us at Ipswich to see a train of freight trucks of foreign origin coming inland containing principally butter and bacon, and I am told that very heavy consignments of poultry came from Italy and Austria this Christmas in this manner. The export traffic consists of manufactured goods and machinery, but a few weeks ago twenty trucks arrived from Kent containing apples which, it is understood, found a profitable outlet in Belgium. When visiting Ipswich a few years ago the late Mr. Maurice Holley expressed a wish to see this train ferry, and it was the writer's very happy experience to accompany him one evening to Parkeston to see this wierd-looking boat depart with its unnatural-looking freight.

At Stowmarket recently I met a man leading a fox. This he had kept as a pet since the time he secured it as a playful cub from its lair. It had become equally attached to him as a pet dog would have been,

and on opening the car for a chat, the sly little animal jumped in to give me a good lick. It had lost none of its sly look, and even yet I would not trust it alone in a meadow of ducks.

Speaking of foxes reminds me that fox farming for profit is now a well-established business in Norfolk. When we glance in the windows of the principal furriers deciding if we can afford a silver fox fur as a present to our best friend, we little think that these may be skins from those bred and reared in our own country and not from the trappers in the North Canadian wilds.

Very few wild silver foxes are ever trapped; they are very uncommon. The colour is black and silvered, and it is these pelts which are so much in demand. These animals are, in reality, those which have reverted from type and are what may be called in breeding parlance "sports" from the true type, the red fox, to which they belong.

Seeing the possibility of enhanced profit from the silver pelts, scientific breeders have fixed the tendency to breed silver, and it is these which are being intensively farmed in these parts, and which can only be produced in any quantity under domestication. I am told that the breeding stock distributed on the several farms in Norfolk now total about 300, and that the value of a pair may be upwards of £100. The most interesting time to visit a fox farm is about July. It is then that the fox cubs are especially attractive and playful. They are kept in large wired runs in pretty wooded areas.

We are favoured in Ipswich by having a strong Natural History Society, and at their meeting one of the county ornithologists, Mr. George Bird, mentioned his observations in respect of that rare bird which comes to East Anglia during the summer months, namely, the Stone Curlew. In 1929 he ringed a nestling. It came back to nest within a few yards of its original birthplace in 1930, 1931, 1932, and 1933. This is a truly remarkable record, as will be admitted when it is realised that the bird migrated to South Africa for the winter months. One asks what is this wonderful instinct of birds, and in what manner also does a swallow locate its old haunts in each successive year.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

It is rather a grim thought on settling down to write a few notes for the current issue of Harris Magazine that it is over eight years since the first number appeared. It constitutes yet another reminder of how time flies.

The last eight years have been very important ones in the history of the Company, and the Magazine will constitute a splendid record of the many and varied happenings during that period.

We have no doubt that the next eight years will show no less progress than has been apparent in the last period.

At the time when the first issue of the Magazine appeared the Sales Staff amounted to a total of 75. The numbers have now increased to 104.

With such an extensive organisation distributing all over England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, it is very easy for the individual members to feel that they are out of touch with headquarters. To some of the more distant points visits must, of necessity, be rather few and far between, so that the Magazine can really play a very important part in keeping our far-flung outposts in touch with each other and with headquarters.

We endeavour to insert as many interesting items of news as possible in this page for the benefit of our friends on the road, and are always very grateful for any items of news which are sent along. Short notes are just as acceptable as long articles. To all those who have helped us with the first hundred issues we tender our sincere thanks.

Van Salesman H. Brooke, of Huddersfield, has taken over Van 38, Bradford, and Relief Salesman F. Sheard has been appointed to Huddersfield Van 39.

Van Salesman R. Childs, of Southampton, has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis. It was found that this was only taken just in time to avoid a very

serious illness, and we are glad to say that Mr. Childs has made a splendid recovery and hopes soon to be in full health once again.

We welcome Miss Wheeler and Miss Foster Barham, who have recently come to Calne, and will soon be working in co-operation with many of our representatives in connection with demonstrations in the shops of their principal customers.

We have received the following from Southampton:—"In response to your frequent appeals for incidents from the road, I have pleasure in sending you an account of an amusing one which happened in the shop of a Southampton customer:—Observers of the Lenten season find it difficult to arrange a conventional diet and are sometimes led into some embarrassing situations.

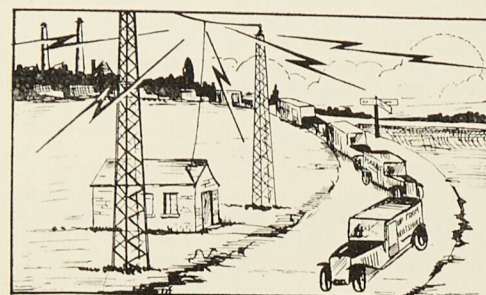
"Calling at a certain shop in Southampton, a lady nervously ordered a half-pound of brisket beef. Glancing towards the window, she was horrified to recognise a member of her own church about to enter the shop. Very hot and bothered, she hastily excused herself, informing the grocer she would return later for the beef.

"With the exit of customer No. 1, customer No. 2 entered and, strange enough, ordered a quarter-pound of roast pork. A few minutes had elapsed when customer No. 1 appeared at the shop window. This time No. 2 became conscience stricken and actually repeated the performance of No. 1, assuring the grocer that she would return later for the roast pork. One can only conclude that even in Lenten time Harris' Cooked Meats are tempting delicacies."

W.J.P., Southampton.

* * *

Reading in the February issue of our Magazine that "it is nice to feel that Harris Sausages go down just as well in the Persian Gulf," we are wondering if the party concerned in the recovery of hidden treasure will be sending down divers en route.



Miss V. Davis, of the Warehouse, who is so well known to many of our Van Salesmen, suggested that it would be a splendid idea if each of our Van Salesmen was asked for a few notes about the Magazine for the Centenary Number.

Miss Davis saw the whole job through and we should like to thank her for this feature of the special number, which we feel sure will be of very great interest to many of our friends who are far away from Calne.

We hope that this will serve to break the ice and that we shall now each month receive a few lines, however short, from some of our distant friends who have burst into print this month.

Van 3, London.

"It gives me great pleasure to congratulate you on the work and to wish you every success in the future. It is quite interesting to note how other branches are getting on, also to see the reports of sport encounters at the Factory. The jokes are funny, also original, and I hope you will be able to print more in forthcoming Magazines."

H.B.

Van 5, London.

"I am afraid I have never attempted journalism yet and it is just as well for all your readers that I should not start now. The usual run of amateur journalists should be dealt with in the same way as a grumbling customer, i.e., with great tact, so will just thank you for the many interesting articles that have appeared in the 'Old Mag,' and offer my very best wishes for coming years."

F.C.

Van 6a, Stratford.

"Judging from past issues, I am sure we shall be congratulating the Editor and his helpers on a real bumper Centenary number of Harris Magazine. From 'Between Ourselves,' with its helpful information or heart to heart talks, to the 'Kitchen' and 'Kids' pages, someone has worked unselfishly, well earning their readers' thanks. Thanks and best wishes for the Bi-centenary and on and on."

A.L.P.

Van 7, Cardiff.

"I wish to convey to you my best wishes for the next month's issue of the Harris Magazine. I look forward keenly to receiving same each month, and I think it is a wonderful way of keeping in touch with the Firm's scattered staff. I have not had the pleasure of a visit to the factory for four years; while there I was very interested in the various Sports undertaken by the staff. Your Magazine is well filled always. I am often in touch with our other Van Salesmen in South Wales, the works football team being often discussed. You ask for a suggestion? Well, why not run a league table in your Mag., also a result of matches played. Wishing you the best of luck in the future."

M.F.P.

Van 8, Cardiff.

"You certainly have my best wishes for the future of Harris Magazine. I look forward to the news each month as we are quite a long way from headquarters, and this is a very good link with all you folk at Calne."

V.H.

Van 9, Swansea.

"This is Swansea calling. We send most hearty greetings to Harris Magazine on this its 100th appearance, and also congratulations to the Editor and every contributor who during these years have turned out month by month such a splendid Magazine. To those of us who are engaged in out-post duty in our far-flung line, the arrival of the Magazine month by month is a timely and welcome reminder that we are all one great concern. Further the 'Between Ourselves,' from our esteemed Chief, comes to us not only as an inspiration but gives to us, who are more detached than most, the trend of events, and if I may use the phrase, like a father talking to his very large family; at least, that is the impression."

S.H.J.

Van 12, Bournemouth.

"May I join in wishing the Harris Magazine very many happy returns upon attaining its hundredth issue. I must plead guilty in not having pulled my weight in its compilation, but, not being gifted in a literary sense, I must continue to leave this to those who apparently have a surplus of this necessity and remain very content to look forward to the regular monthly issue of this popular Mag."

W.H.B.

Van 13, Brighton.

"This is Van 13, Brighton, sending greetings to all concerned with the publication of Harris Magazine. I am sure that we who are on the road fully appreciate all the good reading and news which we can only get through the Magazine. All that happens and goes on at Calne is always of great interest. The progress of the Magazine has been exceptional, but this I am sure is just due to the interest and hard work the organisers have put into it, so here's wishing our Magazine every prosperity and good wishes to all concerned."

C.B.

Van 14, Manchester.

"My heartiest congratulations to all actively concerned in bringing the Magazine to the Centenary issue. I have always found the Mag. interesting, authoritative, and educational, reflecting great credit to all who have helped to make it a success."
G.H.N.

Van 17, Leeds.

"I would like to sincerely congratulate those who have been responsible for our Harris Magazine having attained its centenary, and would suggest that this proud achievement should act as an impressive reminder for each to contribute their share towards the future issues."
A.H.

Van 23, Birmingham.**IT'S ALL ON THE STATE OF MIND.**

"If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you think you'd like to win, but you can't,
It's almost a 'cinch' you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost.
For out in the world you'll find
Success begins with a fellow's will,
It's all in the state of mind."

Full many a race is lost
Ere ever a race is run,
And many a coward has lost
Ere his work's begun.
Think big and your deeds will grow,
Think small and you'll fall behind,
Think that you can, and you will,
It's all in the state of mind."

If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battle doesn't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But sooner or later the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can."
A.J.W.

Van 24, Southampton.

"When we realise how much we look forward to the monthly edition of the Harris Magazine, then we feel grateful to those who produce it. Its freshness and variety is enjoyed by all, and salesmen on the road appreciate much the page devoted to their interest. For the future we wish it every success, and may those responsible for its publication continue to be inspired with matter elevating and humorous."
W.J.P.

Van 25a, Liverpool.

"Best wishes to the Mag. on its 100th Birthday, and hoping to see in future more items from the young stalwarts of the road, who perhaps are, like myself, not adapted to journalism."
F.G.T.

Van 26, Llanelly.

"Congratulation to Harris Magazine and those responsible for its publication on reaching its

century, and still not out. Personally, I look forward to the Mag. every month, reminding me as it does of the many friends I made during the short but pleasant time I spent at Calne, and also the news I get of my fellow salesmen on the road. With best wishes for the future."
W.T.

Van 27, Porth.

"Harris Magazine Centenary. Congratulations, not forgetting the pioneers of an inseparable link in the House of Harris chain of goodwill. All good wishes for still greater progress."
J.D.H.

Van 28, Newcastle.

"Regarding the Centenary celebrations of our Magazine, I wish to express my appreciation of same. It is with eagerness that I look forward to it, not only because of all the interesting items, but it is a direct link with all the old friends at Calne. I trust we shall always have the same pleasure. With best wishes to all concerned."
W.J.L.

Van 30, Portsmouth.

"The Magazine caters more than of old for those who are miles away from the 'hub.' Each issue gets better. It was from the Mag. I learned of the regrettable accident to one of my predecessors. His 'Pompey' friends wish him a speedy recovery."
R.J.B.

Van 31, Southend.

"Allow me to express my thanks and appreciation for your kind invitation to include a few words from Southend in the Magazine for April. Most decidedly include my very best wishes for the future, which, in my opinion, looks very promising, as the name of Harris is gaining in popularity in my district, for often the remark is heard, 'Well, it should be good if it's Harris.' Harris as a firm deserve to flourish, and certainly will do so, not only on the quality of goods bearing that name but on the bond of fellowship existing between employer and employee. I, for one, although practically a stranger, feel as at home at Calne as at Southend. I take this opportunity of wishing the House of Harris, and all it stands for, every success in the future, which it richly deserves."
W.A.B.

Van 32, Birkenhead.

"What seemed but a few hours before so difficult a performance has, with determination, now become an accomplished fact, and a small space in our monthly has been filled by Birkenhead. Will you please accept my heartiest congratulations for the varied and interesting topics collected from different places each month for our reading. I wish you every success and best wishes."
W.P.

Van 34, Birmingham.

"May the Mag. still be going to Press in another hundred years. Meanwhile, 'If Harris be the food of worth, sell on!' (With apologies to Shakespeare)."
J.R.P.

Van 36, Ryde.

"Being a comparative newcomer to the Firm, I am hardly in a position to comment on the progress of the Magazine, but I should like to thank the Editor, staff, and all contributors for making the Harris Magazine so interesting, instructive, and to us whose work lies in outlying parts, so thoroughly appreciative. May I take this opportunity of congratulating all concerned on the Magazine attaining its centenary, and may we, the lesser lights' always look forward month by month to our own Mag."
R.H.C.

Van 39, Huddersfield.

"To a newcomer the Magazine is most interesting, giving who's who and an abundance of varied and delightful reading. My heartiest wishes for another long innings."
F.S.

Van 43, Belfast.

"On attaining your Centenary Edition, to us on the road the Magazine cements our friendship with our friends at Calne and elsewhere. So hearty good wishes from Van 43."
R.M.

Van 44, Margate.

"Hearty congratulations on the Centenary of Harris Magazine, a golden link with Calne. I wonder if you know how eagerly I for one await its arrival every month. It keeps us 'Knights of the Road' in touch with G.H.Q. Once again congratulations to the Magazine and to the Editors and staff from 'Knight of the Road.'"
J.F.M.

Van 47, Kingston.

"Heartiest congratulations on the celebration of your Centenary and wishing every success and continued progress in the years to come. May the happy relations existing among all members of the Firm and staff, in all sections, be manifest in the future. With all best wishes."
R.E.B.

Van 47, Kingston.**THE MAGAZINE'S CENTENARY.**

"To me you bring good news,
Hope, and other people's views
Each month, a source of joy."

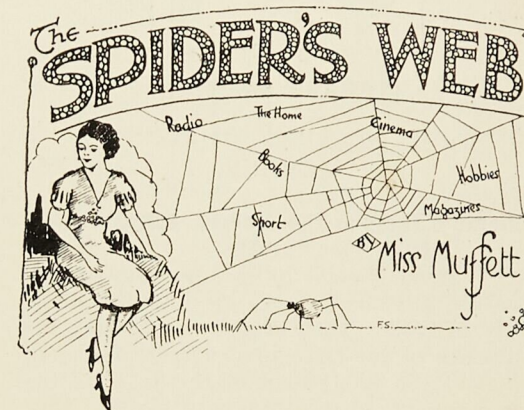
Many must have read your pages
And seen your progress through the ages,
Giving to them a joy untold
As they see your work unfold.
Zealous in their hearts for you,
Inviting us to share their view.
Now I have the joy with them to see
Each member of the Firm so full of glee,
Saluting thy Centenary.

Country and town alike are seen
Enjoying the news your writers glean,
Never perhaps would each other know
The different things they have to show,
Except you had been born and brought
Near, things had been remote,
And when things are not just right
Readers have found, with great delight,
You can see the ray of light."

J.H.W., *Van Boy.*

Van 57, Slough.

"I cannot say very much about the progress of our wonderful monthly as, as you know, I have not worked for this House for so very long, but at least I can wish it all the best for many years to come. May I also add that the Magazine is very much appreciated by at least one of the Outside Staff."
T.A.C.



When I gaze in your eyes time stands still,
Is a stock phrase used by Tom, Dick, or Will.
No doubt if they thought, they'd get a big
shock,
As in other words, "Your face stops a clock."
* * *

It is generally believed that high heels
were invented by a girl who had been kissed
on the forehead.
* * *

DO YOU DREAM ?**Further Solutions by the 'Orrible Oracle.**

CROCUS.—Someone contemplates an act of
black treachery. It will even make
the crow cuss.

CURRENTS.—A loving letter is on the way to
you—there will be no shocks.

DAIRY.—Embarrassing questions will be put
to you. Such as, "How is the milk-
made?"

DANCING.—Flowers of a dark shade should
not be worn—beware of wallflowers.

DEAD.—Post all your letters with your own
hands—but mind how you cross the
road.

DEER.—Your love is returned and happiness
is at hand—Dear Deer!!

DIVING.—You will probably become a bride
within a year—Taking the plunge.

DOG.—A certain plan concerning a dark man
will not materialise—It's no good
crying, "You're going to see a dark
man about a dog."



LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOKS [RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"Some Makers of the Modern Spirit," edited by J. MacMurray.

"Some Makers of the Modern Spirit" was the title of a series of talks broadcast early in 1933. Their object was to trace the influence of the thoughts and discoveries of some of the great men of the past on the development of the modern world. Professor MacMurray himself gave three of the talks, and in editing this book he has kept the talks as far as possible in their original form.

The series deals with nine men. Saint Thomas Aquinas, the great thinker and saint of the Middle Ages, is considered to have started the new trend of thought. Then comes Luther, the leader of the Religious Reformation; Newton, the mathematical scientist; Rousseau, who was a century ahead of his time in his ideas regarding the freedom of the individual to arrange his own life; and Goethe, the great German poet. Jeremy Bentham was the leader in political, law, and educational reforms and an advocate for disarmament; Darwin, well-known for his biological research work; Nietzsche, who favoured the policy of less freedom for the individual and a return to authority and discipline; and lastly, Karl Marx, the champion of Socialism.



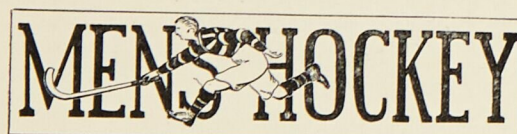
On February 2nd, visiting Wills', at Swindon, we lost a fine game by 2 goals to 3. This was a splendid performance as Wills' are formidable opponents and, even so, we were just a little unlucky not to win. Up to close on time we held a winning advantage when Marjorie Jefferies, our right back, met

with a very bad knock on the hand and was obliged to retire for attention. The absence of this fine player weakened our defence and Wills' put in two quick goals to win the game. It was sheer bad luck—more so because the injury to Miss Jefferies was more serious than anticipated and has kept her out of the game for three weeks. Betty Newis and Irene Hunt were our scorers.

The match on February 9th versus Bradford-on-Avon was scratched by the latter.

On February 16th, Purton, at Purton, beat us by 3 goals to 4. The weather was atrocious—rain and wind the whole of the game, and with the ground being rough we were unable to play up to our usual standard. The thorough soaking we got necessitated our return to Calne without waiting for the amenities of tea. Irene Hunt scored our three goals.

Tetbury visited us on February 23rd, and it looked as if we were in for a hiding. Our opponents were early in the game two goals up. Undaunted we persevered and soon had the satisfaction of equalling their score. Eventually we won by 4 goals to 2. Irene Hunt and Dorothy Holley both scored twice. A measure of praise must be handed out to Irene Hunt for her play in this match; she was quite an outstanding player on the field.



Versus Erlestoke, at Lickhill, on February 2nd, we were much under full strength, and hopelessly outplayed. Our colours were lowered to the tune of 7 goals to nil.

On the 7th we were obliged to cancel our engagement with Wootton Bassett as

only eight players were available. This course is a most unusual one for us to take, but we could not help it.

Engaging Bath 2nd XI., at Lickhill, on February 16th, we lost a very good game by 3 goals to 4. The fixtures with Bath are always attractive and a splendid spirit permeates the game. After holding the winning position we eventually went down by 3 goals to 4. The game was fought under the worst possible weather conditions, R. Swaffield, K. Haines, and R. Heath were our scorers.

The return match with Bath was played at Bath on February 22nd, and we lost by 3 goals to 6. Had luck favoured us a little a more even result would have been seen, but the game was a good one and thoroughly enjoyed. R. Swaffield (2) and R. Heath found the net on our behalf.

SKITTLES CLUB.

A very successful season was wound up on Friday, March 8th, with a supper at the Marden House. The President was the guest of the evening and the chairman of the section, Mr. A. J. Bease, presided. Replying to the toast of his health, ably proposed by Mr. F. Gale, Mr. Bodinnar expressed his uncommon pleasure in being present, and spoke in his usual forceful manner of the amenities of games in the lives of the people. How by playing well and working well, and realising all that it implied, led men to do their own thinking and not allow others to do it for them—the latter a dangerous aspect of present day life. In a lighter vein the President referred to the

future home of the Skittle Club, and how the committee had been successful, by inviting him that night to that cold room, in convincing him, if not already convinced, of the unsatisfactory conditions under which they played, and promised by next season a proper alley.

Other toasts were, the "Skittle Club," proposed by Mr. G. C. Brown and responded to by Mr. R. H. Stanley, the hon. secretary; "The Helpers and Artists," proposed by Mr. A. J. Boase, responded to by Mr. R. B. Swaffield.

Mr. Bodinnar presented the Challenge Cup he had given to the Club to Mr. F. J. Boulton, the captain of the Retort, &c., team, who won the Inter-Departmental Tournament. He also presented medals to the members of the winning team and also the runners-up—the Warehouse. Mr. T. Freegard won the medal for the highest individual average score.

The evening was made complete by a musical programme, in which a new Ladies' Concert Party appeared. This, their first effort, was much appreciated, and the success they obtained augurs well for available talent in the future. The supper arrangements were made by Mr. R. H. Stanley, assisted by a capable committee, and they are to be congratulated on their efforts.

* * *

TRICKY JOB.

A Frenchman recently fenced for fifteen hours without stopping. Father is not much good at carving the turkey, either.

* * *

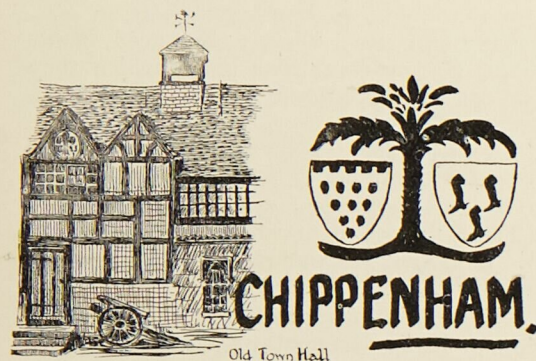
A reserved temper checks conviviality, and if you cannot laugh you had better stay at home.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SKITTLE LEAGUE, 1934-35.

COMPLETE RESULTS 1934-5.

| | Played. | Won. | Drn. | Pts. Poss. | Pts. Obt'd. |
|--|---------|------|------|------------|-------------|
| Retort, Traffic, Stores, By-Products, and Export | 14 | 12 | 0 | 28 | 24 |
| Warehouse, Pie, Box, Mill, Despatch, Lifts and Groundsmen..... | 14 | 9 | 1 | 28 | 19 |
| Slaughter | 14 | 9 | 1 | 28 | 19 |
| Kitchen | 14 | 9 | 0 | 28 | 18 |
| Printing, Lard, Basement, Cellars, Laboratory, Tin, Shop, & Chauffeurs | 14 | 6 | 0 | 28 | 12 |
| Boning, Rinding, and Sausage | 14 | 4 | 0 | 28 | 8 |
| Office | 14 | 4 | 0 | 28 | 8 |
| Engineers and Maintenance | 14 | 2 | 0 | 28 | 4 |

Friends Elsewhere.



On Friday, February 8th, 1935, we had the pleasure of entertaining a large number of our Calne friends, the purpose of their visit being a game of skittles. Matches with our near neighbours are always looked forward to and a large number of our members turned out to renew old acquaintances, and also do their best to avenge some of the previous defeats received at their hands

This was the first occasion we had met our Calne friends in the new alley at the Railway Inn, and we were hoping that having played in the alley a number of times we should have an advantage over our opponents.

The first leg started with very erratic scoring, neither side being able to find many pins. Chippenham certainly appeared to be the better team and kept the lead until the eleventh player, but Calne steadily improved and their twelfth man took the lead from us. This they maintained with very constant scoring and finished the first leg with 12 pins in hand.

This setback appeared to have an ill effect on our players, who began the second leg in poor style. Calne maintained the lead until the eighteenth man had played. We then improved and the remainder of our team played remarkably well, winning the leg for us by 6 pins.

The third leg started with very little difference between the teams, but towards the end Calne improved and ran out winners by 9 pins.

Final scores :—

| CALNE. | CHIPPENHAM. |
|--------|-------------|
| 119 | 107 |
| 106 | 112 |
| 126 | 117 |
| 351 | 336 |

Although we have to acknowledge defeat once more, we are not disheartened, and we shall do our utmost to relieve our Calne friends of their unbroken record against us when we meet them at Calne in the season.

The return skittle match with the Territorial club was played on Friday, February 20th, 1935, at the Railway Inn. We had previously met this team earlier in the season on their own alley and lost by the small margin of 2 pins. We were, therefore, very confident that we should prove the better team on this occasion, but once more we were not able to see our hopes fulfilled. We were unable to make any headway during the first leg, our opponents having it all their own way, winning the leg by 21 pins. The second leg certainly was in our favour and we were able to finish the leg with the small margin of 3 pins. This encouragement did not have much effect on our team during the last leg which was lost by 6 pins.

Final scores :—

| TERRITORIALS. | CHIPPENHAM. |
|---------------|-------------|
| 87 | 66 |
| 73 | 76 |
| 76 | 70 |
| 236 | 212 |

LADIES' DART TOURNAMENT.

Although we only have a small number of ladies on our staff, the above tournament proved to be most successful and provided some very keen and interesting games. The competition was well supported, and our thanks are due to Miss E. Morley for the efficient way it was carried through. We congratulate the following successful competitors :—Miss P. Armstrong, 1st prize ; Miss E. Morley, 2nd prize ; Miss H. Cheeseman, 3rd prize.

Our deep sympathy is extended to Mr. R. Hemmings in the bereavement he has sustained through the death of his wife at the early age of 33. He is left with four young children to mourn her loss.

We offer Mr. T. Bullock our sympathy in the prolonged illness of his daughter, Miss E. Bullock, who has recently undergone a serious operation. One and all express the hope that before many weeks have elapsed she will have been restored again to good

health and returned to her usual place in the Factory.

Mr. W. Thomas, who has been away for some time with an injured hand, is making good progress, and we hope to welcome him back very shortly.

SKITTLE LEAGUE.

Although the competition is gradually drawing to a close, there is still uncertainty as to the ultimate winners. This is the first attempt made at running a competition of this description. So far it has been successful, and from the experiences gained there is no doubt it can be made more interesting another season.

"J.G.H." CHALLENGE CUP.

Through the kindness of our Works Manager, Mr. J. G. Hooper, who has presented us with a fine silver cup, we are able to provide our members with another competition. At a General Committee meeting of the Welfare Association, held on Wednesday, February 27th, 1935, the members unanimously adopted the recommendations of the Games Committee that this cup be devoted to a skittles knock-out competition. The trophy to be permanently retained for this competition and to be competed for each year.

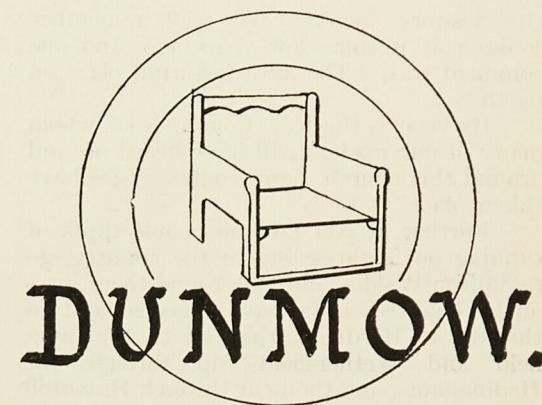
We were very sorry to hear of the serious accident to our London representative, Mr. W. H. Curgenvin, who was knocked down by a bus in Oxford-street, on 7th February, sustaining a broken and badly wounded leg and also injuries to an arm and two fingers. After a fortnight in St. James' Hospital he is able to be removed to his home, and we are very glad to learn he is progressing very satisfactorily, but we fear it will be a week or two yet before he is able to resume his active duties.

* * *

The man who "gets there" does it through his achievements and not through his dreams.

* * *

If you keep a drunken servant insure your house against fire, and yourself against the censures of your neighbours.



By the time these notes are received at Calne the following event will have taken place. The marriage of Mr. C. W. Ribbans to Miss Ruth Osborne. This couple have arranged to be married in Thaxted Church on Saturday afternoon, the 2nd March.

Mr. Ribbans came to work for us as a lad in September, 1926. He had the usual boy-like periods in going through the various factory jobs and eventually grew up to be quite a useful, full-blown man, and is now undoubtedly quite one of the "fans" of our staff.

We made a collection and with the money bought a very nice-looking clock in an oak case. This was presented to Mr. Ribbans, and we were glad that he made a speech of thanks, if only a very short one.

We wish this couple much happiness.

In speaking of Thaxted Church, we refer you to one of the "show" places of Essex. We have heard that had Thaxted been more central instead of "off the map," as it is, this church would have been the Cathedral Church of the county instead of Chelmsford.

Thaxted is full of old buildings, and is quite a show place for English and American tourists. The church itself is certainly a most beautiful piece of work, marvellously decorated. Many of the decorations are hand-woven tapestries, &c., woven in Thaxted itself. (By the way, if any of you want a suit or costume you can bring your wool and see the cloth made, and take it away with you almost. There are many people who have material woven and made up in this way).

But as to the church itself. Some of you readers have been inside and have seen

the visitors' books. We well remember looking at it some few years ago, and one comment was, "The most beautiful place on earth."

Its vicar is the Rev. Conrad Noel, whom many of our readers will have heard of, and around this church many controversies have taken place.

Further, if you London people think of running out sight-seeing in the country, go to Saffron Walden and look round there, pass on to Thaxted, then leave Thaxted and go through to Bardfield, then on to Finchingfield and Wethersfield, up through the Hedinghams, and then cut through Haverhill and up to Newmarket, and when at Newmarket turn back to London. From Newmarket, on this London road, you will get 30 miles of road on which you can test your fast cars to your heart's content.

We recommend this little trip in all seriousness, knowing that those who follow the advice will have a most enjoyable day.

Our Mr. F. C. Culf is secretary of the Dunmow Flitch Trials Committee, which committee is this year arranging to hold the Dunmow Flitch Trials in the Memorial Hall, Dunmow, on Easter Monday.

We hear a whisper that a Harris traveller and his wife may compete for the Flitch.

Six of our office staff went to the London dinner and dance and were delighted with their reception and entertainment there.

We were pleased to meet all the London friends, the visiting friends, Mr. and Mrs. Coles, and also we were delighted to meet there Mr. Bodinnar. But you will read more of this in another column, undoubtedly.

Thus we fill our column in the Magazine.

A CURE FOR LUMBAGO.

There is one visitor at the Factory, whose sunny face and happy disposition always brings into the office a ray of sunshine, and makes him very welcome.

We said "always," but perhaps we should be nearer the truth if we said generally, for there was one morning when the usual smiling face was glum, and in answer to our quick inquiry for his health we received the reply that "yesterday's bitter wind had caught him in the small of his back."

We saw our friend again during the

afternoon and soon learned that his backache was no better, and we had a feeling that nothing short of a day or two in bed would put him right.

The next morning, however, imagine our surprise and pleasure at seeing him walking up to the office door, his smiling face telling us that once again all was well with the world. Naturally we were eager to learn the secret of our friend's quick recovery, and in order to help any readers of our Magazine who may suffer from the same complaint this spring when that first strip of garden has been dug, &c., we give the rest of the story.

It appears that just as our friend was getting into bed that night a violent stab of pain caught him in the middle of his back, and try how he would he could not move, and could do nothing but lay across the bed. His wife dashed downstairs for the embrocation bottle and, let it be recorded, she rubbed and rubbed this embrocation into her stricken husband's back for a solid thirty minutes, and although the embrocation had not "gone in" very much by the end of that time, her arms ached so much that she was compelled to cease rubbing.

By this time our friend was able, with many groans and cries, to crawl into bed and, after a time, even dropped off to sleep. When morning came he was overjoyed to find that he was able to move about free from pain, and as a reward to his loving mate for her hard labour of the night before he offered to rise and light the fire for her.

Imagine his surprise on getting downstairs to see the bottle of embrocation still on the shelf over the fireplace. His daughter was quickly sent upstairs for the bottle which was still on the chair by his bedside. No wonder it would not "rub in"! Shall we whisper it—the bottle was labelled "French Polish."

* * *

REST.

Master, I've filled my contract, wrought in
Thy many lands;

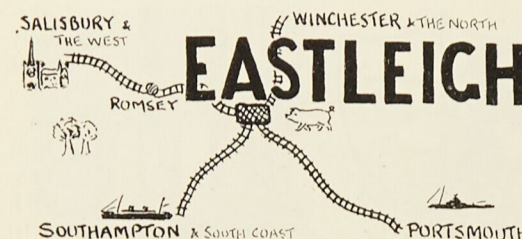
Not by my sins wilt Thou judge me, but by
the work of my hands.

Master, I've done Thy bidding, and the light
is low in the west,

And the long, long shift it is over. . . .

I've earned, Master—Rest.

ROBERT SERVICE.



Mr. Bodinnar's message through the medium of the Magazine is always read with considerable interest. The February message leads us to express our appreciation of the generosity of the Company in continuing the Bonus Scheme for a further period. We can assure our Chief that we at Eastleigh are endeavouring to carry out his wishes for 100 per cent. loyalty, devotion, and efficiency to the Company, of which we are proud to form a part.

Our sympathy is extended to Paddy Flynn in the sudden death of his mother. This is the second bereavement Paddy has suffered during the past four months and we should like him to know that he is not forgotten in his trouble.

We are sorry to report at the time of writing that Bill Jannaway has been incapacitated through a poisoned hand, which necessitated hospital treatment. We hope to see this budding Magazine contributor back into harness again before long.

The one time capital of England—Winchester City—is about 7 miles north of Eastleigh, and here one could spend hours of useful study.

Teeming with important events in the history of our country, one enters it for the first time almost with a feeling of awe.

If any of our friends at Calne or elsewhere are on the look out for a place of interest to visit, Winchester certainly recommends itself.

The Cathedral is well worth the time and endeavour to visit; it is one of the most famous of England's historic buildings. It was the central shrine of Wessex and of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom. It is associated with such great names as those of William of Wykeham, William of Waynflete, and Richard Fox, who endowed education in the country. The earliest kings worshipped and

were buried here. The original church dates back to the first century, and it was in this church that Saint Swithun was buried in 862. The present Cathedral was begun in the year 1079 by the first Norman Bishop, a relative of William the Conqueror.

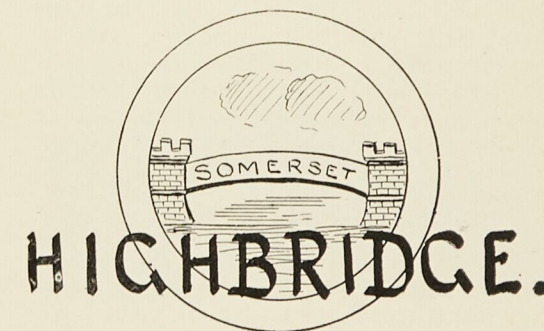
The nave, which is probably the finest in the country, demands one's attention and is a magnificent example of patience and accomplishment.

It would need much space to go fully into the many points of interest in this wonderful building and city, but we may be permitted at a later date to go into more detail.

We are wondering whether a quotation read recently will be of interest:—"Fear knocked at the door. Faith opened it—and there was nothing there."

EASTLEIGHAN.

* * *



This issue, marking the Centenary of the Magazine, we would congratulate the Editor and those responsible for its features on the improvements seen during the past year or two, which have made the issues more interesting, and we wish them every success in the future.

The Magazine would be of greater interest if more of our readers would contribute, but if it is the same at other branches as at Highbridge, there seems to be a lack of contributors and, in consequence, readers have to accept the writings of those who will contribute. This being the Centenary issue, we appeal once again to one and all to contribute anything they may which would be of general interest. If anyone feels they cannot put into writing something they have of interest, if they will bring their ideas to the Office, every assistance will be given to the best of our ability.

The past month has not been a par-

ticularly busy one as supplies of pigs are still on the short side, and for this the high prices still obtaining in the open market appear to be a contributing factor. This rather upsets our hopes of a level delivery, for which curers are paying a bonus, but we hope the position will soon be righted, as it is much more satisfactory, apart from the question of overhead costs and charges, that all should be fully employed.

SKITTLES.

The League team appear to have struck a good patch at last as four matches have been won out of the last five played. The new members to the team are improving and the old hands have come into form.

The team were beaten in the League Knock-out Cup by another works team—Jno. Bland & Co., Ltd.

In the Anne Kidley Cup Competition E. Cann still leads the way after the fifth match with A. H. Hill, runner-up. One or two others could, with a little luck, probably catch the leaders, but as there is only one match more to be played it appears as though Ted will once again carry off the trophy.

FOOTBALL.

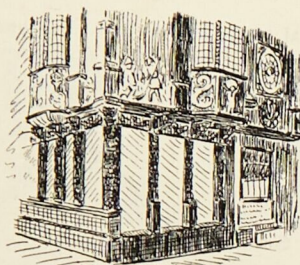
The team have not been faring too well of late, and the climax was reached when they lost a recent match by ten goals. No explanation is given by the officials of the club for this reverse, but as the boys enjoy their football that is the one thing that matters.

Members and those interested in the Football Club are reminded that Easter Monday evening a dance will be held in the Town Hall, so all dance enthusiasts are asked to keep this date open.

We are sorry to report that Mr. W. Slater is on the sick list, and we hope he will soon be restored to normal health and strength.

Darts will again be shortly in the lime-light as a team has been entered for the President's Cup, and several teams are competing for the Hooper Cup. No dates have as yet been definitely fixed.

R.C.L.



Rain! A fair number of pigs. More rain!! Not quite so many pigs. Still more rain!!! Plenty of pigs. . . That is a summary of the past month at Ipswich. Add a little snow, some sleet, and lots of wind, and you've got the whole story.

It follows, therefore, that we have but little to report. We did hear one rather funny story, but forbear to retail it as "Paul Pry" would be sure to have heard it.

We note that the forthcoming number will be our Magazine's "Century." Congratulations, and a special word of gratitude to the Editorial Staffs, past and present, who have wrought so well, with oft-times scanty material, at their difficult task. We all grumble at the Editor, poor fellow, but who amongst us would like his job?

We had a pleasant little ceremony here a week or so ago, when Mr. Ludgate, on our behalf, made a wedding presentation to Mr. T. Meekins (Slaughter Department). Good luck, Brother Meekins, may happiness and prosperity be yours.

Influenza has captured two of the Maintenance Staff (Package Department) and one from the Slaughter Department in the persons of Mr. S. Hastings, Mr. W. Garnham, and Mr. S. Teager, but happily, all three are recovering and we hope soon to see them at work again.

A.H.M.

* * *

Honesty in little things is not a little thing.

* * *

To be buried in detail is to be buried alive.

* * *

One lie needs seven lies to wait on it.



GEM OF THOUGHT.

Proud men never have friends—neither in prosperity, because they know nobody; nor in adversity, because nobody knows them.

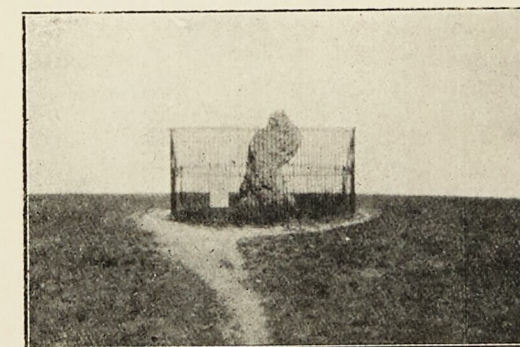
ROLLRIGHT STONES.

Although Oxfordshire is one of the lesser known counties of Great Britain, we can usually bring something of interest to our distant friends.

About 16 miles north of Kidlington, near the market town of Chipping Norton, lies the old-fashioned village of Great Rollright. This perhaps does not sound very interesting to you, but one finds on a near-by hill a rather quaint collection of large old stones. These may have been the remains of a Druid's Temple, or gods worshipped by the ancient Britons, or perhaps they are the remains of burial grounds used by the many tribes that once existed in Britain. There are many stories or legends composed about these, but the most popular concerns a king, who, with his Army, was travelling through Britain and was advancing towards the neighbouring village of Long Compton. They came one night upon the side of a hill and decided to camp for the remainder of the night. The men separated, the Knights went into their own camp, and the regular army encamped under some trees, but the King, who was restless, wandered up the hill. It is supposed that during this sojourn the King, who was wandering away from the remainder said, "If Long Compton I can see, King of England I shall be." It was only necessary to travel a few yards up the hill to see Long Compton, but whilst uttering these words a witch appeared and turned the King and all his followers into stone.

If you were to pay a visit to Great

Rollright these stones are quite easily noticed. They are in three separate groups, namely:—The King stone, the Army, and there are five large stones which are called the Whispering Knights. The King stone is easily noticed because it is apart from the others and is on the hill facing Long Compton; the Army is in another field, under a group of trees, and although they are placed in a circle of about 60ft. in diameter, there is no official record of the number of them. It seems quite easy to count them, but their differing shapes and arrangement make it highly improbable that your answer will be the same as that of any other person counting them. One amusing incident attached to them is that a baker one day took some loaves of bread and placed one upon each of these stones, and in re-counting his loaves



miscounted them. The five stones, called the Whispering Knights, are very large and have the appearance of five people in conference, discussing something earnestly with their heads bent together.

It would be very interesting to know how these stones originated, for if they were transported by hand it must have been very long and arduous work, and I am sure that it would take mechanical power such as we have to-day to move them. The stone of which they are composed is not characteristic with the stone found in these parts, but with the stone used to build Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain. In recent years they have been taken by H.M. Public Works and have been railed off to preserve them against thoughtless people, but you can obtain the key to visit the Army stones at a near-by cottage, and if one would like an amusing hour, visit these stones and try to count them.

Q.E.D.



WE ARE SIX.

THAT "JUBILEE" FEELING.

Now this is our Centenary number, also this is Jubilee Year, both notable events, consequently the Cockneys are a little excited. You really must excuse us, we cannot help it. The daily papers have given it to us for weeks now—flags, banners, floodlighting, exhibitions, and dances, &c., have all been arranged to celebrate the occasion. Do you think we're going to be left in the cold? Oh, no! The Jubilee feeling is upon us and we've got to give vent somehow. Arrangements have been made for floodlighting the Warehouse. Four bicycle lamps, one dozen candles, one torch, with a background of Masseley cards will, we think, produce the desired effect. Crowns



and flags we have in abundance (as a matter of fact we have these all the year round for other than show purposes), and we have our

own "bunting," specially made for us at Kingston-on-Thames. Our London banner, inscribed with "Floreat Baono," will occupy a prominent position. The Cockneys will be in attendance in full dress uniform. Crossed "Flags" will adorn the left sleeve, and all decorations (other than black eyes) will be worn, and the Warehouse cat will have a new Marina blue bow. The public will be admitted daily, price of admission—at least one order. The band will play between 1 and 2 p.m. (probably darts). After all, a thing worth doing is worth doing well, and as far as the Cowcross Cockneys are concerned its going to be a Jubilant Jubilee.

Cheerio!

THE C.C.'s.

GLEANINGS.

His Daughter.

At the age of twenty Cynthia was just beginning to realise what a gay life she could have. She shone at parties and loved dancing, but the maggot in her cabbage of life was her father. He could not tolerate her coming home about three o'clock in the morning.

It was about this time one cold morning that father had to come downstairs to let the "wayward one" in. Being a retired colonel, and as this had happened twice already that week, his temper was, to say the least of it, not at its sweetest. In his endeavour to denounce this disgraceful behaviour to the utmost he burst out with:—

"Good morning! Daughter of the Devil."

"Good morning, father!" the daughter sweetly replied, with wicked emphasis on father.

A Business Theory.

The people who mind their own business generally succeed. Is it because they have so little competition?

For After-dinner Speakers.

I was once told that when making a speech it was vitally important to remember three things, namely to:—

Stand up,
Speak up, and
Shut up.

The Acme of Consistency.

One evening, travelling to Liverpool Street on the Central London Tube, I wit-

IN TOWN TO-NIGHT!



FASHIONS: MILLINERY EN MENU.

THE JOCKEY CAP.

We now present the Jockey Cap
Of finest Wiltshire Brawn,
So when you say, "I'll eat my hat,"
Be sure it comes from Calne.

We hope to bring you something new
and interesting each month.

CARRY ON LONDON!

* * *

"Oh, it's about a mile and a half." This was what I was told when during my school days I spent my holidays on a farm, and this was in reply to my question of "How far are you from the village?" It was always "About a mile and a half," and I noticed there was a slight emphasis on "about."

It was a twisting, narrow road, and in places not more than 5ft. wide, and up hill and down. There were, of course, no milestones, and apparently nobody had ever cared to measure it, and the inhabitants were quite satisfied to be "about" a mile and a half away from the village, and with respect to our Devonshire friends I have not lost the habit of calling fairly long walks in Devonshire miles. The age of the milestone I am thinking, is passing, and probably our

nessed an amusing incident which, I trust, will be as entertaining to you as it was to a few other bystanders and myself.

Six o'clock is supposed to be the time when the "rush-hour" is at its forte. It was at this time one evening that a typical bowler-hatted business man, complete with immaculate umbrella and lemon-coloured gloves, and carrying the inevitable evening paper, could be seen indulging in the noble art of straphanging and endeavouring to read the Stock Exchange news.

The train pulls away from the platform and is running at a terrific speed when it gives a sudden lurch and a young fellow standing close by is bumped slightly against the older man. No harm is done, except a slightly disordered newspaper, but I think perhaps some of his shares must have declined for he began to express his sentiments and give his opinion of the mental powers of the young fellow with attention to detail worthy of a better cause. Of course, apologies were tendered, the older man makes a great show of re-arranging his newspaper, and the train rattles into the next station, where the crest-fallen youth alights.

The train becomes more packed than ever and is soon on its way again. The old man has resumed his reading, but it is not long before what feels like a minor earthquake puts him into collision with a pretty girl standing by. She nearly knocks him spinning and in an effort to keep her feet, clutches hold of him, knocking his hat on one side and that ill-used newspaper to the floor. People in the vicinity waited with baited breath for the expected outburst. Nothing came, but instead he blushing held her as best he could until the train again ran smoothly.

With screeching of brakes the train draws up at the terminus. The girl trips away and the man alights, carrying a tattered newspaper, and with the bearing of a Caesar entering Rome after a successful campaign.

Evidently what is sauce for the goose is not always sauce for the gander.

T.G.

* * *

Some silly men would rather lose a friend than an argument.

* * *

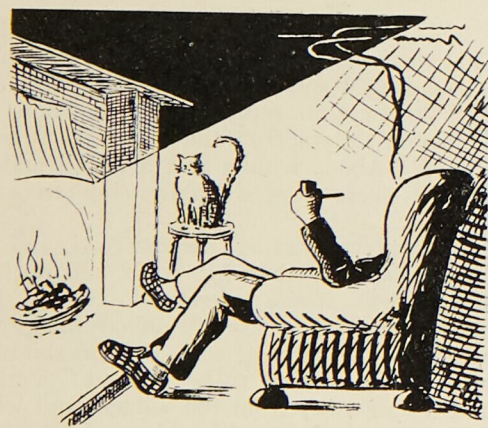
If a donkey brays at you, don't bray at him.

future generations will regard milestones as relics and will only be remembered as in the period of the coaching days, when travellers must have taken considerable interest in them as it gave them an indication of the progress of their journey.

This issue of our Magazine passes our first milestone—but it only shows the distance from which we have come and the progress which we have made. There is nothing to indicate the future of our journeyings. The next milestone is a long way off, and I am just wondering if we can just introduce just a little more humour, for I think some parts of the journey with our Magazine may possibly have been on the dull side from the point of view of most readers.

As a regular contributor, like others, I feel it difficult to get from my own particular style of writing, and I thought that if I wrote an article on "How to Write an Article," it might encourage some of that latent talent, with which I am sure there is an abundance among its readers, although I will not guarantee it to be of the slightest help whatever.

After all, it is quite an easy thing to write an article. The first thing you must do is to get in the mood. This is, of course, absolutely essential, but you will ask, quite naturally, how that is done. The best time for this, I think, is on Sunday evenings. You just slip in that comfy arm-chair, relax, fill up and light your pipe, and as the smoke of that fragrant weed ascends to the ceiling



you gaze in that direction for inspiration.

This, of course, may not come immediately, but don't forget many a fisherman has

looked after a line all day without a bite, so don't give up hope at once. Let your mind run over the points which were emphasised in the sermon you heard that evening, and if none of these give you any idea you might ask your wife or your mother-in-law what the clergyman was speaking about while you were asleep. Although this may develop more into an argument than be of any assistance to you. Still, keep at it, and if necessary, again assume that trance-like appearance and then, if you find everything is a blank, just make bold and ask for some suggestions. You can be fairly certain of getting some, but they will be just as useful as a sick headache. You perhaps think of that usual courteous letter from the Editor and you know you must send down something the following day. Just fill up your pipe again, and perhaps by this time everybody has cleared off to bed and you are left alone with your thoughts—if any. The chances are that there are none, and in despair you rise to go through the process of putting the cat out, and before this important operation is carried out you get an idea. Brilliant, you think. You've got it at last, and a vain and hurried rush is made to find a piece of paper. What a house; not a piece of writing paper to be found anywhere. The only thing within reach is, perhaps, a loose-leaf calendar, and out comes your propelling pencil, and with the first word you write away comes the last tiny piece of lead from the pencil and falls on the floor. You happen to glance at the foot of the calendar which contains a text for every day in the year. The one on that particular day just reads, "The art of telling a story is to know what to leave unsaid." But remember that contributors to the Magazine are not dismayed by trivial things of this kind. You will have won through, you have your idea—if you can still remember it—but if, of course, you can't, then I fancy a voice might be heard calling downstairs, "What are you doing with the cat?"

G.C.

Our fourth annual dinner, whist drive, and dance was held at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet-street, on Saturday, February 9th.

A whist drive was arranged in the St. Dunstan's Room previous to the dinner, which commenced shortly after seven o'clock.

The whole atmosphere was one of

merriment right through the evening, and we again had the pleasure of seeing our Chief occupying the chair.

The toast to our visitors was proposed by Mr. G. Coles, who welcomed as our principal guests Mr. H. Ludgate and Mr. W. Culpin, both of whom played upon the description given to them as being the "cream" and "elite" of the English bacon trade of East Anglia.

The toast to our Chairman was proposed by Mr. E. F. Johnson and was received with musical honours. Our Chairman, in his reply, complimented Mr. Johnson on what was described as his maiden speech, and referring to one of his remarks said that there are no lower decks in the House of Harris, and mentioned the importance of each one in his own particular job sharing with him that part of his responsibility.

Our Chairman also referred to the souvenirs, which this year took the form of small table mats, and paid a tribute to Mr. and Mrs. McKaig who, together, must have spent considerable time in planning and making.

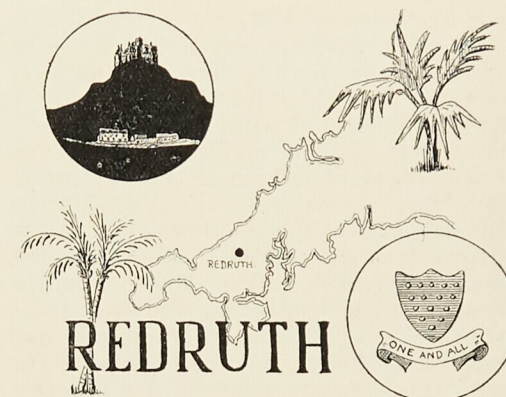
A dance followed the dinner, during which Mr. H. G. Baker, from Nottingham, rendered a couple of songs, and also Miss June Baker gave a musical monologue, both of the items being accompanied by Mrs. H. G. Baker. There were also competition dances. A novelty item was presented in the form of a cleverly-written dialogue as between two unknown articles giving clues, which had to be guessed by those present. Only three ladies guessed one of the articles, and the prize was decided by a cut of the cards. A spot dance was arranged for the other prize.

Mrs. G. Coles presented the prizes, which were won by the following:—Whist—1st lady, Miss M. Robinson (Dunmow); 1st gentleman, Mr. R. Grimes; consolation, Mr. R. C. Foot. Parcel dance—Miss M. Francis and Mr. T. J. Gifford. Elimination dance—Mrs. Mitchell and Mr. J. Tingle. Spot dance—Mrs. F. C. Robinson. Novelty item—Mrs. A. K. Hopkins.

Mr. F. C. Robinson, hon. secretary, again acted as M.C., and everybody agreed it was one of the most successful and happiest events we have yet held.

* * *

Dress modestly, but not fine, unless the world knows you can afford it.



We congratulate the Editor and those responsible for the production of the Harris Magazine on attaining its century, and we trust that their efforts to attain their second hundred will receive the same support and be rewarded with an even greater measure of success and progress.

Our friends everywhere will be pleased to hear that Mr. W. A. Roynon has made splendid progress after his illness, and is expecting to be back with us again almost immediately.

The wedding took place on Saturday, 23rd February, of Mr. Jack Pidwell and Miss T. M. Eade, at Fore Street Methodist Church. We all join in wishing them a long and happy married life.

We heard on the wireless last night of snowstorms and floods up country, and were informed that Devon and Cornwall had a heavy fall of snow and many roads were impassable in the west.

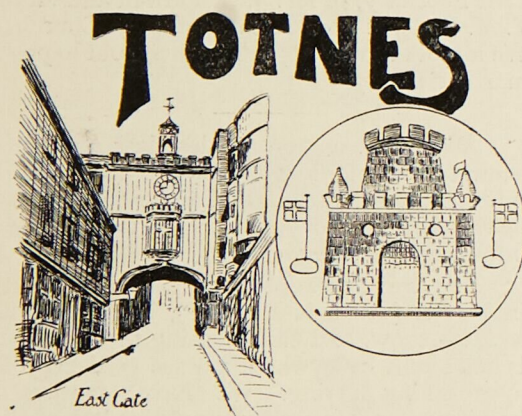
We are not aware of what has happened in Devon (which is England), but we have seen no snow, and this morning the weather is mild and everywhere we see evidence of approaching spring. We have, however, had it rather colder than usual this last week or two, and that may mean a set back in the Cornish spring flower industry, but there is every reason for congratulation upon the exceptionally prosperous January and February. Apart from the great development of bulb growing which has taken place recently in the district known as West Cornwall, which stretches from Redruth to the Land's End, the records of shipments

from the Isles of Scilly are extraordinary. The figures for the month of January show that nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ times as many blooms were marketed as in the same period last year—332 tons compared with 95 tons. This is due in part to a favourable season, but the principal cause of the increase is the determination and the success with which the Scillonians have applied themselves to the cultivation of specially early-blooming bulbs. There is a great market for flowers from the West all through the spring, and we shall no doubt hear of enormous shipments and despatches between now and Easter. The earlier consignments, however, find the most profitable markets, and it is to these that growers are wisely devoting themselves. It is extremely interesting to observe the astonishment and delight of people who live in less genial regions of the country who find tables blazing in January like gardens in June.

It is also a source of joy to Cornish people to know that the mild climate of our county makes it possible for the sick room and hospital wards of London and other large cities to be made bright and cheerful in the dull months of the year with flowers that until quite recently had to be imported from Holland and France.

W.B.F.

* * *



We have had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Bunston (Calne) during the month.
J.M.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Miss E. E. Vickery in the loss she has sustained by the death of her father.

J.N.P.

THE SOCIAL.

After a lot of preparation and commotion the evening of our social arrived with no less convivial spirit witnessed than was anticipated, being the most eagerly-awaited event of the year, when we all have the opportunity and pleasure of meeting our Chief, who has proved himself to be such good company on social occasions like these.

After we had dined ourselves to our full capacity we joined together in some hearty community singing, including, "O Antonio," in which our slaughterman led the company with great gusto. Perhaps his thoughts turned towards what he calls the joy wheel as he boomed out the words, "up they go." We then listened to a very impressive speech from Mr. Bodinnar, during which he touched on the Bonus and Savings Schemes, and referred to the difficulties which still had to be faced owing to the uneven distribution of the still obstinate pig, which even now does not appear inclined to go to the particular factories where it is needed most, or else the owners of this disturbing animal do not seem desirous of its going there.

Mr. Bodinnar then distributed the medals to those members of our branch who have completed the necessary twenty years' service and upwards, and all of us were proud of our veteran stalwarts whose decorations show that they have been with the firm for half a century and over.

While the honours were being distributed I was reminded of a humorous passage I once read of an agricultural worker who had been working on the same farm for 60 years. One day his employer said to him, "Jones, you are getting very old, and I think it about time you retired." "Me retire, sir? I worked fer yer granfer, yer father, and one of yer uncles before you, and if I had known this wasn't to be a permanent job I wouldn't have taken it on."

A very hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Bodinnar and acknowledged by him, and a really enjoyable evening was finished with songs, games, and dancing, and all joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne."

On the way home one of our staff, who was late in leaving, met one of the men returning to the hotel. "Hello, wrong way home," said the first. The other replied, "Naw, not a bit of it. When I got home I found I hadn't got the missus with me—left her behind—gwaïn back to see where her is." But we were not all like this!

POULTRY NOTES.

To S. J. RYMER,

Poultry Section,
"Harris Magazine."

DEAR SIR,

I am very pleased to see that a Poultry Section has been started in the Magazine. This is a favourite hobby of mine, although in a very small way. I take a very keen interest in it, and, apart from the pleasure I get out of it, I find it a profitable occupation.

At the present time I have six almost true Rhode Island Reds and five White Leghorns, and am hopeful of increasing my stock this year to twenty-four. My object is to test the laying qualities of the two breeds as some people are of the opinion that the light breed is more prolific than the heavy breed. The results from the birds I have at present are in favour of the heavy breed, although this is not a fair test, as

during the course of seasons the heavy breed is subject to broodiness, while the light breed is very seldom affected by this, so it may prove that during the course of a year the light breed will score over its heavier rival.

I reared my own chicks, which were hatched on April 28th and 29th of last year, and the first egg was laid on October 22nd. You will thus see that the age of the pullet was barely six months. Up to March 8th, from the eleven birds, I have received 891 eggs—a fairly good performance.

I shall read your notes each month with interest, and hope that you will be able to give some useful advice.

Wishing you every success.

Yours sincerely,

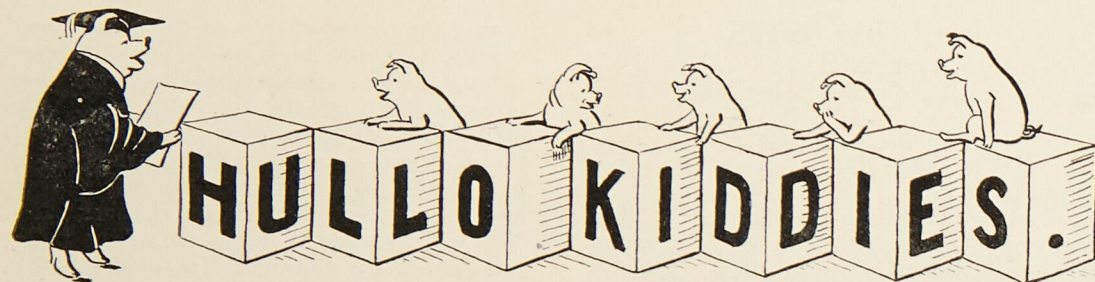
P. R. COBB, *Ipswich.*

* * *

We should like to know what horse power is behind the sweeping brush in the Kitchen branded "G.G."



"TOTNES GOLD AND SILVER MEDALISTS."



I am delighted to have some letters from you, and especially to know that you are so interested in the Wild Flower Competition. I have already received quite a lot of flowers, and shall be just as eager as you to see the result. Just for the sake of those who do not quite understand what the Competition is—the prize will go to the girl or boy who sends in the largest number of “firsts.” For instance, Margaret Gegg sent in several flowers on one day and Maisie and Cynthia Hart sent in the same kinds the next day. Well, of course, as Margaret was first those flowers go under her name. That doesn't mean that Maisie and Cynthia are by any means out of the Competition; neither is Kathleen Sutton, who sent in a primrose; they should just try all the harder to get some more and to get them in as soon as they can. Just go on trying, won't you? And even if you don't get the prize you will get such a lot of pleasure out of the hunting and in learning the names of the flowers. I think it is a most fascinating form of Nature Study.

I was particularly glad to get a letter from Kenneth Ridgwell, who says he was not well enough to come to the last Carnival, but who enjoyed the previous one very much. We hope sincerely that Kenneth will be well enough to come next time, and that he will have a very happy time. Thank you, for your letter, Kenneth. I am sorry it arrived too late for me to acknowledge in the March Magazine.

Cynthia Hart has sent me some lines about “Spring,” which she has written:—
SPRING.

“Spring is in the air; how we welcome the snowdrops and crocuses! They seem to tell us summer is coming and we shall soon be able to go rambling over the hills watching the wild birds and picking the flowers and generally enjoying ourselves. I love to go for a long walk in the fields over the hills, and I expect other children do as well. Then there are the picnics out of doors.

What a jolly time we can all have and study Nature at the same time.”

I shall be very glad to receive something for our “Kiddies' Page” from others, too; either in prose or in verse.

How would you like a serial story? Most Magazines have a serial story, don't they? Well, we'll see what we can do.

“The Adventures of Sally and Sam.”

A long time ago there were two children who lived on a farm near the sea. Their names were Sally and Sam. Sally had deep blue eyes and fair, golden curls, and a dimple on each cheek. Sam's hair was straight and ginger, and he had brown eyes and freckles. Sally was short and round and plump; Sam was tall, thin, and wiry. They were as different as they could be, and yet wherever you saw Sally, Sam was near enough to be her shadow, and wherever you saw Sam, Sally was very close at hand.

At the time our story begins Sam was nine and Sally was eight. They went to school about two miles from the farm, and they both had chestnut ponies on which they rode to school on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. On Fridays they left their ponies at home because on that day Daddy took the farm produce to market, and they were able to ride down with him in the big market trap. Friday was a great day, because instead of having dinner at school, as they did on other days, they had it with Daddy and lots of other farmers and some of their wives, and as soon as school was over in the afternoon Daddy took them shopping with him, and then they had tea in the “Cosy Nook” Cafe, which had a long verandah overlooking the sea.

Sometimes Mummie came down on the bus in time for the shopping and tea, and then they had a very happy time altogether. The only snag about it when Mummie came

(Continued on page 123).



May this page continue as long as the Magazine is in circulation.

Long before you get to this page you will have found out that this month's issue marks the century of the Harris Magazine, covering eight years and four months.

During the last week I've had the opportunity to peruse previous issues, which are bound into eight volumes; and what a diary to be sure! It is a record of the changes in the comings and goings of those connected with the House of Harris, and also a reflection of interesting events in the factory, in which most of the present employees have played a part.

BATIK AND BRUSH BATIK.

Batik work is a very fascinating and simple art, being inexpensive to make, but expensive to buy.

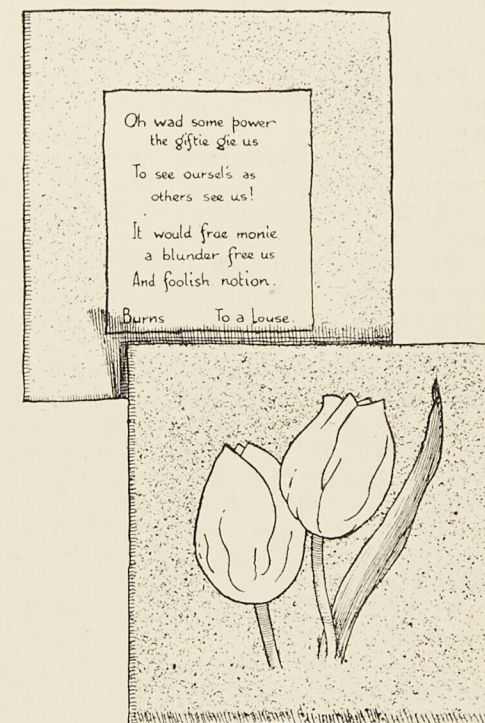
If you want a new table runner or centre, just exercise your colour sense and let it be your own handiwork. This work can only be done on pure silk, such as spun Jap silk at 2s. per yard, 27ins. wide, making quite sure that it is devoid of dressing. It would be advisable to make a preliminary test on an oddment of silk, as these designs are worked with dyes.

If you have the gift for drawing, and wish to make your own design, first of all sketch it on paper to the size you require, then carbon it on to the silk. If you prefer a black outline to the design mark over the carbon lines with a special black ink supplied for the purpose. This ink is supposed to prevent colour running past it, but, as a safeguard, wax one side of the line of design.

The application of wax is quite simple, providing it is boiling, but you must be careful it does not burn, and it is done with a small brush. Paraffin wax, a very cheap commodity, is used.

Of course, quite a lot of Batik has no black outline, and that is done by putting the design on your silk with wax instead of ink. Now let us have a look at the tulips.

First of all you wax around the edge of



Oh wad some power
the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as
others see us!

It would frae monie
a blunder free us
And foolish notion.

Burns To a louse.

the tulips, and then, with a brush, paint them the colour desired. When dry, extract wax by pressing with a hot iron between newspapers, and afterwards with a little benzine. Re-wax the design to the tulip outline, and then complete the background.

Winsor & Newton, Ltd., 37-40, Rathbone Place, London, W.1, will supply an instructional booklet, illustrated in colour, for 6d. Also sheets of assorted designs, 14ins. x 14ins., 3d. per sheet; 1oz. bottles of Batik colours in blues, greens, browns, greys, reds, yellows, mauves, purples, and black, cost 6d. V.L.D.

LOOK OUT FOR THIS PAGE EVERY MONTH.

Here's a trim little jumper with a scarf collar, to wear with your new Easter suit.

Materials.

Use 6ozs. of Lister's Lavenda three-ply

wool in pale biege, 1oz. in rust colour, 1oz. in brown, 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 8 Stratnoid knitting needles and 2 buttons.

Tension.

Worked at a tension of 15 stitches to 2in. in width on the No. 8 needles, this jumper fits a 32in. bust size figure.

Back.

With No. 10 needles and beige wool cast on 100 stitches, and work in ribbing of K 1 P 1 for 2½ins.

Next row:—* K 9, K twice into next stitch; repeat from * to end of row (110 stitches).

Change to No. 8 needles, and work in pattern as follows:—

1st, 2nd, and 3rd rows:—* K 1, P 1; repeat from * to end of row.

4th, 5th, and 6th rows:—P 1, K 1; repeat from * to end of row.

These six rows form the pattern which is used throughout the jumper. Work in pattern till work measures 12½in. from the beginning. Then shape the armholes by casting off 6 at the beginning of the next 2 rows, and then knit 2 together at each end of every alternate row 3 times, 92 stitches remain. Then work in pattern without shaping until armhole measures 6¾ins. on the straight. Then shape the neck and shoulders as follows:—

1st Row:—Knit 33 in pattern, cast off 26, knit 33 in pattern.

2nd Row:—Working only on the last set of 33 stitches, cast off 10, knit in pattern till 2 remain, knit 2 together.

3rd Row:—Knit in pattern.

4th Row:—Same as 2nd row.

5th Row:—Knit 2 together in pattern to end of row, cast off remainder.

Front.

With No. 10 needles and biege wool cast on 100 stitches, and work in ribbing of K 1, P 1, for 2½ins.

Next row:—* Knit 5, knit twice into next stitch, repeat from * till 4 remain, K 4 (116 stitches).

Change to No. 8 needles and work in pattern as given for back until armhole measures about 3¾ins. on the straight (after the armhole decrease there will be 98 stitches on the needle instead of 92). Then shape the neck as follows:—

1st Row:—K 38 in pattern, cast off 22, K 38 in pattern.

Now continue work only in the last set of 38 stitches, knitting 2 together at neck

edge every third row until 30 stitches remain. Then work in pattern without shaping until armhole measures about 6¾ins. on the straight.

Then shape shoulder by casting off 10 at start of every row, beginning at armhole edge, until all stitches have been cast off, join wool to neck edge of other side, and work these 38 stitches to match the first.

The Sleeves (both alike).

With No. 10 needles cast on 54 stitches, and work in ribbing of K 1, P 1, for 2½ins. Change to No. 8 needles, and work in pattern as given for back, increasing first at both ends of needle every 12th row (by knitting twice into the first and last stitch) until there are 68 stitches on needle, then increase every 8th row, until there are 74 stitches, then every 4th row, until there are 82 stitches, and work measures about 17ins. from the beginning. Shape the top by casting off 6 at the beginning of the next two rows, and then knit 2 together at the beginning and end of every row until 18 stitches remain. Cast off.

Scarf Collar.

With No. 10 needles and rust wool, cast on 50 stitches. Work in moss stitch for 6 rows. Moss stitch is a repetition of the following 2 rows:—

1st Row:—K 1, P 1, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row:—P 1, K 1, repeat from * to end of row, seeing that a K stitch comes over a P stitch of the previous row, and vice versa. Now continue in moss stitch, but decrease first at the beginning and end of the next row, and then work four more rows in moss stitch, taking care to keep the continuity of the moss-stitch pattern. In the next row make a buttonhole as follows:—

1st Row:—Work 22 stitches in moss stitch, cast off 4, work in moss stitch to end of row.

2nd Row:—Work in moss stitch, casting on 4 where 4 were cast off in the previous row.

Continue working in moss stitch, decreasing first at both ends of the next row, and every 6th row after, until there are 28 stitches on the needle. Then work in moss stitch without shaping until strip measures 16ins. Cast off now with the brown wool, work a strip exactly the same.

To Make Up.

Press all parts with a hot iron under a damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Sew

sleeves into armholes, and join side and sleeve seams. Join the narrow ends of the scarf collar together. Sew the middle of the collar to the back of jumper neck, and then stitch the collar on to the neck edge of the jumper as far as the front corners. Roll over the other edge of the collar, and sew down to the jumper at side and back of neck, so that collar forms a double band. Twist the scarf ends in front, and sew buttons to jumper front, to fasten through the buttonholes in the scarf collar.

Reprinted from "BESTWAY" 548.—PRETTY JUMPERS by kind permission of the Fashion Editress, "Home Journal."

* * *

It is much better to have a bad man for your enemy than for your friend.

* * *

Learn to dance well. If you have not a head your heels may make your fortune.

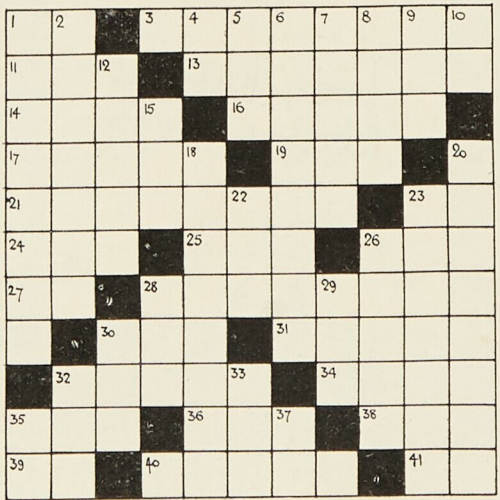
* * *

A GOODLY NUMBER.

There are 285,000 printers in Great Britain to a population of some 46,000,000, 300,000 in the U.S.A. to 120,000,000 inhabitants, and 30,000 to 6,500,000 in Australia, states *Twelve Point*, organ of the Victoria Branch of Printing House Craftsmen, Australia.

- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1.—State Department (abbrev.).
 - 3.—Shade of colour.
 - 11.—Beverage.
 - 13.—Genus of plants.
 - 14.—Used for writing.
 - 16.—Relinquish.
 - 17.—A moulding (archit.).
 - 19.—Strike.
 - 21.—Female of the hen-harrier.
 - 23.—Indeed.
 - 24.—Some.
 - 25.—Any whale.
 - 26.—Dry (of wines).
 - 27.—Pronoun.
 - 28.—Mischievous freak.
 - 30.—Segment of a circle.
 - 31.—Tool.
 - 32.—Winter resort.
 - 34.—Act of Parliament (abbrev.).
 - 35.—Churlish fellow.
 - 36.—Hole.
 - 38.—In addition.
 - 39.—Toward.
 - 40.—A wine.
 - 41.—Concerning.

OUR CROSSWORD (No. 2).



- CLUES DOWN.
- 1.—Complete view.
 - 2.—Chrysolite.
 - 4.—Exists.
 - 5.—Sigh of Assent.
 - 6.—Pertaining to a clerk.
 - 7.—Dravidian inhabitant of Ceylon.
 - 8.—Measure of electricity.
 - 9.—Wheel track.
 - 10.—Unit of measurement (print).
 - 12.—Kind of wood.
 - 15.—S.L.G. (actual).
 - 18.—Surgical instrument.
 - 20.—Steep.
 - 22.—Kind of light.
 - 23.—Francis - - - (actor).
 - 26.—London hotel.
 - 28.—Mistake.
 - 29.—Basket.
 - 30.—Scottish county.
 - 32.—Cask.
 - 33.—Cover.
 - 35.—County (abbrev.).
 - 37.—Preposition.

The solution will appear next month.

(continued from page 120).

was that they weren't allowed quite so many ices and good things as when they were with Daddy alone. (Somehow Mummies always know just how much girls and boys *ought* to have, but its so much nicer to have just a little more than you *ought*, until you start jogging along towards home in the trap, and then there's a queer, uncomfortable feeling that makes you wish you had stopped when you had had enough).

(To be Continued).

AUNT SUSIE.

* * *

True gold fears no fire.

Everybody is a bore to somebody.

The universe is a wise man's library.

Only a fool will pay twice for the same experience.

Insure your life and you will sleep the better for it.

Give no alms to a man who begs well, but reserve it for the silent beggar.

TICKETS

TICKETS

HWA

HARRIS WELFARE ASSOCIATION.

President
J.F. Bodinnar Esq., J.P.

The Dramatic Society
Presents
The Ghost Train
A DRAMA
by
ARNOLD RIDLEY

Palace Theatre
Calne

Tuesday and Wednesday,
February 26th and 27th
1935

H.A. Olsen: Chairman of Committee
V.I. Woodward } Joint Hon. Secretaries.
J.E. Bromham }

Price 2s.

The above is a reproduction of the cover of the "Ghost Train" Programme executed by "F.S."



BY APPOINTMENT

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 9. ——— MAY, 1935. ——— No. 5.



AS May 6th approaches, the thoughts of some of our readers will revert to the morning mist, the day of almost tropical brilliance, and the perfect summer evening of June 22nd, 1897.

If, as many observers maintain, the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria marked the end of an epoch, it must also be granted that it passed in a blaze of splendour.

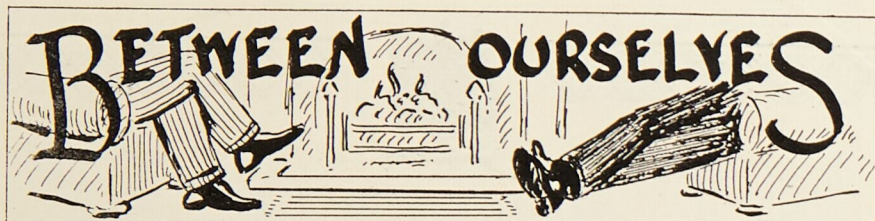
As a nation we held the poise of perfect assurance, confident in the power of our Navy, the strength of our financial position, and the loyalty of the peoples over which the Crown held dominion.

Low down on the horizon there were certainly two dark spots, the full significance of which had not as yet dawned on us. There was a South African question, coupled with a vague uneasiness caused by a message which the German Emperor had thought fit and proper to send to the President of the Transvaal. It was, however, from a sea of

comparative calm that we emerged on to an uncharted course in troubled waters for a duration of more than two decades.

Experience is gained in the school of adversity, and we have benefited accordingly. The patriotism of Empire no longer means the control of its destiny by a handful of people, with the vast remainder merely acting as flag-wagging spectators. We have developed into a British Democracy, with the highest offices open to its humblest citizens. A stage has been reached in our development when it may truly be said that the subjects of the Crown are the British Empire.

We shall pass on from our loyal acclamations to His Majesty, in May, with more careful steps than we did on a similar occasion in June, 1897; but confident, nevertheless, in our ability to maintain and develop our ideals and aspirations in what may be destined to be an era of turmoil and confusion.



OF the achievements gained, of national sorrows shared, and of the progress made through his reign others will write in this issue about the Jubilee of King George V.

I wonder if on this page we may deal with respect and loyal affection with another aspect of our present Sovereign's life.

An underlying feature of British history, past and present, has been its characteristic of family life.

Governments have come and Governments have gone; our social systems have been altered; principles of economics have changed; science has spoken with a new and more authoritative voice, but the dominating factor and principle of the value of the British home has remained.

The home may be likened to a complete unit of Government, wherein the legislative wisdom and sympathy of the heads of the house are exercised along the lines of simple control, care, and conduct.

There are British homes that are tragic in their results, and in such the failure may be due to the heads of the household, or to the members of it.

Nevertheless, British home life as a main factor in the production of British character remains unchanged.

In his Christmas Broadcast to the Empire, the King-Emperor welcomed the opportunity of addressing, as he put it, greetings to the members of the family by the head of the family.

It is in that intimate spirit that the truest Jubilee of rejoicing and thanksgiving can be celebrated on May 6th, 1935.

A Jubilee represents a manifestation of joy shown personally or in public rejoicing. It is a time of exultation and represents a display of gladness and pleasure.

Twenty-five years have seen much of anxiety, of war, and of loss, but the Jubilee and the causes for rejoicing outweigh that which has been sad and gloomy.

One likes to think that England is a bigger, better, purer place to-day than even it was twenty-five years ago. To these ends the characteristically simple and sympathetic home lives of the King and his Consort have contributed to a degree that cannot be measured.

There has been no public cause worthy of the name which has not enlisted their sympathy. There has been no public sorrow which has not affected them deeply, and when the time has come for rejoicing they have, with restraint and gladness, shared it with the man in the street.

The result, naturally, from such a reign is that to-day the throne is esteemed as it has rarely been before, and in our democratic age, so far as the British Empire is concerned, the principle of hereditary Kingship has proved to be of the greatest possible use.

Therefore, with hearts and voices we sing

*God save the King,
Long may he reign.*

The King and his People.

It has been said, "Memory cannot produce a picture that imagination has not re-touched." There are cynics who tell us that every age is the Golden Age when it has passed.

The Silver Jubilee, which we shall celebrate during the merry month of May, will be the third Royal Jubilee in which I have shared. The memories of the two Victorian Jubilees have remained fixed in my memory, and I do not know how much my thoughts of them are now enhanced by the glamour of youthful enthusiasm and imagination.

The Victorian days were great days. The world went well then, and so it seems to me with all the rush of modern life there is something which we have lost. Time passes so quickly that the passing years tread, as it were, one upon the heels of the other. In the rush much has changed, and new values and measures have been set up. There is, however, one thing that remains stable, and that one thing is the House of Windsor. Great was the Victorian hold upon our people, so great that even now Overseas there are people who still believe that the great Queen is not dead. We see on our coinage that although the great white Queen is dead the spirit of her times and her rule remains. Just a name change—Victoria, Edward, and now Georgius V.; Dei Gra. Britt. Omn. Rex Fid. Def. Ind. Imp. But would it not be quite true to say that during the past years all that has happened in Europe has only caused the House of Windsor to draw near and ever nearer to the homes of the People? State ceremony and all that sort of thing remains as it was, but added to that all the time King and People have been coming together.

I have always liked, when I can, to attend Twickenham on the afternoon of the International Rucker matches. Whenever circumstances permit the King is there, and it has always been a great and moving moment in the afternoon when the vast crowd stands at attention on the coming of the King. Here is no State function; just an Englishman taking a sporting interest in a national pastime—but it appeals to us that he should be with us so simply.

I was involved in the big daylight air

raid when our London H.Q. was in Bartholomew Close. That day the near-by Hospital was crowded with people brought in, and I remember how the King and Queen spent quite a while going about the hospital cheering up the injured people and the staff. It is incidents like these that tell.

On the occasion of the second Victorian Jubilee these lines formed a part of the cycle of song offered to Queen Victoria:—
A thousand years by sea and land

Our race hath served the island Kings,
But not by customs dull command
To-day with song her Empire rings.

Not all the glories of her birth,
Her armed renown and ancient throne,
Can make her less the child of earth
Or give her hopes beyond our own.

But stayed on faith more sternly proved
And pride than ours more pure and deep,
She loves the land our fathers loved
And keeps the fame our sons shall keep.

So, too, in this Merry May Time of 1935 we celebrate not by "customs dull command" but gratefully and proudly, saying of our King—

He loves the land our fathers loved
And keeps the fame our sons shall keep.
R.E.H.

* * *

HOLIDAYS.

We would again remind our readers that we receive round about this time enquiries as to suitable accommodation at the various seaside places. Will you please send along such addresses as you know which we would be glad to pass on to other readers.

We would specially welcome addresses on the South Coast—Eastbourne, Hastings, Brighton, &c.

We also have a circular offering free service to those who wish to make enquiries regarding resorts. To those who wish to take advantage of same we can supply with a prepaid postcard.

Enquiries to Mr. G. H. Hudson.

* * *

The male angler fish attaches himself by so firm a bite to his mate that in time he becomes permanently attached. One female fish caught measured 3ft. 6in. in length, while her mate was only 4in. long.

SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS DURING THE PAST 25 YEARS.

THE modern tendency is undoubtedly to take too much for granted, and we seldom pause to think of the immense benefits which science has conferred upon humanity, particularly in more recent times. This remark probably applies more to the younger generation than it does to those of more mature years who have recollections of things as they were when George V. commenced his reign. Indeed it is hardly too much to say that the progress of science is a measure of the advance of civilisation.

Neither space nor time permits of a complete survey of all that scientific discovery has accomplished since 1910, and we must therefore confine our observations to those of the more obvious achievements, and which are intimately associated with our every day lives—wireless, motor transport, flying, the cinema, &c. Any one of these, taken singly, would have caused a drastic alteration in our ordinary existence, but taken together, as they must be, they have revolutionised our whole thoughts and views.

It is difficult to say which of the modern applications of science has had the greatest bearing upon our lives, but certainly wireless occupies an important position. Thanks to it even the most isolated inhabitant of the globe is able to keep in close touch with the world's happenings, and to know about important events within a few hours of their having taken place. It is, therefore, incorrect to write about isolated inhabitants; there are none in these days. Nearer home the inhabitant of the remote cottage is able to quickly learn all the interesting news, and to enjoy entertainment by his own fireside. Not the least important service of wireless is the means it affords of making it possible for ships in distress to summon aid, and thus valuable lives and cargoes are saved. One can hardly picture the world without wireless.

Another great asset to human beings has been the perfection of the internal combustion engine, which in the form of motor transport now occupies the most important means of travelling available to every one of us. There are no really isolated villages in this country, thanks to this means of conveyance. Every tiny hamlet now has its motor bus service linking it up with the important towns in its district. Twenty-five years ago a journey from some of our villages to a

nearby town was an undertaking, nowadays it is merely a jaunt.

And what about flying? We are probably living with this wonder of the world still in its infancy, and already it has annihilated distance. The almost incredible performance of aeroplanes in the matter of speed, endurance, and distances covered must leave all thinking people breathless, and make them wonder what next?

Lastly, the "talkies." We are all very apt to regard a moving picture show as the most ordinary of occurrences, and do not give a thought to the very wonderful scientific work which has made the speaking film a possibility, and yet it should rank as one of the outstanding achievements of the 20th century.

It must be understood that not a single one of these examples of scientific discovery is to be regarded as due to the genius of one individual or to the study of one particular science. All sciences nowadays are interdependent one upon another. Marconi could not have gone far without the help of the engineers and the metallurgists. The talking picture could not have come into existence without the co-operation of the chemist, the physicist, and the engineer.

In all cases the present state of perfection has been built up step by step, disappointment and failure followed by repeated efforts, ultimate success in one particular detail to be followed by further successes in other directions. Only those behind the scenes are able to realise the stupendous amount of work needed to bring about a single step forward.

And what can be said about the very wonderful work that is being carried on in the laboratories of our great hospitals and elsewhere? It is doubtful if there is any branch of science in which progress has been made so rapidly as in medicine. The whole aspect of disease is changing, as more and more is being found out about its causes and prevention. It is almost safe to prophesy that in the course of time most of the illnesses to which humans are prone will be preventable.

With these few words we will close the very inadequate picture, but we ask you to pause when next you use your wireless, ride in a motor-car, see an aeroplane, or go to the pictures, and think of all that has been done to make these enjoyments possible for you, and how they represent years of unremitting toil by those responsible for their existence.

O.J.



This being the Jubilee number, everyone and everything is going "Jubileefied." Even our apparel has taken or is taking on the jubilee feeling. Garments in the very sweetest shades of blue appear in all shop windows. I see capes are being worn on all occasions, whether it be in the morning, with suits, or in the afternoon on gaily printed silks, and, indeed, evening gowns favour them also. Rather becoming on tall people especially; and, talking of evening gowns, we are seeing that frilly and dolly frocks are again coming into their own. What looks smarter than a long, green taffeta gown, very full at the hem, a little square neck, and puff sleeves?—very charming I should say.

What I should really like to know is where are all the enterprising people? In the April issue I announced a Recipe Competition, the prize for the best one being an Elizabeth Craig Cookery Book. I am surprised, if not a little disappointed, to discover that so far only one kind lady has sent in her contribution. Now, I am going to keep the competition open for the month of May, as it is Jubilee month, and please do all you dear folk have a whip round and send me in your recipes.

Here is a recipe for Maids of Honour :—
1 tablespoon of flour.
2ozs. butter.
2ozs. castor sugar.
1 egg.
1 teaspoonful of ground almonds.
A little essence of almond.
The juice and rind of half a lemon and a pinch of baking powder.
Stir the butter and sugar to a smooth

cream, stir in the egg and ground almonds, add the essence of almond, lemon, flour, &c. Bake in patty tins lined with puff or short pastry.

Holidays will soon be commencing, and I think we will have a holiday page, don't you? I tell you what, we will have a photographic page with remarks printed by the contributor. At the end of the summer, say 30th September, we will collect them up, and will present a prize for the best photograph in three classes, i.e. :—

- 1.—Happy Holidays.
- 2.—Scenery.
- 3.—Portraiture.

The Editors have kindly consented to judge these.

Now do, please, send in your best snaps and help the Holiday Page to be a jolly and interesting feature of the Magazine for the summer months.

MISS MUFFETT.

DO YOU DREAM?

(If so, consult our 'Orrible Oracle).

EBONY.—Shun the vicinity of libraries for a while.—This in turn will prevent the fire-brigade working overtime.

ELASTIC.—Freedom from all your worries is predicted.—This is stretching it somewhat.

ELECTION.—Your trust will be betrayed.—That's what they tell us will happen if we vote for the other side.

EMBANKMENT.—You will meet an old friend, near water.—Ask him to drop in.

END OF THE WORLD.—Avoid all travelling.—Especially by balloon, otherwise where will you land?

ENGAGEMENT.—Someone with dark eyes will fill yours with tears.—That Italian onion-seller again!

ENVY.—You will be asked to choose a baby's name.—If twins, call them Kate and Duplicate.

ERMINE.—You will have a much grander home after marriage than before.—'Ers or mine?

FASHION.—Don't arrange a meeting at cross-roads.—It is horrible being the centre of attraction at a coroner's inquest.

FERRY.—Don't arrange meetings near water.—It's ferry dangerous.



The Suffolk Milk Recording Society is now reputed to be the largest society of this nature in the country. I do not know if this is actually the case, but it is certainly one of the best managed and most successful from the point of view of results. The aggregate yield for the year of the herds of the society was $5\frac{1}{2}$ million gallons.

In their annual report, which makes interesting reading, it is stated that 5,198 full-year cows yielded an average per cow of 7,869 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. of milk. A striking fact is revealed in that 1,027 cows yielded 1,000 gallons, whilst 30 cows yielded 2,000 gallons and upwards. The top cow yielded 23,629 lbs. of milk in the year.

For one cow to produce 67 tons of milk is truly remarkable and this is the aggregate yield of a cow belonging to Mr. A. G. Mobbs for a 13 years' lactation.

The high standard of performance illustrated above shows what can be done by specialisation, and there is no doubt that the success now being attained by cowkeepers in this area is the result of the application of science in the rationing and management of their herds.

To my mind if ever there is anything evolved in nature to annoy it is the old hen. It cackles and makes no end of a fuss just because it has (or imagines it has) become the fond parent of an egg. After it has laid about a couple of dozen of these it wants to perpetually sit—you can immerse it in a butt of water, or do what you like, it still wants to sit. Having thus deprived itself of all its summer pleasures, then it moults and becomes an untidy mess and as miserable and bedraggled as possible.

With such a dunty subject, I was not at all surprised when I heard that one such perched for the night on the axle of a lorry belonging to Mr. G. W. Cawston, one of my farmer friends. This vehicle was loaded and destined to leave early next morning for the Bury Sugar Factory, a distance of 35 miles.

It was not until the lorry arrived there that the hen made her appearance, and there was no end of fun for the factory workers trying to capture the stowaway. It is not very easy clambering up the great heaps of sugar beet, and the hen for a long time had the advantage of the strategic position.

There is documentary evidence that a valuable treasure estimated at £25,000,000 is buried somewhere in the Cocos Islands, having been placed there centuries ago by pirates and buccaneers. It reminds us of the stories of our youth and one pictures the thrills and adventures of those bygone days as expressed in the schoolboy papers and penny dreadfuls.

There is sufficient confidence in the minds of some that these treasure hoards can be found to justify the formation of a company to recover it. They have made an agreement with the Costa Rica Government, who claim ownership of the island, that in return for the sole privilege of search the Government will receive a share of any recovery of treasure.

The motor drifter, Veracity, left Lowestoft on February 11th on its 6,000 miles journey in its endeavour to locate the hidden gold. The party are equipped with modern appliances and are intending to stay on the island at least a year, making a comprehensive electric survey of the whole island. We shall wait with interest their reports and wish them luck.

Visiting one of my farmer friends recently I was interested to see one of the pigs in the bullocks' manger. The stockman assured me that this was a common occurrence, but he could not tell me how the pig got there so persistently, as obviously the manger was too high for the animal to jump in. Anyhow, we swished it out and returned later and watched. The bullocks had completed their meal and proceeded to lay down for a prolonged mastication. No sooner had one of these bullocks taken up a restful attitude near the manger when our friend the pig climbed on to the bullock's back and so to the manger. Incidentally, I have "scissor-marked" that pig. Too much linseed cake will mean faulty bacon.

An advertisement to be effective needs to be well chosen and displayed in a manner such as will attract and impress and that

will not be repellent to a sensitive public, otherwise it loses its value.

Half the hoardings are anathema to me as I am sure they are to many others, especially when some beauty or scenery is obscured.

One, however, cannot but give credit for the artistic setting or for some witty expression either in picture or wording embodied in many of the advertisements published.

In a more modest way our smaller tradesmen endeavour to attract notice by display of witty slogans, some of which have come to my notice lately. The coal vendor:—"Buy my coal and Beacon Tent," "A heat wave in every bag." The shoe mender:—"Shoes left put right"; whilst the cleaner and dyer says, "I dye to live; please let me dye for you."

J. E. SMITH.

* * *

Changes in London (2).

The Gilbert and Sullivan operas were the result of a perfect partnership. The words and the tunes fitted. That is not always so. There is a story about Queen Victoria which is probably apocryphal. The Guards Band, playing on the Castle Terrace, gave a haunting melody. The Queen wanted to know the words, and, if the tale is true, I don't know how the difficulty was overcome, for the words were:—

Come where the booze is cheaper,

Come where the pots hold more,

Come where the boss is a bit of a joss,

Come to the pub next door.

Right away back in my early school days there was another good tune wedded to some poor words. I only dimly recollect, but the song had to do with a prevailing fashion—the Dolly Varden hat and curls. One line of the doggerel was:—

"If you're out of fashion you'd better leave the world."

Fashion grips the public, and there seems no way of resisting it, though I do remember the women did speedily rebel against the villainous hobble skirts. That was an extreme case, but we see generally that fashion is sufficiently powerful to decree the inches which I notice are being won back, and I suppose to the benefit of the textile manufacturers.

It is fashion that has brought about a great change in the City. Fashion says

that if women want to be "in the fashion" (and most do) they must do their shopping in Oxford Street or Brompton Road or Kensington High Street. This has caused a revolution in the City. It has closed down many businesses—these are now dead. Others are not dead, but have found a reincarnation by "going West." The latest example is one of the largest of the Stores who have "gone West."

St. Paul's Churchyard used to be a great spot for the retail drapery, but most of the firms have either closed entirely or are now only wholesale. Because of this a large block of buildings was thrown on the market. This building has been cut up into luxury flats and these, I notice, have been rapidly absorbed at rents from about £125 to £250 per annum. The building looks out upon the Cathedral and has been given the name of Wren's View. Such an immediate success has caused considerable stir and resulted in plans to erect flats in Crane Court, Fleet Street, and Fetter Lane.

One cannot tell how far this movement will go or whether it will be sufficient to help prop up what remains of the retail City trade. Life in the City need not be dull. Opportunities for sports are provided. There are hard tennis courts in Bishopsgate, and this year the Bishopsgate Institute is opening covered Badminton courts. It may be that we shall see considerable growth in the safety games, such as tennis, golf, badminton, and bowls, for many business houses are entirely fed up about the confusion to business caused by the thousands of people put out by road accidents.

We used to say:—

"No game was ever worth a rap for a valiant man to play

Into which no accident, no mishap, could possibly find a way."

Rugger football means lots of accidents, and if it is really thought necessary to continue to play the new style of cricket that also must imply accidents. So that unless the problem of the road accidents is solved the valiant games we are used to must give place to games which do not help to increase the frightful number of accidents.

R.E.H.

* * *

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

Julius Caesar, iii. 2.

Dramatic Society.

FOLLOWING the precedent set last year, the Committee and those members of the Dramatic Society who have taken part in productions and presentations during this past winter met at supper at the Woodlands on Thursday, March 28th. The Chairman of the Committee occupied the chair and presided over a gathering of 38.

The ladies excelled themselves in the provision of a substantial repast and are to be congratulated on the arrangements so well and so tastefully carried out. Following the loyal toast, the President proposed the toast of the Dramatic Society, and in doing so said:—

"I am here to-night as your guest. I am not even allowed to pay my footing, and I should like to tell you how greatly I appreciate the kindness you have shown in asking me to come and on insisting that I should come as your guest."

While my toast is the Dramatic Society—and I am not going to indulge in particulars—I am going to tell you that as far as my enjoyment was concerned, and so far as the enjoyment of everybody with whom I came into contact was concerned, on these occasions you put up two very efficiently-produced and altogether pleasurable shows, and I was very proud indeed that within our own organisation here at Calne we could attempt things of that sort and carry them out as you did with so much success and so much pleasure. I wonder if those of you who took journeys to Highbridge and Chippenham realised the pleasure it gave those branches. It was a most excellent and kindly gesture on your part to spare your time to go down there. It has left in those two places a certain knowledge that we do not keep all the good things to ourselves here in Calne.

Well, as I told you, my job is to propose the toast of the Dramatic Society, and to couple with it the name of the Chairman, Mr. Olsen, and our friend, Mr. Bromham. Without a chairman you cannot get on; without a producer you cannot get on; and while I am going to mention no names, I should like to say how much we all appreciated the work of those who worked in producing, in making the business arrangements,

in seeing that the electric light and the scenery and everything else were in order; and we like Mr. Bromham for his own sake, his character and his personality, and for representing all the players.

The dramatic spirit is inherent in all of us, and I am almost tempted to give my first dramatic experience. I have very distinct recollections of the first and only time that I appeared on any stage in a play. On that occasion I performed the part of Sam Slithervick. The title of the play was "Sam Slithervick's Baby." I can assure you that as I was then just about nine years of age my performance of a father left much to be desired, and that evening stands out in my memory for one very enjoyable thing. There was a great singer at this concert who afterwards became world famous. She was, of course, a good deal older than I, but her voice was just being tried out on the evening that "Mr. Slithervick and his Baby" made their public bow.

It is a great pleasure to me to propose this toast of the Dramatic Society and to express the hope that the success of this year will be the forerunner of greater and more oft-repeated successes."

Replying on behalf of the Society the Chairman said:—This is the second occasion on which we have met following, I think we might claim, successful productions.

Last year we regretted the absence of our President through business reasons, but to-night we are very happy to be able to welcome him here and to thank him for his kindness in sparing us an evening to gladden our festivities, in spite of all the demands which are made upon his time.

This is the third year of the Dramatic Section's career. The first big production which we put up was the "Hawleys of the High Street," and we are told that that was very well done. This was followed by the revue at the beginning of the year, which I think we all agree was unique both in its conception and its performance, and the credit is well earned by both players and those who worked so hard behind the scenes to make it the success that it was.

After that came the "Ghost Train." Personally, I think that this was our masterpiece. The team work of all the players was excellent, and if one can judge by the remarks we have heard and the letters we have received both from our own people,

outside sources, and from a contemporary, the show was a real success.

I would like to pay a tribute to the unfailing help and encouragement which all efforts connected with the H.W.A. receive from the hands of our President. Indeed, it is only by his kind consideration and support that this section finds itself where it is to-day.

Mr. J. E. Bromham, the hon. secretary, also responded, and in the following terms:—I really do not know why I have been commanded to speak to-night, unless it is because I am supposed to provide the comic relief. You all know that one of the stock comedy tricks of authors and playwrights is to place a certain character in rather uncongenial situations. Well, in this case, I am the character in a very uncongenial situation.

First of all I should like to thank Mr. Bodinnar not only for his kind words to-night, but also for his help and encouragement, which we are ever sure of receiving.

The Revue Party had two most enjoyable trips to Highbridge and Chippenham in the New Year, and I take this opportunity on behalf of the Society of thanking Mr. Bodinnar for them, because it was due to his generosity that we were able to go.

Our success this year is due, I think, more to keenness on the part of every individual than to any outstanding ability on the part of a few.

In order to stage a show a good deal of deep thinking has to be done, and in a world of shallow thinkers surely this is a good work. The portrayal of a character calls for a study of human nature, and the study of human nature is the duty of everyone of us all. Then the entertainment we give to our fellow men must not be under estimated. Laughter is a wonderful thing, but it is all too scarce.

If we know that we have made people happy for a short while I think that should be ample reward for all our efforts.

I should like to say to Mr. Bodinnar that we thank him sincerely for all he has done for us and for all we hope he is going to do for us in the future.

Mr. G. C. Brown, the Vice-Chairman of the General Committee of the H.W.A., proposed the health of the President in a felicitous manner.

My task, he said, is to propose the health of our President. Your Committee

ought to have been able to select somebody who was a fluent speaker for a job like this, but after hearing Mr. Olsen and Mr. Bromham there is really little for me to say, but I want to take the opportunity, if I may, of departing from the usual way of proposing a toast of this sort.

We know Mr. Bodinnar is a man of many talents, one of which we all know well is his ability to make everybody with whom he comes into contact happy. There is another talent which he has and which some of us have every reason to know well. I refer to his ability to spur us on. He is always urging us to do better than we have done before. This does not only apply to business, it applies equally well in Welfare Work. Only a few days ago he wrote a letter to me as chairman of the General Committee, urging the Committee to make fuller use of the Woodlands.

We will, as usual, follow his instructions to the best of our ability, and we will make this place a real social home, and he must not be surprised if the Committee call upon him for his assistance to make it a bit more comfortable. Having said that, I can only repeat what previous speakers have said, how pleased we are to see our President here to-night. Mr. Bodinnar has been in London again to-day—I happen to have been connected with him in some of the work at Thames House, and I know what his difficulties are and how very little leisure he gets, and it is a sacrifice for him to give up one of his few spare evenings to come and join us in these social activities.

Replying to the toast, which was received in the usual enthusiastic manner, Mr. Bodinnar said:—

Thank you very much. As far as the Woodlands is concerned, and as far as our general work as H.W.A. is concerned, I am not yet satisfied. Nor are you. I want to see this house being used not only for your rehearsals and your meetings and for other things, but I want it to be what my friends put in my mind before our proceedings in this room commenced. I want it to have something of the atmosphere of a Club-house, and I hope the General Committee will do this, and that they will come to me, and to this end I challenge the chairman of the General Committee. I want to see a room here where the girls who may like to come together in the evening to talk or to sew or to write can meet, and I want a place where

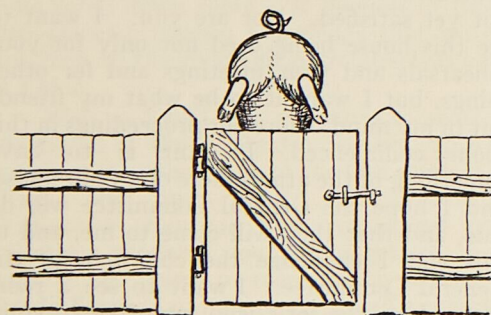
men can come, and if they want to study quietly and write I want them to do so, and have books to read.

In a small place like Calne there are many people who are away from their homes, and I have always thought that this wonderful house could be developed and, in fact, become in some respects a sort of second home. It ought to be possible to have some real discussions or that sort of thing which would arise, and I should very much like to see this house being made use of.

Thank you very much for your kind wishes and for the way you drank the toast. I do ask you to believe that occasions like this and my associations with you are among the most precious things that I have in my life, and an evening like this, when we are looking at each other and enjoying each other's company (at least I am enjoying yours), does give me a real fillip to do my job of work. To-day, sitting through long and weary hours of discussion with the Pigs Marketing Board, I remembered with pleasure this coming over to Calne to-night to meet some of my friends.

At the conclusion of the supper and toasts Miss V. Woodward (hon. secretary), on behalf of the "Ghost Train" cast, presented Mr. R. B. Swaffield with an ebony walking stick as a token of their appreciation of his work as producer and, after suitable acknowledgment had been made, the company adjourned to another room and spent the remainder of the evening in a social programme, consisting of songs, games, and dances.

SPORTING TERMS ILLUSTRATED.



Cricket—"Over the Wicket."

"IT IS THE PACE THAT KILLS."

The article written in the March number of the Harris Magazine, entitled "Speed," evidently came from the pen of an ardent motorist, so that a few words on behalf of those who use Shanks' Pony may not be out of place.

Your contributor asks whether the imposition of a 30 miles per hour speed limit will make the roads any safer?

The best answer to this query is obtained by referring to a recent broadcast of the Minister of Transport, in which he said:—"A car which can be pulled up in 26ft. at 20 m.p.h. would require 104ft. in which to pull up at 40 m.p.h., with brakes in good order on a dry road. The chances of avoiding a sudden obstacle, such as a child stepping in front, become less and less as the speed is increased."

In the same article our friend asserts that unless the pedestrian and driver are alert 5 miles per hour can prove just as dangerous as fifty.

Let us refer again to the Minister's broadcast. He said:—"Speed can not only cause accidents but is an actual measure of their gravity. A car travelling at 20 m.p.h. would hit a pedestrian with four times the force of the same car travelling at 10 m.p.h. Double the speed and you quadruple the force of the blow."

These days with pedestrians it is a case of the survival of the quickest.

I could take your contributor to wide trunk roads where there is such a constant stream of fast-moving traffic that one can seldom attempt to cross the road with any degree of certainty that the other side will be reached.

If I were Minister of Transport my contribution towards safer highways would be the building of numerous refuges at short intervals, so that those crossing the road might have a "breather" in the middle.

Finally, let us ask ourselves, without bias, whether excessive speed is a menace to human life. We are bound to admit that the answer is in the Infirmary (or the Mortuary).

For safety's sake I hope that the Editor will allow me to sign myself

DEUX PIEDS.

March 14th.

A Trip to Egypt.

TO THE PYRAMIDS.

This heading, under which I am about to write, needs no note of introduction, but the way in which we get there has been much modernised since I was there last with the mechanical age. That is to say we take a tram marked "To the Pyramids" (instead of a camel). We have but a few minutes to wait for one on the corner of the Bonlac. Ah! here it comes. We get in, making ourselves comfortable. We pass over the Bonlac Bridge—this bridge crosses the river Nile. Now we are in Gezira, which, by the way, is a beautiful island, typically Eastern, grass and palm trees everywhere. Really up-to-date flats comprise the residences of quite a number of British officials. Next we pass beautifully-kept gardens, Gezira Sporting Club, and a modern type of cafe on the left.

The next point of interest is the Zoo, of which more at a later date. Now we pass through Geza and more native quarters, although composed of quite a number of cafes patronised by Europeans, bands playing all the time, making us feel our lives are worth living in being in such glorious sunshine.

The area now on both sides of the tram rails is cultivated and, need I say, how grand it is to see such after so much sand. Also, scattered along this road, which is known as the Mena Road, are dwelling bungalows, all in view of the Pyramids. We can see them in the distance about four miles away I should think, and a straight road, too. In a few minutes we shall be there, and then for a bottle, be it lemonade or something confirming the advertisement "Beer is best." Whatever it is it will be greatly acceptable. Oh! my thirst in these far-off lands.

Alight now, my dear. By the way, have a little thought for my wife as she only weighs 25 stone. She won't be much use for Messrs. Harris when we return if we hustle her like we have been doing in this heat.

I enquire what village is this, and they tell me Mena, and Mena House Hotel is up there on the right. That being so, we made a "bee-line" for it. We have a "sit down" to prepare for a ride on a camel up to the Pyramids; and how majestic they look

with a charm and real welcome to Egypt.

So here's to my next article when we shall tour the Pyramids. I would write more now, but am touring England. So, cheerio! LESSA.

(To be continued).

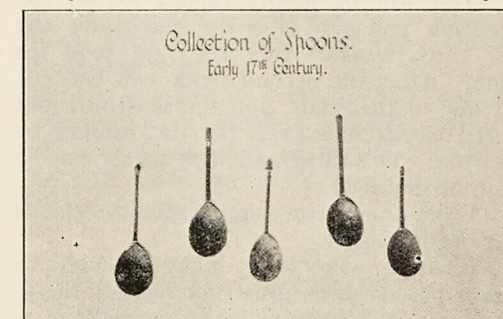
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The New and the Old.

The collection of spoons shown this month belong to a later period than those shown previously, and have been identified as being of the early 17th century.

Four of the specimens have the maker's trade mark stamped in the bowl, and unlike the earlier ones shown in the previous issue, are made of latten, or Britannia metal.

As a general rule spoons of this period are found without the "rat-tail" rib at the



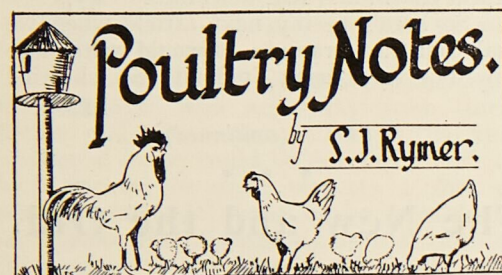
bottom of the bowl, and this, perhaps, can be said to arise from the fact that the makers were beginning to use harder metals than pewter. Many of them, however, show a great improvement in artistic design and craftsmanship, and numbers are found with the handle terminating in ornamental chase-work which frequently takes the shape of a draped figure. Another interesting fact of these 17th century specimens is that the bowls are more round and more dished than the earlier ones, and in every way they show a marked improvement, which indicates the progress of the maker's art.

A.B.

* * *

OUR SECRET NAVY.

We have seen a letter addressed to a ship not on the published Navy List:—"H.M.S. Inspector of Taxes."



The first consideration this month must be the feeding of the growing stock. I hope that all of you have had good luck with the hatching this season. Now the task will be to rear as many of the chicks as possible to maturity.

Do not try to rear your chicks amongst adult stock. The chicks will have a very rough time of it if you do. I should have given this warning last month.

You will be amply repaid for all the attention you can give the chicks for the first three weeks. Buy the best food for them. After the second week you can cut out one of the feeds, and for the third and fourth weeks five feeds per day should be the rule. The third and fifth meals can be grain or dry feed.

From one to two months give the chicks four feeds daily.

Readers who were lucky enough to obtain broody hens must not neglect them. Of course, the hens will always pick up a little of the chicks' food, but this will not be sufficient. They must be given extra food, which may be mash or large maize. Do not forget the water. The supply of water is one of the most important considerations in chick rearing. Do not put the water in shallow vessels near hens in coops; the hens will certainly tread on the edge and upset the lot. Buy, or make, proper drinking fountains. You will then lose no chicks by drowning.

It is possible to rear chicks intensively, and there is something to be said in favour of this method. But, wherever possible, there is nothing like rearing chicks out of doors. With a nice grass run, good food at regular intervals, water, and plenty of sunshine and fresh air, your young stock should be very happy and healthy.

Chickens which are hatched towards the end of March and during April should be easier to rear than those brought out earlier

in the year. The sun is gaining in power, and chicks reared out of doors will not receive any serious check to progress. There will be plenty of insects in evidence, also the young grass, which is so beneficial.

As the weather gets hotter you must study the comfort of the birds. Keep drinking water out of the sun, provide plenty of shade, and do your best to keep stock free from vermin. Give the last feed in the cool of the evening.

Those with plenty of land will be well advised to keep the rearing ground fresh. Of course, you may find that for some reason or other the ground chosen does not suit the birds. In that case do not reserve that particular piece of ground, but try a fresh area the following season.

Lettuce and spring onions, finely chopped, make a very welcome addition to the chicks' food.

Provide plenty of chick grit. Without grit the chicks cannot get the goodness out of their food.

Small poultry keepers usually do not like to destroy any of their stock, however weak the chicks may be. These weakly birds are much better out of the way, much as it goes against the grain to kill them, because they never do any good.

I intended to go into the housing question, but I think that such an important matter had better be left over until next month, when more space will be available to devote to it. It is to be hoped that every poultry keeper realises that success depends as much upon the housing as upon the breeding and feeding of the stock.

At the time of writing eggs are very cheap indeed, but it may be of interest to readers of these notes to know that chicks have been in great demand this season. Early in March I wrote to several breeders for day-old Rhode Island Reds and received a similar reply from each—no chicks available until April, and only then by booking in advance the number required.

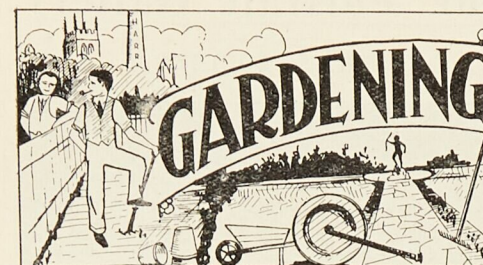
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GENEROSITY.

An Aberdonian on being asked "What would you give to be a millionaire?" replied, "I'd gie a thousand pounds."

* * *

Only one couple out of every thousand married people live to keep their golden wedding.



FLOWER GARDEN.

About this time the early spring bulbs begin to look untidy. Hyacinths and Tulips can be lifted and re-planted in an out-of-the-way spot to die down naturally. Daffodils, Snowdrops, and Crocuses may be left in the ground undisturbed. Flower beds not manured in the autumn should be dressed with well-rotted manure now. This should be well forked in before planting. Prepare borders for bedding plants and bed out as weather permits. Spring perennials like Primroses, Polyanthus, and Daisies can be lifted to make way for summer flowers and set in a reserve part of the garden to grow on during the summer.

Plant out Dahlias at the end of the month if the weather is favourable. Star Dahlias make good bedding plants for massed colour effect. Sow Sweet Peas in the open for succession.

VEGETABLE GARDEN.

Make a further sowing of Broad Beans if desired. Globe Beet sown in frames should be thinned out to 8 ins. apart. Sow the outdoor main crop of beet. Plant out the Broccoli seedlings in well-prepared soil. Make a further planting of Brussels Sprouts. Earth up Potatoes as necessary. Transplant Celery. Sow Lettuce for succession, thinning out the seedlings. Sow Peas during this month for use in the late summer. Make frequent sowings of Turnips and cover them with grass clippings to discourage the turnip fly.

SOIL.

Now a word about soil. Soil is not dead matter, but is full of living bacteria which need air and moisture in order to perform their duties. All soil, heavy or light, must be brought into good condition by some improvement of the natural texture. This is brought about in a natural way by the falling of leaves or the decay of plant tops, both of which add humus to the surface soil. The

digging in of stable manure is the usual method. The effect of adding humus is to make light soil moister and to make heavy soil lighter in texture and more porous, so that air penetrates to the plant roots. Cow and pig manure are ideal for sandy gardens.

The chief plant foods are phosphates, nitrogen, and potash. They are essential for every kind of plant. Other essential plant foods include water, sulphates, oxygen, iron, soda, and chlorides.

NITROGEN is the leaf-forming food. It makes a plant larger and encourages quick development of leaves and stems. If it is applied too heavily to flowers it has the effect of making the plant larger and delay the flowering until after the frosts arrive.

PHOSPHATES are the plant foods which produce flowers and fruit. They can, therefore, be applied freely in the flower garden and orchard, and are also useful in the vegetable garden for cauliflowers, peas, and beans, but not for cabbage as an excess of phosphates in this instance would quickly send them to seed.

POTASH acts as a tonic. It is essential to the health of the plant and fights diseases.

May I add that these plant foods are useless in most cases without the presence of lime in the soil.

GARDENER.

MAY GARDENING.

Last month we had Potatoes, Carrots, and Parsnips under review. If the readers of this article contemplate exhibiting their produce they must be prepared to nurse and protect their seedlings from likely dangers. This will involve much thought, time, and labour. Seeds should not be put in the ground and left to take their chance.

During March we sometimes experience warm weather, and the early sunshine may excite gardeners to be in too much of a hurry to do their planting. Then, alas! the blackthorne winter supervenes, and the result is yellow tips and blighted plants, which take a long time to recover. For years I have endeavoured to plant my seeds in the open ground during the first two weeks of April. By following this rule I have found that the growth of the young plants is not checked. These should be thinned out when large enough to handle, as overcrowding will cause sickly and long-stemmed plants.

The planting of French Beans will occupy

our attention at the beginning of this month. Here especially, overcrowding should be avoided, both for the welfare of the beans and for the crop as a whole. Some well-decayed manure should be dug well in the bottom of a trench, and then fill it with good soil. Do not on any account use new manure, especially stable manure, in the trench unless it be months before the ground is required for use. The heat from the latter will be responsible for yellow leaves and unhealthy plants.

For early exhibitions select a few dozen plants of a good variety which have been raised in boxes and allowed to harden off in the open air. Plant these quite 18ins. apart in the trench. If, however, you choose to sow in the open ground, put in a few extra beans to allow for the likely harm caused by garden pests. Then, if necessary, thin out severely at a later date, leaving a space of 12ins. between each plant. Although this uprooting may seem a waste of plant life, the pod yield will prove that the action was worth while. Guard the young plants against late frosts.

Potato planting should be finished as quickly as possible. If the garden space is limited Brussels Sprouts or Broccoli can be grown between the rows of early Potatoes, provided sufficient room is left.

This being Jubilee year, red, white, and blue flowers will claim our attention in the flower garden. Geranium, Lobelia, and White Alyssum will come into their own again. Order these early and so make sure of your supply.

F.G.

* * *

THE GREATER NEED.

"The great question now before us," began the ponderous constituent.

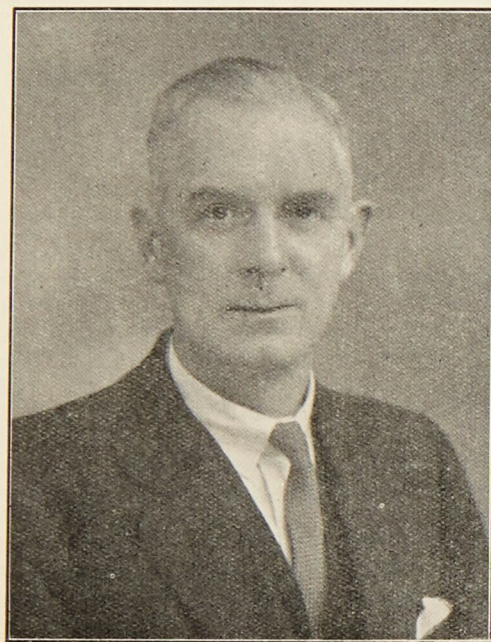
"We've got more questions on hand just now than we really need," interrupted Senator Sorghum. "Come around with an answer once in a while."

* * *

It is an undoubted truth that the less one has to do the less time one finds to do it in. One yawns, one procrastinates, one can do it when one will, and, therefore, one seldom does it at all; whereas those who have a great deal of business must, to use a vulgar expression, buckle to it—and then they always find time to do it in.—*Chesterfield.*

Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. S. LORIMER.



Our photograph this month is of Mr. Sidney Lorimer, our representative for Dundee and Aberdeen.

Mr. Lorimer joined the Company in March, 1915. He joined the colours and served in the Royal Artillery, being wounded at Ypres in 1917.

In his younger days Mr. Lorimer was a prominent athlete, and besides playing football and cricket for prominent Dundee teams, he came over the border for a short while to try his fortune with one of the leading English clubs, but he preferred to return to his "ain folk."

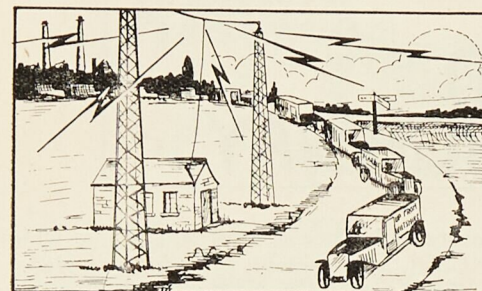
Mr. Lorimer has a splendid set of customers, who certainly give the lie to the many libellous tales of Scots hailing from Aberdeen and that part of the world.

* * *

Hissing is not permitted in Parliament. The rule forbidding it—"Whosoever hisseth shall answer for it at the Bar as a breach of order and contempt"—dates back to 1604.

* * *

Scorpions are known to have starved for 368 days, and spiders have existed for seventeen months without food.



SWANSEA CALLING.

I notice that Mr. Editor, speaking in his introduction to the various and many congratulations in the centenary number, referred to "now the ice is broken." I know, of course, he was speaking in metaphor, but for the life of me I know not whether it means to take the plunge into icy cold water or to disappear altogether. Anyhow we will hope for the best.

I want to say just a few words this month about a custom we have in Wales, and as it is Palm Sunday next Sunday, it is appropriate to mention it now. It is called Flower Sunday, and people who have lost loved ones make a point of carrying flowers to the graves of the departed. In no part of the British Isles is this custom so universally adopted as in Wales, and to pay a visit to any churchyard or cemetery on Palm Sunday is to witness a sight never to be forgotten.

The root and origin of this custom is in the dim and distant past, for the Welsh people are very superstitious and emotional, and their love of beauty in flowers and music is traditional and deep rooted.

In any case the business side of this very beautiful act is not overlooked, for thousands of Iris are cultivated by florists to be in flower by Palm Sunday.

I feel I must transgress a little more upon your valuable space, but there are one or two things I would like to mention.

I suppose among the many good things produced by the House of Harris none are a more fruitful source of amusement to us than the attempts by many customers to

pronounce Chipolatas. Some pronounce them Chipalota, some get as far as Chip-Chip—What is it? I say, "Chip of the old block." Anyhow, I would not have the name altered for anything. The young ladies in the Post-office, when one is sending a wire, get along very well until—Would you mind telling me what this is. CHIPOLATA?

Not heard on the wireless:—

A worker, not too fond of work, and wanting to go on the panel, went one day to his doctor. Says he, "Doctor, I want you to tell me in plain English what is the matter with me. I don't want any of these new-fangled names you have for illnesses."

The doctor replied with the curt expression, "Lazy."

"Here doctor," he said, "give me the technical name so as I can take it home to my old woman."

* * *

JUBILEE ODE.

To Thee, O King of Kings, we raise
With thankful hearts our humble praise
To Thou Who madest everything,
Great joy it is our praise to sing.

Great Britain's flag, the Empire's pride,
Flies over countries far and wide,
O'er land and on the boundless sea
That emblem floats of liberty.

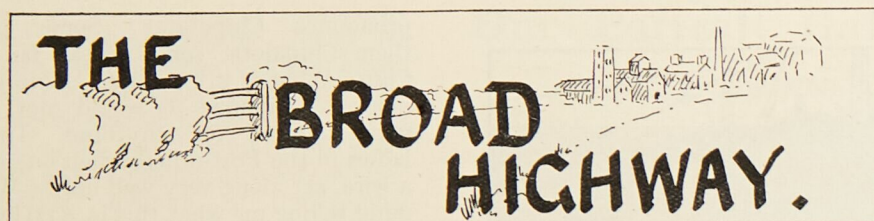
For this, O Lord, to Thee we owe
Faith, for the trust Thou did'st bestow
In Britons, who have ruled the wave,
By life and service of the brave.

Now in this special year of grace
Hear all the Empire's populace
Accord as one their thanks to Thee,
Upon the Silver Jubilee.

Thanks for our gracious King and Queen,
The years together we have seen,
As the blest family of the earth,
Loyal to parents, proud of birth.

Grant us, O Lord, our prayers again,
That long their Majesties may reign
In Thy full grace and perfect peace,
With blessings that may ne'er decrease

THOMAS H. HARVEY.



At the time of writing these notes for the May issue of the Magazine, our thoughts are chiefly filled with the coming Jubilee celebrations.

Quite apart from the loyal significance of this event, there will, undoubtedly, be a very considerable fillip to trade throughout the country. It is an undoubted fact that whenever any celebrations of this sort take place food always plays an important part. There will be thousands of lunches and teas given to children and old people at this time, and quite a lot of things of interest to us appear on the menus, such as brisket of beef and cooked ham. There seems to be a genuine desire to provide English fare wherever possible.

It will be interesting to see the displays which are staged by the stores throughout the country as there is no precedent to go by within the memory of the average trader.

As Royal Warrant holders we can feel that we are rather more intimately connected with Royal circles than is the case with most manufacturers, and in this capacity we send loyal greetings to His Majesty on the completion of 25 eventful years.

At the beginning of April the Annual Meetings of the Institute of Certificated

Grocers took place at Bournemouth, at which our Chief, as President, of course presided.

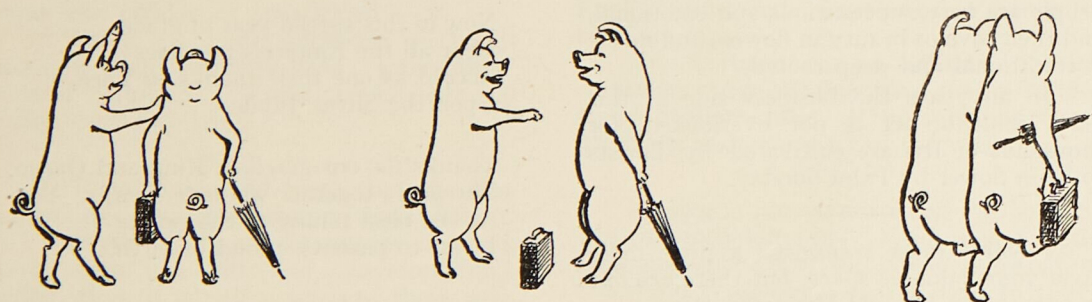
The various meetings and functions naturally attracted a good many prominent grocers from different parts of the country, and Mr. F. J. Kington had been successful in arranging a large number of Window Displays to advertise Harris products. There were very few directions in Bournemouth where the delegates were likely to go where Harris goods could not be seen, which should do a great deal of good.

In addition to the window displays we had two demonstrations in progress to give added prominence to Harris products.

Many interesting letters are being received in response to the advertisements in the National Press. One feature we have noticed is that the advertisements appear to act as an invitation to confirmed invalids to burst into verse on the subject of Chicken and Ham Roll in the hopes of receiving a tin as a reward.

* * *

It was with regret that the Van Sales Department said good-bye to Miss Camilla Palandri on March 30th, 1935. Her many friends wish her health and happiness in the profession she has adopted at Queen Mary's Hospital, Carshalton, Surrey.



No. 1.—“See that Heading up there my boy?”

No. 2.—“What, The Broad Highway?”

No. 1.—“Yes, now why is it like all Harris Products?”

No. 2.—“I’ll give it up, why?”

No. 1.—“Because it is a thorough Fare that goes everywhere.”



LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

“Tents in Mongolia,” by Henning Haslund.

Mr. Henning Haslund was one of a small band of Danish pioneers who went to investigate the possibilities of farming and trading in Mongolia. Dr. Krebs, the leader of the expedition, had previously been in Mongolia, and was greatly attracted by the district of Bulgun Tal, where they proposed to have their headquarters. The author gives a vivid account of their journey across the Sable Plateau to Bulgun Tal, and their tasks of building a house and farm buildings, cultivating the land, and establishing a connection with the trappers. The customs and habits of the Mongols make very interesting reading, and also the account of Mr. Haslund's arrest and imprisonment by the Soviet officials when he crossed the frontier on one of his trading expeditions.



The Terriers of Bath visited us at Lickhill on March 9th, and the game resulted in a draw of 1 goal all. Bad weather handicapped play. Dorothy Holley scored our only goal.

At Melksham, on March 16th, we won a good game against the Avon Rubber Co., by 2 goals to 1. This was quite a meritorious win as our opponents are reckoned a strong side. I. Hunt and M. Angell scored for us.

On March 23rd, at Lickhill, we had a runaway win of 8 goals to 3 over Shrivenham. This result was unexpected, but it was deserved. Our forwards played very well indeed, particularly the outside left, Irene Hunt. Her bursts through were speedy,

skilful, and spectacular, and many goals resulted from her fine work. She scored 3 goals; G. Barton 2, F. Henly 2, and D. Holley 1 also contributed. Again rain was a spoil-sport and soaked the players. Matches versus Swindon on March 2nd, and Melksham on March 30th, were scratched.



Playing against Trowbridge on March 2nd with only ten men, we only lost by the odd goal in five. This was quite a good performance as Trowbridge is a team quite capable of inflicting heavy defeats on opponents. We were leading 2—1 at the interval, but our weakened defence could not withstand the determination of our visitors in the second half. Heath and Swaffield scored for Harris'.

On March 16th we had what is always a pleasure, a visit from Marlborough. A splendid game resulted in a win for the visitors by 4 goals to 2. Heath and Haines scored our goals. A. Dixon played wonderfully well as centre-half and greatly impressed our opponents. Opportunities for scoring came the way of our forwards, but they failed to take advantage of them through bad positioning. It was quite our own fault that at least a draw was not the result.

Visiting Swindon on March 23rd, we forced a draw against the Town Club, on the County Ground. Our defence did well to keep the scoring against us to one goal. Our equaliser was from the stick of Swaffield.

* * *

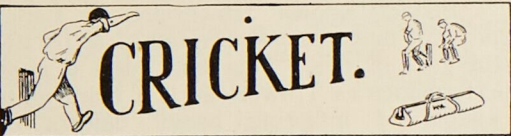
Two copies of every Act of Parliament are printed on vellum, and one, which is kept amongst the Rolls of Parliament, is endorsed with the Royal Assent; the other goes to the Record Office.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL FOOTBALL FOR THE "BODINNAR" CUP.

The following is the programme for the above Tournament, which commences on May 7th:—

- 1.—May 7th.—Retort, &c., v. Kitchen.
- 2.—May 8th.—Warehouse, &c., v. Boning &c.
- 3.—May 9th.—Office v. Maintenance.
- 4.—May 10th.—Winner of 1 v. winner of 2.
- 5.—May 13th.—Winner of 3 v. Slaughter and Printing.
- 6.—May 15th.—Winner of 4 v. Winner of 5. (Subject to the President's convenience).

The games will be played on the field adjacent to the Recreation-ground and with the kind permission of the Calne Town Council and the Committee of the Calne and Harris Football Club.



By the time the May Magazine is issued we shall be turning our thoughts to Cricket.

We cannot say that last season was by any means successful, when 7 matches were won and 12 lost. With good fixture lists before us our aim will be to eclipse the record season of 1927, when only three matches were lost.

This ideal can only be brought about by concentrating on regular practice. We hope this season to have Mr. S. L. Drewell to act as coach one night each week and it is up to us to see that he has regular support. Each member should make it his duty to attend at least one practice per week.

The Harris Cricket Club is one of the oldest sections of the H.W.A., and has also been one of the happiest gatherings in the past. Let our slogan be both on and off the field our President's watchword: "Each for all and all for each."

We shall welcome new members and any suggestions with regard to making our practices enthusiastic. At the same time we would like to remind all interested that the playing facilities at Lickhill, both for practices and matches, will be better than ever this year. We hope to see increased numbers taking advantage of this fact.

- Fixtures for May are as follows:—
- 1ST XI.
- May 4th.—Avon Sports Club, home.
- " 11th.—G.W.R., Swindon, 2nd XI., away.
- " 18th.—Savernake, away.
- " 25th.—Warminster, away.
- 2ND XI.
- May 11th.—Spye Park, home.
- " 18th.—Goatacre, home.
- " 25th.—Seagry, home.
- " 29th.—Heddington, home.

Our Redruth friends keep hens and ducks, The P.O. has red tape, The wire said, "Rail 149 trucks," Which left us all a-gape.

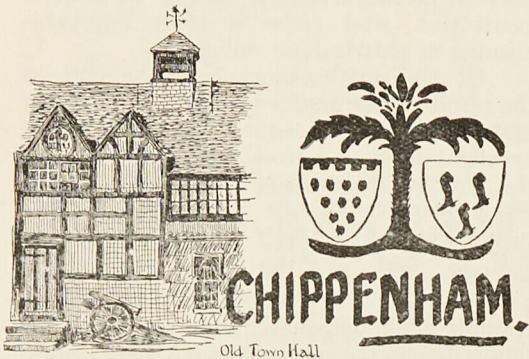


TENNIS FIXTURES, 1935. 1ST STRING.

- May 4.—Chippenham (h) Result.
- " 11.—Malmesbury (h)
- " 18.—Swindon, G.W.R. (a)
- " 25.—Bath, Southdown (h)
- June 1.—Corsham (a)
- " 8.—Swindon, Okus (h)
- " 15.—Calne (a)
- " 22.—Marlborough (h)
- " 29.—Chippenham (a)
- July 6.—Trowbridge, Westbourne (a) ...
- " 13.—Bath, Southdown (a)
- " 20.—Calne (h)
- " 27.—Marlborough (a)
- Aug. 3.—Corsham (h)
- " 17.—Malmesbury (a)
- " 24.—Swindon, G.W.R. (h)
- " 31.—Chippenham, Saxby's (a)
- Sept. 7.—Chippenham, Saxby's (h)
- " 14.—Trowbridge, Westbourne (h) ...
- " 21.—Swindon, Okus (a)

- 2nd STRING. Result.
- May 11.—Malmesbury (a)
- " 18.—Swindon, G.W.R. (h)
- " 25.—Bath, Southdown (a)
- June 1.—Holt (h)
- " 8.—Swindon, Okus (a)
- " 15.—Swindon, Garrards (h)
- " 22.—Swindon, Wills' (a)
- July 6.—Swindon, Garrards (a)
- " 13.—Bath, Southdown (h)
- " 20.—Holt (a)
- " 27.—Swindon, Wills' (h)
- Aug. 17.—Malmesbury (h)
- " 24.—Swindon, Wills' (a)
- " 31.—Chippenham, Saxby's (h)
- Sept. 7.—Chippenham, Saxby's (a)
- " 14
- " 21.—Swindon, Okus (h)

Friends Elsewhere.



Such an occasion as the Royal Jubilee, affords one the opportunity of making a survey into the past, and we think it may be of interest to our friends elsewhere to know what progress our Ancient Borough of Chippenham has made during the past 25 years.

Owing to the expansion of the Town the Borough was considerably extended in 1914.

In 1911 a Public Hall was provided, with stage and dressing-rooms, having a seating capacity of 600.

The old custom of holding Cattle markets in the street has been largely discontinued, and these are now held in a properly-equipped and enclosed yard for cattle and poultry.

Our Corporation has also provided an excellent Public Park of about 14 acres, containing tennis courts, bowling green, and various amusements for children. Probably the most beautiful of any to be found in towns of a similar size.

During recent years the inhabitants have been provided with a Public Library, and ratepayers may enjoy the privileges of this free of cost.

There is also an Ambulance ready for immediate use in case of accidents and other cases, and the Fire-brigade is provided with a Leyland motor engine, which is a contrast to the horse-drawn vehicle in use 20 years ago.

To ensure the efficiency of the staff the Council discontinued appointing part-time officers and made all appointments whole-time.

The question of housing has always received the Council's most earnest consideration, and it is with pride we report their achievement in this direction. The

first Council houses were built in 1914, and the total number of houses built under the various Acts is 414, and a further 96 will shortly be commenced, making a total of 510. Many street improvements have been carried out, with the result that private enterprise has been greatly encouraged, and no less than 809 houses have been built through private enterprise alone. The following figures may give the reader some idea of the progress Chippenham has made in solving its share of the housing problem:—

| DATE. | NO. OF HOUSES. |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1935 ... | 2,500 |
| 1909 ... | 1,277 |
| | 1,223 New Houses. |
| Council Houses ... | 414 |
| Private Enterprise | 809 |
| | POPULATION. |
| 1909 ... | 5,000 |
| 1931 ... | 8,493 |
| Present estimate | 8,900 |

Chippenham is also fortunate in having an abundant supply of water from a well which yields 3,000,000 gallons per week. Practically the whole of this is pumped. Ten years ago the weekly consumption was 1,750,000 gallons. In view of the continued growth of the town an additional well is being sunk.

The above deals with the social progress of the town. In another issue we hope to give an account of the industrial progress attained during a similar period of years in which our firm has played an important part.

(We are indebted to A. Strand, Esq., Town Clerk, for the figures, &c., he has been good enough to give us).

In anticipation of the football match with our Highbridge friends on March 31st, 1935, the football section of the Welfare Association arranged a match with the Chippenham Rovers Juniors, and through the courtesy of the Chippenham Rovers Football Club, this was played on their ground on Wednesday, March 20th, 1935.

Mr. James Baker very kindly officiated as referee and we take this opportunity of congratulating him on the fair and capable way he controlled the game. Owing to the limited amount of daylight available after business it was only possible to play thirty minutes each way. Our captain (G. Warne)

won the toss and decided to kick down the ground with the sun behind his men. It was a perfect evening with no breeze to favour either side.

The Rovers kicked off and made straight for goal. Heath made a good attempt to foil the opposing forwards, but the ball glanced off his foot and Butler was called upon to make the first clearance. Warne then made an effort to take play to the other end, but he was checked and a smart movement by the Rovers forwards was spoilt by the ball going outside.

The Rovers continued to press and a fine shot from their outside left hit the crossbar of an unguarded net. A few minutes later they were awarded a corner through Blanchard mis-kicking. This was cleared and from the goal-kick play went to the other end, where some fine work by Williams was wasted through the ball going outside.

Once more the Rovers resumed the offensive and forced another fruitless corner. Play became a little more even, both Warne and Hanks making attempts to score. Hesitation in our defence enabled the Rovers to open the score with a fine shot from their outside right. A few minutes after this reverse the whistle went for half-time. Scores :—

ROVERS 1
WILTSHIRE BACON CO. 0

Immediately after the resumption our team forced a corner without result. A keen struggle developed and forceful play on the part of the Rovers found our keeper out of goal, but the situation was saved by Wright, who made a great clearance. Chippenham now resumed the attack and Helps was conspicuous in this attempt, Cheesman also doing some very useful work. Exchanges continued even, but our opponents made an effort to get away, but Burchell managed to rob them and send play into their half where a keen struggle ensued, and through an offence by the opposing defence a penalty was awarded. The kick was taken by Lem, who made no mistake in finding the net. Fast and open play featured the concluding stages of the match, with no more scoring. Result :—

CHIPPENHAM ROVERS JUNIORS... 1
WILTSHIRE BACON CO. 1

SKITTLES.

On Friday, March 1st, we journeyed to Lacock, at the invitation of the Workmen's Institution, and spent a most enjoyable evening at skittles and billiards.

Of the skittles much could be said, as the result of the match provided us with our first win for three seasons. Our team was in excellent form and from start to finish had the play in their favour, winning all three legs. Scores :—

CHIPPENHAM ... 112 107 101—320
LACOCK 103 89 98—290

At billiards we were not so successful, winning only one match out of four. We tender to our Lacock friends our best thanks for the excellent way they entertained us.

The return match was played on Friday, March 15th, and everyone was optimistic of our ability to prove that the victory a fortnight previous was not a "flash in the pan," and with the advantage of our own alley, we hoped to pull off our second win of the season. But it was not to be so. Lacock played from the start with a determination to wipe out their defeat, and were successful in winning all three legs from us. Scores :—
LACOCK 93 105 107—305
CHIPPENHAM ... 89 84 95—268

VISIT TO HIGHBRIDGE.

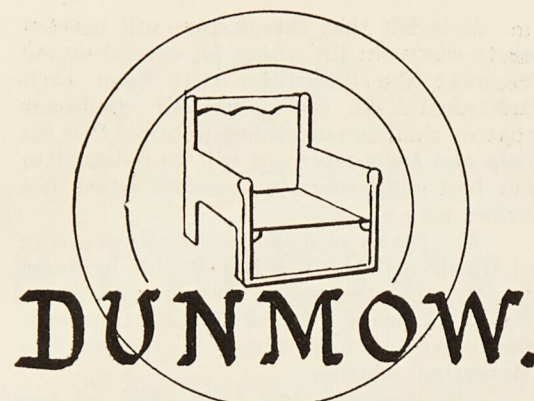
On Saturday, March 30th, 1935, a representative party of the Office and Factory staff, including our manager, Mr. W. V. Long, and Mr. J. G. Hooper, works manager, journeyed to Highbridge, where we were entertained by the Football Section of the Highbridge Welfare Association. Once again the purpose of our visit was to engage in friendly games of football and skittles.

We give our friends the privilege of recording these events, but we make this the opportunity of expressing to them our warmest thanks for the excellent way they entertained us, and we are looking forward to reciprocate their kindness when they visit us on May 4th, 1935. We also offer them our congratulations in winning both the football and skittle matches.

* * *

Parson: I hear that your new lodger is a vegetarian, Mrs. Binks?

Mrs. B. : Yes, I call him my herbaceous border.



We were very glad to welcome back to work on Monday, 18th, Mr. W. G. Spurgeon, who has been away eight weeks with bronchitis. We are happy to say he is now quite recovered.

We are very glad to see that the Editors have set aside a page of the Magazine each month for the kiddies. My boy is very keen on that particular page, and I have to read Aunt Susie's letter to him each month immediately I take the Magazine home. Well, all these things help to keep them interested and happy, which is good for them, so "Good luck, and long live Aunt Susie."

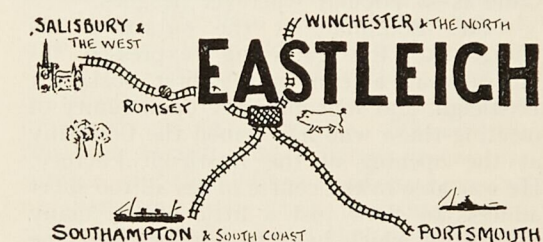
By the time these lines appear in print the Jubilee celebrations will almost be with us. The celebrations denote 25 years' reign of their Majesties the King and Queen. Every town and village, small or large, in the country, is going to do their bit, with torchlight processions, teas for the kiddies and old folks, &c., to show their appreciation and joy of these 25 years' perfect reign, marred only by one thing—the four years of the Great War. In this respect we at Dunmow are not going to be left behind. Of one thing I am sure, and that is that in all England their Majesties will not find a more loyal and appreciative band of subjects than those who are employed by the House of Harris and its associated companies, and I believe we shall all sing this year with even more vim and vigour than usual the words, "God save the King."

The Directors have already intimated that the day, May 6th, set aside as a public holiday in connection with the King's Jubilee, shall be given to the men with full pay, and for this kindly act we are grateful.

1934 saw the Silver Jubilee of the Dunmow Flitch Bacon Company, Limited, and I regret to say we let this pass unnoticed. It is too late to do anything about it now, I am sorry to say.

The present time finds us all here very busy with good pig supplies, and a wonderful outlet for our bacon. We leave behind nearly 26 years of continual progress, and we have not finished. We hope and believe we shall progress and prosper still more, and to this end we all work.

O.J.S.



Mr. Leslie Toogood was married to Miss E. Hillier at Calne, on Saturday, March 2nd.

Mr. Toogood was the recipient of a set of pictures, of original design, from the staff at Eastleigh. The good wishes of all are expressed in this gift for their future happiness.

We are able to report that an Eastleigh Works Council has been formed, the following members having been elected by ballot :—Messrs. B. Flynn, F. Gallop, R. Haines, R. Haddrell, and F. Martin. At the first meeting, which was held on March 1st, it was resolved to send loyal greetings to Mr. Bodinnar and a very hearty welcome to the social, which he had very kindly promised to attend.

On Saturday, March 9th, the first social of the employees, their friends, and wives was held in the Eastleigh Parish Hall, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. The event had been looked forward to with great pleasure, in view of Mr. Bodinnar's visit. On the morning of the 9th we awoke to a snow-storm, which was accompanied by a bitter east wind, but the coldness of the day did not decrease the warmth of the welcome to our Chief.

The evening opened with a short whist drive, following which the Butchers' Jazz

Band gave the concert a very good opening number. Various musical items were rendered by members of the staff, and these were interspersed with games and competitions, which were thoroughly enjoyed by all. Refreshments were provided during the interval by the ladies of the catering committee, to whom we tender our thanks for the able way in which this was carried out.

Mr. Bodinnar, in his usual cordial manner, had a cheering word to say to everyone, and those who met him for the first time realised on this occasion why our Chief is so popular wherever he goes.

Mr. Bodinnar, at the outset of his address to the gathering, expressed his pleasure at attending the first social at Eastleigh, and welcomed the opportunity of meeting those who had joined the Company at the opening of the Eastleigh Factory. He was able in the course of his all too short address to show just a little of the many difficulties which have had to be overcome in formulating the Pig and Bacon Schemes, and particularly emphasised the benefits as far as increase in employment was concerned. He also pointed out that we at Eastleigh were now part of a big family and, as such, would take our part in the various activities of the Company. He (Mr. Bodinnar) had now added to his list of friends in various factories and would now, when visiting other factories, be able to report the activities of his Eastleigh friends.

Mr. Bodinnar's generosity in his gift to form the nucleus of a Benevolent Society was accepted with grateful thanks. In making this announcement, Mr. Bodinnar referred to the benefits which the Bonus Scheme had given to the employees of the Company. He pointed out that it was nothing to do with wages, was not asked for, and was a free gift. The basis on which it was based was efficiency. He urged all who were participating in this Bonus Scheme to let the money remain in the Savings Scheme, and instanced a recent case whereby the provision for a rainy day provided by the Bonus Scheme a member's little son was restored to full health. With regard to the Benevolent Scheme, here again was a scheme which was designed to help over hard times. It was a scheme which covered the hardship caused during the first three days of illness, and he was certain it would prove a great benefit to all.

It is felt that this gesture will hearten all to carry out his wishes for careful saving to meet the difficulties that beset each individual. We can assure Mr. Bodinnar that we shall do our utmost to prove that his help and encouragement will be reflected in our best endeavours in the work which lies before us.

Mr. Taylor proposed a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Bodinnar for his kindness in attending the social, and specially mentioned the heavy demand upon his time with the extra work involved in the various Marketing schemes.

The evening came to a close all too quickly, and it is desired to thank all who contributed to the success of the event, which it is hoped will become an annual one.

It is with pleasure that we enter the "Darts by Post" competition, and our celebrated Dar(k)t Horses are already anticipating a keen struggle.

We are pleased that Bill Jannaway has now returned to work after an absence of some weeks owing to a poisoned hand, and that Cyril King has got over his attack of 'flu.

At the moment of writing we have no details of the King's Jubilee celebrations, but we understand that arrangements are being made to see that Eastleigh lacks nothing of the glamour of the occasion. We wish to record our grateful thanks to the Directors for granting a day's holiday, with full pay, on May 6th. EASTLEIGHAN.

OVERHEARD AT THE MEADOWBANK.

Calneite: Dree pints of Usher's.

Landlord: Sorry, we sell Brickwood's.

Calneite: Be that fouerpence a pint?

Landlord: No, sixpence.

Calneite: All right, dree pints. Where can we get a game of skittles, "Snow?"

Landlord: Skittles! My son has a set, but I didn't know men played. Where do you come from?

Calneite: We be up from the country. Thou didn't know men played skittles? Why, I be a champion. Well, canst play spoof?

Landlord: Spoof! Never heard of it.

Calneite: But I see thee play darts. Come on "Snow," I'll play thee fouer dree pints. W. JANNAWAY.



The Editor having advised us that this issue of the Magazine would be a special Silver Jubilee number, and requested that, if possible, our contribution should have some reference to the celebration of the 25 years' reign of our King and Queen, we must endeavour, in our humble way, to do honour to the occasion. Whilst, no doubt, during the coming weeks, much will be written, said, and done by those brilliant in their particular sphere to show honour and respect to their Majesties, we believe that the simple respect and love shown to our Royal Family by all classes of people, whatever their station in life or political opinion may be, would be acknowledged by those to whom the celebrations are dedicated as the highest honour.

In looking back over the years since the accession of their Majesties, those of us who remember the coronation ceremonies and celebrations can also, in our small way, review the tremendous upheavals which have since shaken the whole world. In these world affairs we have experienced the greatest war in the history of civilisation, and we alone of all the great monarchist countries have not only survived this terrible ordeal and still have our Royal Family at the head of our great Empire, but their position to-day is undoubtedly stronger than at any time during our history. The reason, we think, is not far to seek. Britishers the world over proudly proclaim to belong to "The land of the free," and it is this freedom from pomposity and over-riding which has enabled our Majesties to celebrate this year the Silver Jubilee. The great Austrian, German, and Russian dynasties were destroyed as a result of the trials and tribulations of the struggle of 1914-18, and to casual readers of history it would seem that the destruction was entirely due to the fact that the heads of the states were not in touch with the people, and when the hour struck

could not gain the moral and material support of the rank and file, without which it was impossible for them to continue. The average Britisher in thinking and speaking of the Royal Family looks upon them not as those who rule but rather as essential units of the system of freedom for which the British Empire stands, and also as units who take and do their fair share of the family responsibility and work.

Apart from the particularly Royal aspect of the past twenty-five years, we think we can be justifiably proud of the achievements for the betterment of the rank and file during this time. We often hear our older friends refer to the "Good old days," but we at the same time wonder whether they were so. Social services during the present reign have improved out of knowledge. Witness the National Health and Unemployment Insurance, and the Old-age Pensions Acts, and we have in these three measures alone sufficient to make us feel glad to have been alive in an age and a country where the sick, unfortunate, and aged are not pushed on one side by those more able to fend for themselves. Again the hours of labour have been reduced, with the consequent additional leisure for the worker, the better housing conditions, and in a hundred and one ways we can, if we care to look around and behold, get evidence of the tremendous strides which have been made to improve the conditions of the people.

Therefore, we may look on the Silver Jubilee celebrations not only as a tribute to our King and Queen, for 25 years of service to the citizens of the British Empire, but as a celebration of the improved conditions and welfare of all who call themselves British during their reign. So when May 6th arrives we can all say in heartfelt manner, "Long may they reign."

Whilst writing of the Silver Jubilee celebrations we, at Highbridge, feel we must acknowledge the patriotic action of the Directors in granting to us a day's holiday, with pay, communicated to us by Mr. Bodinnar, so that we shall be able to enjoy the day free from the thought of financial loss.

The annual general meeting of the Welfare Association was held on Monday, the 25th March, and was well attended.

Unfortunately, and to the regret of the members, our President (Mr. Bodinnar) was unable to be present, and in his absence Mr. Kidley presided. Mr. Kidley referred to the very great interest our Chief takes in the activities of the Welfare Associations at the factories, and which our members thoroughly appreciate, as Mr. Bodinnar has not only financially but morally assisted us by his presence at our functions on many occasions, at what must be great inconvenience at times to himself. Mr. Kidley, in submitting the Balance-sheet, was able to inform us that the financial affairs of the Association were in a healthy state, the balance in hand being nearly double that of twelve months ago. Good financial assistance had been rendered to the sports sub-sections, which had relieved members of some part of their responsibility, and he appealed to all to support the Association. The President and Vice-Presidents were re-elected en bloc unanimously, and Mr. H. C. Marsh was re-elected secretary, Mr. Kidley paying a tribute to his hard work, which was unanimously approved by all present.

We have to record this month an unusual number of absentees from work through accident and illness. Mr. Wm. Slater, the hard-working secretary of the Football and Skittle Clubs, has been laid aside and, we understand, will have to take a considerable rest. Mr. Jno. Llewellyn also has been compelled to cease work, and he will have to rest awhile and regain his normal strength. Mr. Edward Puddy has been the victim of a painful accident through falling from a cart during his work. Mr. Berkeley Young, who will be remembered by some of our Calne friends for his prowess in the races last year at the Annual Sports, is also laid up with an attack of influenza. To all these we would express our sincere sympathy, with the hope that they will soon be restored.

We had the pleasure of short visits from Mr. R. P. Redman and Mr. Bunston.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. Geo. Webb on attaining the dignity of "grandfather."

R.C.L.

* * *

"He rounded the square at an oblong angle," said a witness at Highgate, referring to a motorist.



Our congratulations are due this month to Mr. and Mrs. R. Long on the birth of a daughter. We are glad to learn that both mother and child are progressing well.

March 13th was a red-letter day in the history of Kidlington, for on that day we received our eagerly-awaited visit from Mr. Bodinnar. If proof was needed as to the Chief's interest in the welfare of every employee working at the branches, surely these periodical visits, made during a period of tremendous pressure of work, and mostly during his week-ends, provide this proof.

Speaking to a gathering of the office and factory staffs, Mr. Bodinnar said, "I want to see at Kidlington what we have at every other factory, and that is a Works Council, consisting of elected members of your staff, who once a month sit down in the Manager's room with him and bring to his notice anything of general interest and any suggestions that may be made for the good of everybody. A record of these meetings is then sent to me, and if there is anything that I can do in order to help the Works Council I always write the Manager concerned, arranging that that help shall be given."

"I should like also, at Kidlington, that a little later on there should be set up a Sick Benefit Society. The object of this Society is to fill in the gap between the time a man leaves work and the time he gets any benefit from the National Health Insurance Scheme. There is a little society of that sort at other factories, and I hope very much that it may be found possible to run a society of that sort here."

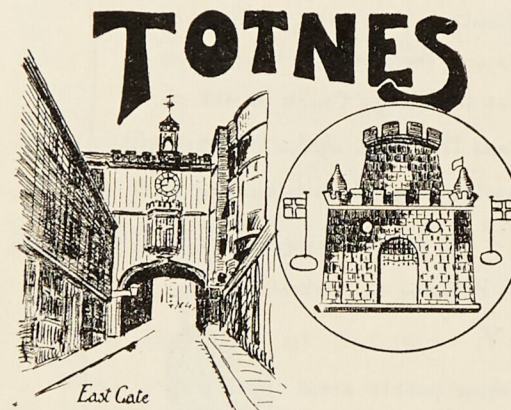
Mr. Bodinnar then passed on to the Bonus and Savings Schemes, and after explaining how and why the Bonus Scheme came into being said, "You will get the amount notified to you every month. I hope this announcement will give you

pleasure, and will show you that the firm is out to take an interest in those trying to serve it well." Mr. Bodinnar then made a strong appeal to all employees to make use of the Savings Scheme, saying that he knew of no finer investment in this country.

An announcement that we were to have a fairly large hut erected on the premises, to be used for mid-day meals and as a meeting place for games and socials during the evenings, was received with applause.

We congratulate Messrs. Lee, Little, and Onslow on their election to the newly-formed Works Council.

* * *



A recent editorial of this Magazine appealed to us to spend this historic holiday amongst our own people and not add to already congested areas. It is unnecessary to explain that "this historic holiday" refers to the Silver Jubilee, since during the month of May it will be constantly in all our minds. First of all, since a Jubilee is a season of great public joy and festivity, we are all very grateful that it is made possible for us to observe it as such.

At Totnes the utmost is to be done locally, both in celebrations and collections. There is to be a Mayoral procession and a procession of Guilds and Societies. Later in the day there will be tea for children and all people over 65, and it is suggested that a booklet, bearing the borough arms and with episodes of the King's reign, should be given in memory of the occasion. An open-air combined service will be held at the same time as the one in St. Paul's.

Devonshire will do all in its power, as was shown at a recent meeting at Exeter,

presided over by Lord Mildmay of Flete, when it was decided to leave all collections for the Prince of Wales' National Thanksgiving Fund in the hands of individual Mayors and Chairmen in their several localities, and Lord Mildmay said that he had set his heart on dear old Devonshire giving a splendid example to England.

We like our individuality at Totnes, and shall do our best to portray it on May the 6th.

We are proud to say that we passed this winter without a single day's illness in factory or office, so we contemplate adding three letters to our borough—SPA.

T.H.R.

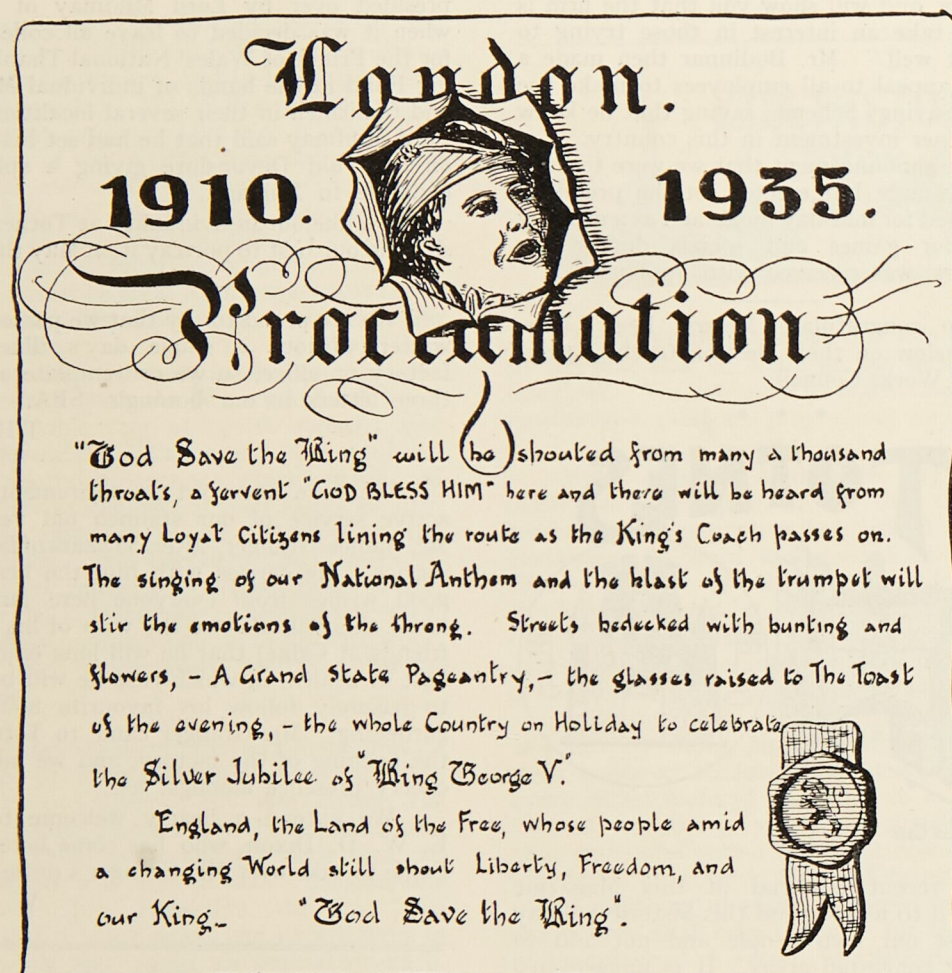
We have to record the retirement from active service of our staunch old veteran, Mr. James Granger, after 55 years of faithful service. He carries with him the heartiest good wishes from everyone here (and we know this will also be the wish of his many friends at Calne) that he will long enjoy the best of health, in which case he will be able to leisurely follow his favourite hobby of gardening. Mr. Granger came to Totnes at the opening of the factory, and we miss his cheery presence amongst us.

We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. E. W. D. Dixon, who has come here from Calne to take over Mr. Granger's duties.

W.J.T.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 2.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----|---|-----|---|-----|---|-----|---|-----|---|-----|---|-----|---|-----|---|-----|---|
| 1 | P | 2 | O | 3 | T | 4 | I | 5 | N | 6 | C | 7 | U | 8 | R | 9 | E |
| 11 | A | 12 | L | 13 | S | 14 | O | 15 | L | 16 | A | 17 | N | 18 | U | 19 | M |
| 21 | N | 22 | I | 23 | B | 24 | S | 25 | D | 26 | E | 27 | M | 28 | I | 29 | T |
| 31 | O | 32 | V | 33 | O | 34 | L | 35 | O | 36 | R | 37 | I | 38 | T | 39 | M |
| 41 | R | 42 | I | 43 | N | 44 | G | 45 | T | 46 | A | 47 | I | 48 | L | 49 | A |
| 51 | A | 52 | N | 53 | Y | 54 | O | 55 | R | 56 | C | 57 | S | 58 | E | 59 | C |
| 61 | M | 62 | E | 63 | E | 64 | S | 65 | C | 66 | A | 67 | P | 68 | A | 69 | D |
| 71 | A | 72 | A | 73 | R | 74 | C | 75 | L | 76 | E | 77 | V | 78 | E | 79 | R |
| 81 | T | 82 | Y | 83 | R | 84 | O | 85 | L | 86 | D | 87 | O | 88 | R | 89 | A |
| 91 | C | 92 | U | 93 | R | 94 | P | 95 | I | 96 | T | 97 | Y | 98 | E | 99 | T |
| 101 | O | 102 | N | 103 | M | 104 | E | 105 | D | 106 | O | 107 | C | 108 | R | 109 | E |



During the month of March there was great discussion in London over Epstein's statue of Christ. The first photograph of this appeared in a daily paper, curiously without any comment. To me it was one of the most horrible pieces of work that could be devised and was positively revolting to my sense of the beautiful. I was reminded of Mr. R. E. Harris' article on what was accepted as present day poetry in comparison with the delightful lines he quoted, and I wondered if our art was drifting into a grotesque form. I was anxious to read some comments on Epstein's work, for I could not think it could be applauded, and I found, while the majority of opinion condemned it, there was one, a clergyman, who should suggest a fitting place for it to be a Cathedral. I sincerely hope it will not find such a home,

for it certainly cannot be described as art, according to my dictionary, which states that art is "the human skill by which beautiful or perfect things are done or made," and I do most strongly protest that such a subject should be allowed to be exhibited in a form that is so revolting and hideous.

There is another form of art which I am glad to see is dying a natural death, and I refer to jazz. I do not mean the ordinary dance tunes, many of which have haunting melodies, but to what is known as "hot jazz." I have never heard a word spoken in its favour, and I know of nobody who wants it—yet, it is still being broadcast all over the country, and we have either to switch off our receiving sets or listen to a jumbled mass of unintelligible notes. Surely

this is not art. Curiously nobody seems to protest. The style of music writing has certainly varied at different dates, and in addition each composer has his own way of expression. To be able to compose is a great art, a sacred gift, and I do not like to see this develop into grotesque stunts.

One other matter that comes to my mind is our language. The B.B.C. have certain rules respecting pronunciation of certain words. Some of us may not agree in some instances, and probably we are both right, but during the last few years there has been an invasion into our language of certain meaningless American words. While perhaps, of necessity, a number of foreign words have crept in, I think we should look upon our language as a great gift to us. There is charm in its many dialects, there is beauty in its poetry, so let us guard it jealously. With the Silver Jubilee of their Majesties the King and Queen we shall have a feeling of patriotism and realise the greatness of this little England of ours. Let our patriotism extend to our mother tongue and keep our English language pure.

G.C.

A CENTURY OF CRIME.

Many people to-day seem to be despairing because they believe that a wave of crime is sweeping, or is about to sweep, the country. Indeed, if we are to take what appears in the Press as a true criterion we would inevitably be of the opinion that England is fast heading for the terrors of gangdom and moral decay.

To get a clear perception of the whole problem one must not turn to the sensation vendors, but we must review conditions of dealing with criminals during the past hundred years and compare facts and figures of crime then and now.

It was only one hundred years ago that men, women, and often small children were hanged for petty offences such as the stealing of goods valued at about five shillings. This went on for many years, and when a Bill was introduced into Parliament to stop this it was met with horror, and 700 bankers of this country signed a petition to say that if capital punishment was no longer the sentence for petty theft the whole banking system of the country would be undermined. This met with a certain amount of sympathy in Parliament, and so they compromised and

arranged for the transportation of criminals to Australia. This, on the face of it, appeared to be a more humane method of dealing with them. However, these unfortunates were huddled together in dark, ill-ventilated holes for months at a time. Little wonder when they reached the other side they were broken in health and spirit, hardly having the strength to walk, let alone the energy to start life afresh. This did not improve the individual, it made him worse, and this state of things prevailed until the Australian authorities refused to let these people land.

It was, therefore, necessary for enormous developments to be made to the prisons in this country about 1870. The prison system, however, did nothing then towards the prevention of crime; it merely punished the criminal, doing nothing to help him to resist repeating the fault. The authorities did not interest themselves in the causes of criminal instincts; rather they took them for granted.

A baby lying in a cot with wide, open wondering eyes has no criminal instincts or thoughts. Yet (to take one phase of delinquency), without due restraint, he might develop a temper that might in later years get him into very serious trouble. Just a little twist of the brain which might have been formed years before the crime was committed by circumstance or environment might easily be responsible for the most dastardly deed.

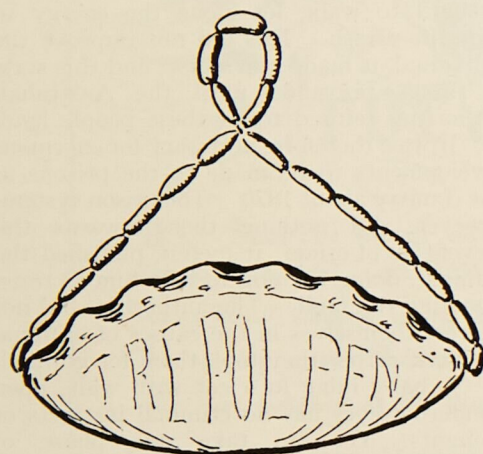
Later, however, education was started in the prisons so that criminals would be better equipped to face the world when they came out. The physical welfare of the prisoner began to be looked after and men invariably came out of prison in better health than when they went in. Probation officers were appointed, and these men probably do one of the noblest works that this world offers. Their duty is to keep the delinquent under observation, not to act as a sort of prefect, but to delve into the causes of the delinquency and see what can be done to ensure a normal course of living.

All these moves were looked upon with great apprehension, but the question that arises is whether these proceedings tend to make crime more rampant. Statistics show that they have more than justified the claims of their originators. Crimes of drunkenness and cruelty have been reduced to nearly half of what they were a hundred years ago. Crimes of violence have been nearly halved, though smash and grab raids

have become frequent. Surprising as it may seem murders have decreased tremendously—but who would think so from the daily papers?

T.G.

IN TOWN TO-NIGHT!



FASHIONS : MODES EN MENU.

THE TRE POL AND PEN POCHETTE.

The Tre Pol and Pen Pochette is here
With Chipolata Chain complete,
It really is a perfect dear
For dances, parties, or the street.

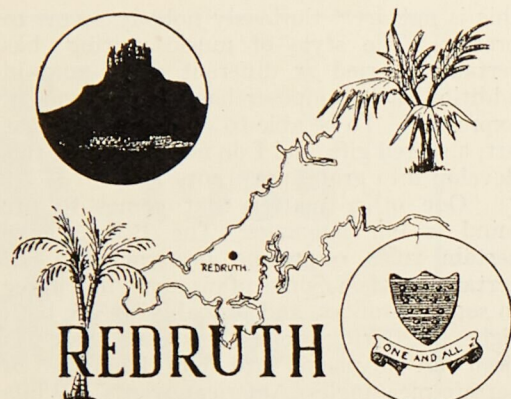
We hope to bring you something new
and interesting each month.

CARRY ON LONDON!

One of our customers on the South Coast, to whom we had sent more bacon than he was under the impression that he had ordered, writes us a very amusing letter. The following of which is an extract:—

"The Lent Winds are not conducive to Spread the Main SALE on the the Bacon Mast, but with a list to port we trust to catch favourable breeze in top SALE and reach April on even Keel; after then we hope to get the thrill of taking more bodies (sides) aboard ready for the Operating Surgeon."

Yours faithfully,



The Annual Social was held in the Masonic Hall on Saturday evening, March 23rd. The form this took was rather different from that of previous years, and the general opinion was that the social was one of the best and most enjoyable ever held. The company was very much larger than had ever been present before.

We were honoured this year by the presence of Mr. Bodinnar, and it was a very great pleasure to us to see Mr. Roynon looking so well after his recent illness. Real Cornish fare—pasties, splits, and saffron cake—was thoroughly enjoyed by those present, some of whom are "foreign" to the county.

During the course of his speech Mr. Bodinnar referred to the increased numbers now employed at this branch, a fact which gives very great satisfaction, particularly to the district at this time.

This year we were most fortunate in being able to obtain the services of Mr. C. Symons, a well-known local entertainer and broadcaster, who gives recitals in the Cornish dialect. These were very much appreciated by all present, as were other readings in the dialect given by Mrs. Evans.

During the evening Mr. Bodinnar decorated with Long Service Medals the following:—

| | YEARS. |
|--------------------------|--------|
| Mr. J. Merritt | 25 |
| Mr. W. A. Roynon | 20 |
| Mr. W. B. Friggens | 20 |
| Mr. E. Merritt | 20 |
| Mr. J. H. Perry | 20 |
| Mr. S. R. Perry | 20 |

The evening terminated with community singing, and all left with the feeling of having enjoyed to the full a social evening, the series of which we hope will be continued for many years to come.

In all the history of the country no county has been more loyal to the Crown than Cornwall, and at the moment in every urban and rural area arrangements are going apace for the Jubilee Celebrations of their Majesties. Despite the fact that Redruth is a depressed area, through the unemployment in the tin mining industry, this district has inaugurated a scheme for the local celebrations which calls for admiration of the patriotism displayed by every section of the community. The lowest estimate of the amount required is £1,000, and it has not been found necessary to make any contribution from the rates. It was estimated that there were about 8,000 children in the area between the ages of 3 to 15 years, and it was decided to provide each of them with a saffron bun, tea, and a mug. It was also decided to entertain to tea all persons 65 years of age and upwards who cared to participate.

A chain of fires on the hills is being lighted, and will travel up through the county in the same way as the fires that gave Sir Francis Drake warning of the approach of the Spanish Armada. The bonfire on Carn Brea, the hill which overlooks Redruth (on which stands the monument in memory

of Lord De Dunstanville, who led the Royalist troops of Cornwall against Cromwell), will be seen for many miles, not only inland, but out to sea, and all the arrangements for this are being carried out by Boy Scouts.

Plans for Cornwall's participation in the Prince of Wales' Appeal for the establishment of a fund for the welfare of the youth of the country are also being received with enthusiasm. There is no doubt Cornwall, being the Duchy, is very anxious to live up to her name, and show the affection of her people for their Royal Duke by giving whole-hearted support to his very worthy Jubilee Memorial.

We welcome back Mr. W. A. Roynon after his illness and sincerely hope he will be able to continue in his present good health for a long time to come.

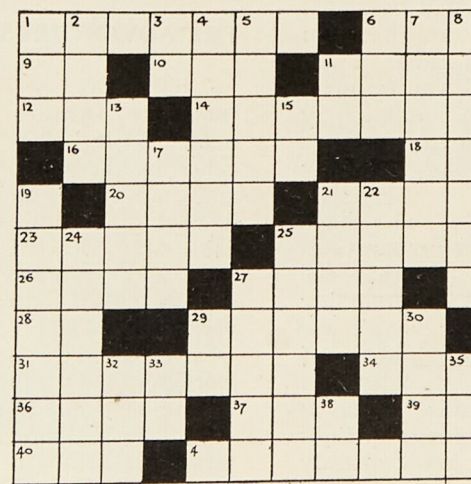
We are also glad to know that Mrs. Harry Francis is making satisfactory progress after her very serious illness.

We sympathise with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Young in the death of Mrs. Young's father in Glasgow.

CLUES ACROSS.

- Season of public festivity.
- Quadruped.
- In addition to.
- George V.
- Stumble.
- A Jew.
- Hurry.
- Irritates.
- Victoria Cross (abbrev.).
- Skit.
- To drag a vehicle.
- Clipped.
- Jewel.
- Large tour.
- Girl's name.
- Right (abbrev.).
- His Majesty.
- Uncivil.
- Before.
- Rostrum.
- Robert Louis Stevenson.
- Bone.
- Not his (beheaded).
- No good.

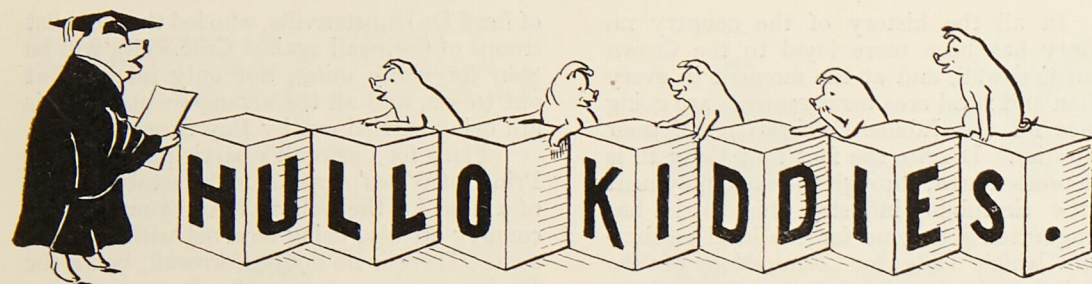
OUR CROSSWORD (No. 3).



CLUES DOWN.

- Gladness.
- Single thing.
- Prefix.
- Weaken.
- Surpass.
- Skill.
- Connected with lacrosse.
- A little spot.
- Motor cycle races (abbrev.).
- Regiment's headquarters.
- United States.
- Visionary.
- Attribute.
- Lacerate.
- Set in a row.
- A dictator.
- Curly-haired dog.
- Scoffs.
- Gramme (abbrev.).
- His statue is in Piccadilly Circus.
- A railway.
- University degree.
- Nineteenth letter.
- Solicitor at law (abbrev.).

The solution will appear next month.



By the time this is in print I expect you will be getting very excited about all the preparations that are being made for Jubilee Day. I can remember just 25 years ago (dear me, how very old I must be!) being thrilled with all the pomp and glory of Coronation Day (which, in case the little ones don't know, was the crowning day of our King and Queen), and feeling very, very important with my big rosette of red, white, and blue ribbon as I sang with all my might and main "God save the King," and proudly waved my flag as we sang "Flag of Britain"; all the more important because I had in my other hand a very beautiful mug with a coloured picture of the King and Queen on it. I think I must have felt something like Christopher Robin in the poem about "Buckingham Palace," in which he says, "I wonder if the King knows all about *me*." I'm sure I thought that the King and Queen must have known about *me*. It was a day that stands out in my memory almost as though it were yesterday, and I hope Jubilee Day will be a real red-letter day in your lives and that you will have a gloriously happy time. I am sure our King and Queen will want you to, and nothing will make them more happy than to know that their little patriots are having a wonderfully happy day that they will always remember.

Our Mayor and all those who have anything to do with the Jubilee preparations are doing all they know to see that the kiddies have a good time, and in all our joy and gladness we shall remember, shan't we, how fortunate we are to be children of England. When you are a bit older you will know just what that means. Some of you who are Brownies and Guides and Cubs and Scouts are beginning to know already what is expected of us as "loyal little people." England, as the Mother Country, has always stood for all that is big and noble and true, and we who are each one of

us a little bit of England must see to it that we do not let her down. We can all do our little bit *every* day for our King and country, best of all by being kind and true and brave and courteous, and—well, just by being our very best all through. It isn't always easy, I know; we so often forget and let the worst side of us come to the top, and then we're terribly sorry afterwards. I wonder if you know Kipling's poem, "If." I should certainly advise you bigger ones to learn it. It will help you to remember on the days when everything goes wrong.

I have heard a whisper that the children are having a beaker or something of that nature as a present on Jubilee Day. If that is so you won't want another; but for the best letter to the Kiddies' Corner about Jubilee Day there shall be a "Jubilee" prize. So here's a chance for those who did not send in their letters about the Christmas Carnival. Address your letters to "Aunt Susie," Kiddies' Corner, C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd.

THE ADVENTURES OF SALLY AND SAM. (Continued).

Sam was specially fond of the cakes that Mrs. Dearden of the "Cosy Nook" made herself. They were the most wonderful cakes in the world—there were pink ones and mauve ones and green ones; some were like sea shells and some were in the shape of fish. Mrs. Dearden was a great friend of Sally and Sam, and there was nothing the children liked better than to sit on the verandah of the Cosy Nook and devour Mrs. Dearden's cakes and listen in awe and wonder to the thrilling tales that her husband had to tell. He had been a fisherman and, of course, he knew all about smugglers and pirates and things. Sam was going to be a pirate when he grew up. His mother wanted him to be a doctor, and father thought he ought to be a farmer, as his father and grandfather and great great grandfather

had been before him. But, no, Sam was quite determined; a pirate he would be, and that, of course, meant that Sally had to be a pirate, too, because they had vowed long ago never to leave each other. Sally wasn't sure if there were such things as girl pirates, but Sam said that didn't matter a bit. Daddy had said that girls and women were doing all sorts of things now that they had never done before, and it would be rather clever of Sally to be the first girl pirate. Sally didn't know if she would be quite brave enough for that, and wouldn't it be better if she stayed at home and cooked the pirate's dinner? Sam said that, of course, she could cook his dinner, but, Silly-billy, pirates didn't have homes; their home was on the sea or in a cave—here to-day and on an island somewhere else next week. Sometimes they didn't see land for months, and what would she do then? Of course, as usual, Sam *knew*, and so Sally took it for granted that a pirate she must be.

(To be continued).

* * *

How far that little candle throws his beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Merchant of Venice, v. 1.

* * *

As gold and silver are weighed in pure water, so does the soul test its weight in silence.—*Maeterlinck*.

* * *

He who lives well is the best preacher.—*Cervantes*.



"Eyepieces."

HOW CALNE WILL CELEBRATE.

A committee, under the presidency of the Mayor, has arranged an attractive programme of events for Monday, May 6th.

Commencing with a Commemoration Service in the Parish Church, at 10.45 a.m., items will follow one another throughout the day, ending with a Carnival Dance at night.

Entries are invited for the Carnival Procession, and the Mayor makes an appeal to all burgesses to decorate their houses. There will be a lunch in the Town Hall at mid-day, and the children will be entertained with sports and tea during the afternoon.

THE CHAIN OF BEACONS.

The beacons for this area will be situated on Cherhill Downs and Wick Hill. The Scouts will be responsible for erecting and firing these links in the chain of bonfires which will extend throughout the country.

OURSELVES.

A day's holiday, with full pay, will be granted to all employees of the Firm. A tasteful scheme of decoration and illumination for the Factories is being arranged.

* * *

REAL SCOTCH.

Maxwelton Braes are bonny—Schedule E is overdue,

And we know that any lorry prefers green lights, fou the nou.

Yes, fou the nou 'tis true, and also quite maybe,

If you cant dodge a-a-any lorry, you can lay ye doon an dee.

* * *

Defendant at Highgate: I was bound for nowhere in particular, so I went straight there.

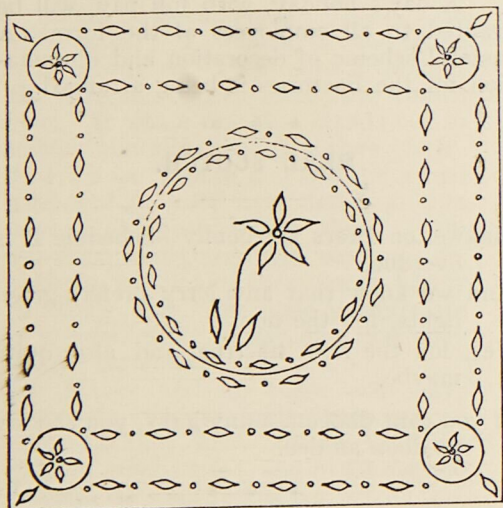
* * *

There is no failure except in no longer trying; no defeat except from within; no insurmountable barriers save our own weakness of purpose.



Although there may be a good many more popular methods of embroidery, I think you will agree that this one, not so well known, is equally as interesting. What is more refreshing and effective than your tea-table laid with a white linen cloth, and in the centre a bowl of red peonies, gladioli, larkspur, lupins, &c.? One is proud, justifiably so, in using a tablecloth of one's own design when entertaining visitors, so do include one or two in your linen stock.

Colour embroidery is very attractive to the eye for a time, but after a few visits to the laundry it certainly looks "washed out." Not so with this cut-out method—a cloth done in this style will last as long as you need one. The knowledge of this work has its other rewards, too.



A beautiful plain linen cloth, with a crochet border, was thoughtlessly left on the table when we lit our indoor fireworks. Later, the vexed hostess removed what she thought a ruined article, for two dainty little holes were burnt in three corners. I pleaded with her to let me have it, with the assurance that she wouldn't be disappointed after the

transformation. That cloth is still proudly branded as the best one.

Now let us get to work and concentrate on an afternoon tea-cloth. What we need is a yard square of white linen and linen thread (not too coarse). My design may be too formal for some, but it is only sketched for illustration. Instead of having the usual hemstitched border, try one similar to this. It is quite simple to pencil your own design. All the petals, little rings between, and leaves are cut out. You run a thread round the outline of petal, slit up the middle, and neatly work over the thread, running round the edge (don't button-hole stitch). The little rings are worked the same as petals after piercing the middle with points of scissors. The centres of flowers are not cut. On the circle you run a thread round, and do ordinary over-stitch, which gives it a raised effect.

Occasionally I see cod's roe displayed on the fishmonger's slab, and it certainly doesn't look very appetising in its raw state. How many people appreciate its succulent flavour and know how to cook it? I've asked several, and the answer is always in the negative. This is how I've been accustomed to having it served:—

First of all steep it in boiling water, which immediately shrinks and hardens it, then cover with beaten yolk of egg, roll it in breadcrumbs, and fry in pure lard.

V.L.D.

* * *

An American visitor to Aberdeen wished to take a memento of the Granite City home with him. He purchased a fountain pen and filled it at the Post Office.

* * *

Costers were originally sellers of costard apples. They were then called costard mongers.



HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 9. ——— JUNE, 1935. ——— No. 6.



JUNE is England's month. Although the bloom of laburnum, lilac, and hawthorn gives place to the pink and white of the chestnut, yet the freshness of spring remains. The countryside already shows promise of the maturity yet to come, and gardens are ablaze with early flowers.

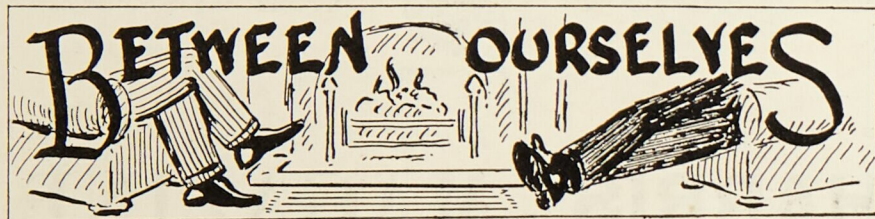
Our climate often receives undeserved censure, but it is as true to-day as it was in the reign of the Merry Monarch, that more time can be spent in the open air in England throughout the year than anywhere else in Europe. We are becoming more and more an open-air people. Increased leisure is being taken advantage of, not only for pleasure in the field of sport but also for the enjoyment of the simple delights of nature as revealed by the country side.

Foreigners, and also Britishers returning from abroad, are enthusiastic in their admiration for the variety of the aspects of our landscapes and the charming gardens,

whether large or small, of the Englishman.

Cobbett wrote over a hundred years ago, when contrasting the absence of cottage gardens in America compared with England, that "there were no gentlemen's gardens kept as clean as drawing rooms, with grass as even as a carpet." We should not forget the debt we owe to the great houses of the country for their maintenance of a high standard of beauty in the lay-out of their gardens and parks.

Since the war the principal gardens of the country have been open at certain times to the public, who upon payment of a small fee can revel in the delights of floral beauty and feel at the same time that they are helping a good cause. Nursing Associations usually benefit from the proceeds raised in this manner, and our readers could not spend happier afternoons or evenings than in one of these old-world gardens during Flaming June.



BY the time these words appear in print the Silver Jubilee of His Majesty King George V. will be a memory.

It will go down into history as a record that, to the surprise of the whole world, the national family, whose chief characteristics are reserve and an inability to wear their hearts on their sleeves, quite naturally and instinctively demonstrated, in a way that has never before been so evident in the British Empire, their love and respect for a man and a woman, who by accident of birth are King and Queen, and who simply and bravely for 25 years have discharged their duties in a manner that cannot be criticised by any section of the community.

There has been, too, a demonstration of unity which in the changing forms of Government throughout the world must be unique.

Labour, Liberal, and Conservative have felt and spoken with one voice. The series of speeches which have been made by the King have been no mere formal utterances, but have been, as he has said, "from the heart."

In days like those in which we live a national demonstration such as we have witnessed, in which no discordant note has

been expressed, is a victory for the institutions and constitutions under which we live.

It is a victory far greater than can ever be attained by a clash of arms on battlefield.

But it puts upon those who have enjoyed it a responsibility to right that which is still wrong. There can be no slackening of effort in the land we love so well until every man has his day's work and every home, set in proper surroundings, has its chance of hope and progress and security.

Those who will, therefore, seek to perpetuate the spirit of Jubilee will stand with Blake until the job is done.

Bring me my bow of burning gold,

Bring me my arrows of desire,

Bring me my spear, O clouds unfold;

Bring me my chariot of fire.

I will not cease from mental fight,

Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand

'Till we have built Jerusalem

In England's green and pleasant land.

The "Quick" and the "Dead."

An article under the title of "Speed" appeared in our March issue, and was reinforced by an article in the April number.

The writer would, I gather, divide our population into pedestrians and motorists. (Let us say for short peds. and mots.). He would say, "Ped. is a stupid fellow, always in the way of mot.; mot. is a smart fellow wasting his valuable time in saving the life of ped."

But it won't do; it's boloney. Peds. are mots. nowadays and mots. peds. Many a ped. mot. is killed or injured by a mot. ped. But perhaps the writer would say when a mot. becomes ped., then instead of a mot. he becomes a mutt; and vice versa regains his intellectual faculties directly he grips the wheel. No doubt there are peds., such as children, old people, and invalids, who do behave in a way to arouse the indignation of the mot. But poor things, they can't help it, and the mot. will never succeed in exterminating them, though he might suggest their incarnation in a ped. asylum and the world left to the "able bodied," although to-day the term has more to do with the machine than the man.

But all that is impracticable. The mots. fate to the end will be to run amuck among the children and the old people and the infirm people.

Something like that seems to be the only way to treat the innuendos that appear in the Speed article. Much of the article seems to be as near fact as is a dream retailed at breakfast. But things are really not like that at all, and must not be—there is *not* going to be a sort of war between the mots. and the peds. What will happen is that the mot. peds. and the ped. mots. will determine to act in harmony to remedy the frightful position disclosed at the end of 1934. We, without exception, think that the casualty list of 7,343 killed and 231,603 injured is a national disgrace.

My gentle readers, either mot. peds. or ped. mots., will note the title I have given to this article. The words are not mine. The expression I use is cribbed from the summing up of no less a person than the Lord Chief Justice. He was summing up at the recent Sussex Assizes in the case when two pedestrians were killed by a motorist speeding at 80 miles per hour.

A man of the standing and responsibility of the Lord Chief Justice cannot speak unadvisably, and, no doubt, he used the expression after weighing its significance, having in mind the quarter million killed and injured. For more and more the logic of the stricken field is asserting its cold conclusions. We are forced at long last to get to the true perspective which must be assigned to the appalling casualty list. It goes far, far beyond incidents connected with so-called jay walkers and road hogs, and our determination to end or to alleviate the evil is not going to be side tracked by futile talk about jay walkers. Earthquakes cannot be cured by distributing pills. Merely to touch so-called jay walkers and road hogs will be just to scratch the surface.

We want to bring our roads to a condition that will add to the amenities of life and forward our business interests, and I cannot see how a speed which leaves in its path a quarter of a million put out of business can be said to speed things up—on the contrary, it slows things down.

The very first thing, then, is not to confuse HASTE and SPEED. Haste and disorder are twins. Haste is a root cause of most road evils. A disorderly traffic must ensue if all are left to go as they please and at their own pace—cutting in, crossing, overtaking. It is these things that cause traffic blocks and result in accidents. An orderly traffic (in all this I write only of built-up areas) leads at once to a smooth, regular flow and makes for a proper speed. Haste and disorder are the very devil of mischief.

Living as I do at Watford, I come into very close touch with every aspect of the problem, as it makes itself felt in built-up districts. I am near to one of the most notorious danger spots in England—the deadly Watford Bye-pass. We have an enormously difficult problem with our long, narrow High Street, a street constantly clogged up, the road with mots. and the pathway with peds. This street was built up before motoring was thought of, and is now entirely out of date. The local Press is full of the subject. And so, having read the Speed article on March 6th, I turned to my copy of the "Watford Observer" to see how the local mots. and peds. had fared during the week reported. Here is the record of the police court:—

A woman motorist collided with a

police car. She is fined £20 and costs, her licence is suspended for twelve months for driving when under the influence of drink.

A man motorist collided with a cyclist. He is fined £5 and costs for driving when under the influence of drink.

Three motorists are fined for exceeding the speed limit and eight for lighting offences.

Really an unexciting week, but sufficient to point to existing conditions. It will be seen that no peds shared in the week's trouble; the accidents recorded concern three motors and one cycle. Where then were the mutts? Apparently all the local mutts were not afoot, but a few, at least, seem to have been abroad in cars. Certainly there is evidence that dangerous drivers were about, and one can usefully speculate on the likely fate of peds., who, we are told, depend so much on the skill and good nature of the mots. Had any such been abroad it seems to me that by now they might be engaged in pushing up the spring daisies. But, stay, I find under another heading—that of hospital news—there may have been a jay walker abroad. No detail is supplied; merely the fact that an old lady of 80 died in the hospital, the result of having been run over by a lorry. The one ped. then is from the ranks suggested above, an old lady, and she a widow and very deaf. Tut, tut! Is it proper that this relic from the Victorian days should have been abroad obstructing His Majesty's highway? However, the Watford Press, for the first three months of the year, reveal several cases of *collision between cars*, in which a few people were killed. One lived in my road, and was by way of being a local celebrity seeing that she was captain of the important West Herts Ladies' Golf Club. And quite near to here two young people were found, with their wrecked machine, drowned in a ditch of water. You see they had been to a party and were getting back home just after midnight.

R.E.H.

(To be continued).

[R.E.H. in the second part of this article endeavours to show that, provided mutual care is shown, there is room for both pedestrians and motorists on our roads.]

* * *

If a small piece of dripping is put in the water when greens are cooked they are much more tender to eat.



Before dealing with the housing of the stock I should like to be allowed to reply to a query I have received with regard to the feeding methods described in the April and May issues. The point raised by Mr. Puffett (whose letter will be found elsewhere in this issue) may prove to be of general interest.

The reason why grain should always be given in the evening is that dry feed takes longer to digest than soft food, and, therefore, the chicks are provided with sustenance throughout the night.

Adult stock should be fed in the same manner, although I am well aware of the fact that a large number of poultry-keepers do not favour this method. Now with birds kept intensively, you may, with great advantage, give them grain in the morning, scattering the food in the scratching material. Here the object is to make the fowls work for their living, and everything possible has to be done to keep them occupied.

After all, if you are obtaining satisfactory results, stick to your present method of feeding your laying hens. It is quite possible for a change of routine to affect the egg flow adversely.

Now for the various methods of housing poultry. Unless you are reasonably clever with saw and hammer, or by reason of the limited space at your disposal, you are bound to build, I would strongly advise you to purchase your poultry house. Then there will be no risk of damaged thumbs or fingers (with the usual accompaniment), nor another of those ramshackle affairs in which fowls are expected to live and be healthy, and to lay the maximum number of eggs.

There will be no need for diagrams of houses to be given here. The reader who intends to buy a house for his birds will be able to make his choice from one of the many catalogues published, wherein he will find all necessary details. The intending builder

will be able to obtain good designs from many sources. For both buyer and builder the following remarks may be helpful:—

The intensive house should be warm and have plenty of light. The front of the house should face the south, but adequate protection should be provided against rain or snow. Please remember that the intensive house is both roosting-place and exercise ground, and give the birds as much room as you possibly can. Try to allow a minimum of five square feet of floor space for each hen. Litter is very important. I prefer peat-moss or straw. Do try to have a house which is high enough for you to enter without having to stoop. This hint will be appreciated by those who have bumped their heads against the doorways of small houses. Do not forget that when keeping birds intensively success depends upon cleanliness, and you will find that you will be amply repaid for all the attention you are able to give to the hens.

As regards housing poultry under semi-intensive conditions, there are several good designs of houses on the market, and the advantages of all these will be found set forth in the catalogues of poultry appliances. The lean-to type is the simplest and cheapest. In these semi-intensive houses you have sleeping, or roosting compartments, with scratching sheds attached. I strongly advise the beginner to allow as much room as possible for the scratching shed. In wet weather the hens should be confined to the house in order to save the grass run outside. The muddy patches round the houses seem to be worrying quite a lot of poultry-keepers. I should like to impress upon the semi-intensivist the importance of keeping the grass run in good order. The state of some runs, especially the small ones, in wet weather is what I have heard called, "heart rendering." These seas of mud should be avoided at all costs. A good dust bath under cover (in the scratching shed if you like) should be provided. This should be of sawdust, sand, dry fine earth, or road sweepings, with the addition of a little insect powder. Have you ever seen those runs with no grass at all, and the hens dusting in holes all over the enclosure? If you have sufficient room I would advise you to give your birds alternate runs. Then one run could always be cleaned and rested, and in the spring some grass seed could be sown where needed.

There is the portable fold system, with which we are not concerned.

The very latest method of poultry keeping is the hen battery. Each hen is kept in a cage, and it appears that this system is being tried out by all sorts of people. These cages are being put up in back-yards, and in some parts of the country old, disused factories are being filled with birds in batteries. Some people do not like the idea of fowls being kept intensively. What will they think of the hen battery?

Next month I hope to write something about Bantams. I will also try to give a few hints on preparing fowls for exhibition.

To S. J. Rymer,
"Poultry Section,"
Harris Magazine.

DEAR SIR,

In the April issue of the Magazine you recommend that the last feed should be dry. I take that to mean chick seed. I should like to know why you recommend this method of feeding? It may be of interest to others, especially beginners, as well as myself. To feed the chicks correctly is of vital importance, because their lives are made or marred during the first few weeks.

Being interested in poultry, having reared a considerable number of chickens, I should like to give my method of feeding them, a method which has always given good results.

I find that biscuit meal, scalded, given in a crumbly condition, makes an excellent feed at night. The food is eaten up very quickly, and I like to see that each chick has a full crop before it goes to roost. I think the reason why a little wet mash is so readily eaten is that, after the first week, most poultry-keepers feed dry chick mash from small troughs to save labour. The chicks have access to these troughs throughout the day, so that they need a change of food for the last meal, and they thoroughly enjoy the biscuit meal.

I should like to see that exhibition tent in August. Then, if there are any fanciers at our branches, it would be an additional attraction if they could bring, or send, their birds.

Yours faithfully,

A. PUFFETT.

Calne.

Our Composite Serial.

"UP THE GARDEN PATH."
(First Instalment by J.S.)

Sprawled in a roomy armchair, Anderson depicted the modern advertisement of complete relaxation.

A typical Englishman would possibly furnish a fair description, with the exception perhaps of accentuated cheek-bones, which gave one the impression of Eastern heritage, perhaps in the far distant past. This impression would be further confirmed by the fact that most of the ornaments and furniture adorning this room were definitely of Eastern origin.

On the right-hand side of the room, to the left of an elaborately-carved overmantel, stood a most beautiful conception of Chinese art, an heirloom which had been handed down from generation to generation.

At the moment Anderson was contemplating this particular piece of multi-coloured porcelain with the air of a connoisseur; as a matter of fact, two days ago he had attended the funeral of his uncle, and, as was usual, had become the possessor of the vase in question, being the next of kin.

His reflections, however, were to be of short duration as they were rudely interrupted by the ringing of the telephone in the hall.

Hastily rising to his feet, he strode out of the room and on reaching the telephone enquired as to who was at the other end. Much to his surprise, however, he found the line to be completely dead. The usual annoyed frown appeared on his forehead as he replaced the receiver and retraced his steps to the study.

On opening the door he was slightly surprised to feel a draught of cool air on his face. It had always been a habit of Anderson's to allow fresh air to enter the room by means of a ventilator situated at the top left-hand corner of the window, that is, on facing the window from the inside of the room. As a matter of fact, it was the opposite ventilator which was the cause of the draught.

Probably Pearks, his man, had opened it, he thought, but on reflection he remembered that it was Thursday, and Pearks was not on duty. Well, in any case he was going

to shut it, but where the dickens had the cord disappeared to?

This query that arose in his mind was immediately answered by intermittent tappings on the window pane, and, strangely enough, there was the cord bobbing about in the wind, the small acorn at the end continually coming into contact with the window. Drawing up a chair with the object of retrieving it, he mounted, but before he could obtain his balance his attention was arrested by several small muddy smears on the polished floor parallel to the skirting.

He would have completed the closing of the ventilator, had it not have been for the fact that upon closer scrutiny each smear was followed by smaller smudges at intervals of about five inches.

Jumping off the chair to examine them even more closely, he followed them along until he stood exactly opposite the Chinese vase. He stood meditating as to why they should thus abruptly cease, and, concluding that everything did not look quite square, he made up his mind to consult his friend, Stanton, who might possibly be interested and able to throw some light on the occurrence.

Closing the ventilator, a sudden thought crossed his mind, "Who had called him up on the 'phone?" This thought probably arose through association of ideas, as, of course, what had happened must have taken place during the period which lapsed between the time of leaving the room and answering the 'phone, which, in all probability, had not taken more than a few minutes at the most.

On enquiring at the exchange, he was told that the call had been put through from a call-box, which incidentally happened to be within ten or twelve yards of his residence.

Hailing a passing cab, he instructed the driver to take him to a certain block of flats in Jermyn Street, where his friend resided.

On being shown in by Robinson, Stanton's man, he was told that his friend would be expected shortly as he had not yet returned from his office, and after offering Anderson refreshment, left him with a whisky and soda, and the "Evening Standard" to await his friend's return.

About a quarter of an hour elapsed before Stanton returned, and during this period Anderson was wondering why he had really taken the trouble over what appeared on the surface so trivial a matter. He decided it must have been the fact that the

THE PROMISE.

The orchard shows forth apple bloom
In joy inspiring May,
And every bough on every tree
Is pink, and white, and gay.

The thrush sings sweetly 'mid the bloom
The bull-finch seeks its prey,
And there the bee seeks nectar sweet
Throughout each sunny day.

Now; who are they who pause awhile
To linger at the gate,
To view this spendid floral scene
And each their thoughts relate?

He is a lover, she his lass,
And spring inspired the twain,
To link their arms and wander here
Adown the greening lane.

To see the hawthorn blooming white,
To smell the lilac sweet,
To be where nought may mar their bliss,
Where hearts might freely meet.

When they beheld the countless blooms
That garlanded each tree,
Who doubts but that their inmost thoughts,
Creator, turned to Thee?

For in the month of promise—May—
Then Thou doth 'ere renew
Thy covenant with man of old
With wondrous signs to view!

Now in the scene, and at Thy sign
That all with sight may know,
There stands the lover and his lass
Where apple blossoms blow.

Thy promise is of harvest full,
Theirs that each will be true
One to the other, and to Thee
Their lives thencefrom and through.

THOMAS H. HARVEY.

* * *

Business is business, but life is life,
Though we're all in the game to win it;
Let's rest sometimes from the heat and the
strife

And try to be friends a minute.
Let's seek to be comrades now and then
And slip from our golden tether,
Business is business, but men are men,
Let's all be good friends together.

marks suddenly terminating at the vase had made him a trifle curious.

After explaining why he had called, Stanton suggested that they might between them arrive at a satisfactory conclusion to such a strange occurrence, treating the matter lightly. He was, as a matter of fact, quite humorous; his wit usually on the subtle side. He seemed always ready with a crisp retort. Indeed, one of his many attractions lay in the fact that his dry humour was never marred by the accompaniment of laughter on his own part, although he was always ready to enjoy the other fellow's quip, perhaps by way of encouragement. "I suppose Tibbie has not been using it to house her family in?" he suggested.

Laughingly Anderson waved the suggestion aside. "That would be impossible owing to the cover"—he suddenly broke off the sentence. With a deep frown he resumed thoughtfully. "Now I come to think of it, I could almost swear that the confounded cover was missing the last time I looked at it; in fact, I'm almost certain. I suppose I must have overlooked the fact for the moment and forgotten about it."

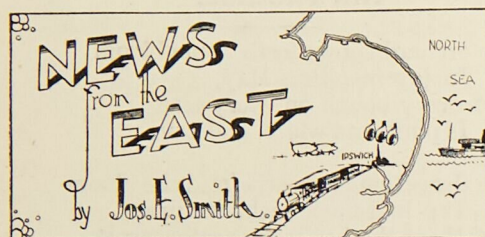
"What kind of a cover was it?" asked Stanton, suddenly becoming interested. "I mean, was there anything strikingly peculiar about it?"

"Well" continued Anderson, "It was a metal cover, German silver, I believe, about six inches across, with rather a peculiar centre with which to handle it, in the shape of a small bunch of monkey nuts."

(Next instalment by B.G.)

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 4.

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May I take this opportunity of personally thanking Mr. Stockdale (Calne), the artist who has so ably interpreted my wishes in the happy design which now heads the series published under my name. There can be considerable interest attached to headings of this nature, and one aptly conceived and drawn as this is gives an atmosphere and location to the subject matter which enhances its value. In one particular the artist has indulged in artistic licence, but he is forgiven. The pigs in the sketch are facing the wrong way. Those which come to the Ipswich Factory travel from North to South or East to West, and having a very large pig population in the eastern area, large numbers are exported in a westerly direction. I wonder whose eyesight is keen enough to read Harris Bacon painted on the railway trucks.

One morning last Summer I brought to the office a shoe box with holes perforated in the top, containing two snakes. They were dead, but curled up in a nice bed of grass they looked much alive. By manipulating the bottom of the box with my finger, movement could be induced which was very real in effect, judged by the notes of alarm given by the office members. A farmer friend had secured and killed five the previous day, of which he made me a present of a "brace." I have often had a brace of other things given me, but never before a brace of snakes.

Snakes and adders are comparatively rare in East Anglia, and in view of their rarity are interesting to those who may never have seen one. My specimens were about 21 inches in length, olive brown in colour, with darker patches of brown. Turning to my authority on reptiles, they were easily identified as the common snake, a harmless creature which inhabits marshy ground and which lives chiefly on frogs, slugs, and worms. It catches a frog by the hind leg and gradually draws it in by a movement of the jaw, which is expansive, swallowing the frog

whole, and after a good feed it will rest a day or two until hungry again.

Snakes are oviparous, that is to say they lay eggs which are later on hatched out by the warmth of the sun. I asked my farmer friend why, in his opinion, snakes were more plentiful than usual, and he thought it was due to the exceptionally dry weather, and also that hedgehogs, the snake's deadly enemy, were killed off by gamekeepers. After reading my *Reptilia* I wish that I had taken the snakes alive. It says they can be easily tamed and become very affectionate, and love to nestle in one's coat-sleeve for warmth. I should at least have gloried in the novelty of having pets out of the ordinary. I did the next best thing and have the skins on my mantelpiece even as I write.

Two seasons ago I was in the neighbourhood of Holt, in Norfolk, and, as per custom, left my car and wandered across the common for my bread and cheese, selecting a sunny spot amongst the gorse. A movement and rustling in front of me revealed an adder, one with the black spots identifying it with the poisonous variety of snake. It apparently was not aware of my presence, its movements were very quick—it was evidently mouse hunting, mice and moles being its favourite food. This variety inhabits dry heath land areas and is comparatively rare. The bite of this snake can be certainly poisonous, though it is seldom one hears of any serious result of a bite. I always regretted I did not kill this adder, as a few weeks after I noticed in the Press that a child had died at Holt as the result of having been bitten by an adder—perhaps the same one; who can say?

The word Chevallier, when talking of barley, denotes a type and quality very much in demand by maltsters. The variety originated at Debenham, near Ipswich, and gained so much popularity that the barleys now grown throughout the kingdom are mainly the result of its accidental introduction. The big things of to-day are often the outcome of apparently insignificant beginnings. In this respect the origin of the Chevallier barley is of great interest, and I am tempted to quote an extract from Manuscript History of Debenham, 1845.

"About the year 1820 John Andrews, a labourer of Mr. Edward Dove, of Ulverston Hall, Debenham, had been threshing barley,

and on his return home at night complained of his feet being very uneasy, and on taking off his shoes he discovered in one of them part of a very fine ear of barley—it struck him as being particularly so—and he was careful to have it preserved. He afterwards planted a few grains from it in his garden, and the following year Dr. and Mr. Charles Chevallier coming to Andrew's dwelling to inspect some repairs, saw three or four ears of barley growing. He requested it might be kept for him when ripe. The doctor sowed a small ridge with the produce thus obtained and kept it by itself until it grew sufficient to plant an acre, and from this acre the produce was 11½ coombs (about the year 1825 or 1826). This was again planted, and from the increase thence arising he began to dispose of it." Ten years after its introduction in this manner it is stated that "It is now well known in most of the Corn Markets in the Kingdom."

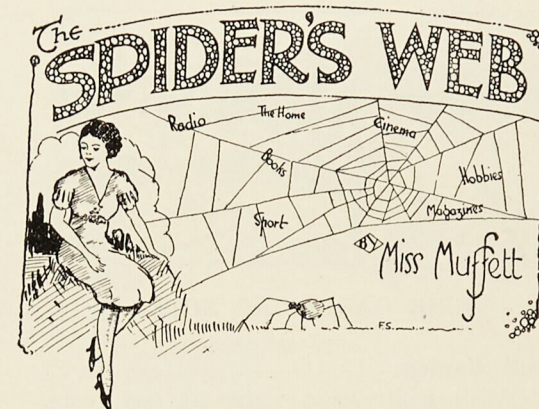
We have followed with interest the "finds" at Calne, which invite our imagination of the happenings of the past and the published notes make very interesting reading. At one time there was a ditch on the outskirts of Ipswich. I am referring now more particularly to the Tower Ramparts, dug doubtless for purposes of defence, and during recent excavations consequent on slum clearance, quite a collection of objects was revealed. The remnants of a pipe-maker's kiln with many partly-made pipes fused together through overheating the kiln, a shoe-maker's dump, revealing many quaint styles and shapes of those days. A cannon ball was also unearthed, and quite a collection of mediaeval pottery and beakers, many of them very artistic, and articles of culinary interest. Our Museum authorities are keen not to lose the opportunity of gathering these things together, as this doubtless provides a missing link between the Roman period and more modern times, of which there is little record.

* * *

TRANSMIGRATION.

A motorist had an accident with his light car on a country road. He limped painfully to a telephone box and called up the nearest garage. "Hello," he said, "I've turned turtle, can you do anything for me?"

"I'm afraid not," came the sweet feminine reply. "You've got the wrong number; what you want is the Zoo."



WOODEN—YOU?

It happened the week before Jubilee Day, I expect those concerned were all saying, "Hooray."

They must have felt spry, as they wired, "Deal tie"—

Still we muttered, "Oh my," and sent a veal pie.

A youth in the Sausage Department the morning after the Jubilee celebrations stated that at the lunch in the village he hailed from he had five small loaves and he finished two bottles of mixed pickles, had a plate of roast beef, then salt beef and ham, and two bottles of pale ale, and terminated his festivities by winning the one mile race.

DO YOU DREAM?

If so Consult our Orrible Oracle.

FIELDS.—You will find many attractions away from home—well, after all, there's only one Gracie.

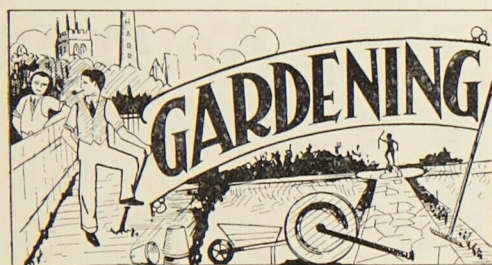
FLATTERY.—Your husband will be a very handsome man—Flattery.

FLOODS.—Never arrange a meeting near a railway. Floods of oratory may disturb the sleepers.

FLUTE.—An artful rival is trying to encompass your downfall. Tell him to tootle, too!

GALLOWS.—You will achieve a very high position in life—so long as a drop doesn't take place you should be content.

GILT.—High spirits will lead to trouble—especially if they are lowered.



JUNE GARDENING NOTES.

Fruit Garden.

Wall fruits need water at the roots, except in the case of apricots, which appreciate dry conditions. Loganberries like a mulch of manure around the roots. They need plenty of moisture and repay generous feeding. Young side shoots of red and white currant bushes must be pinched back. All surplus and weak raspberry canes should be pulled out.

Vegetable Garden.

Cut no more asparagus after the middle of this month. Plant out celery. Needs manure in the soil to retain water.

Plant out tomatoes against a south wall or fence. Plant out ridge cucumbers on a sunny bank. Plant out vegetable marrows. These help to make that untidy heap in the garden a little more profitable. Plant brussels sprouts, cauliflowers, savoy, between rows of peas.

Sow turnips in shallow drills 1ft. apart. A shady bed is desirable.

Break a leaf over each cauliflower head to shade it. Onions would be improved if fed with nitrate of soda.

Flower Garden.

Plant out dahlias in well-manured soil. Roses which are in flower during this month and next need occasional doses of liquid manure. Apply when the soil is wet.

When cutting rose blooms sever the stem low down, this makes finer blooms in the second crop.

Watch for mildew on roses. Dust flower of sulphur over the plants.

Thin out hardy annuals ruthlessly, as crowded plants never give the best results.

Stake carnations.

Culture of Roses.

June makes us think of roses, and a few words on this subject would not be amiss. They revel in sunshine and fresh air. They

do not like shade and dislike cold winds and frost.

PLANTING.—Best time is early November. They must be firmly planted. In the case of standard roses, a hole about 6ins. deep should be sufficient to secure firm planting.

PRUNING.—Rose trees planted in the autumn should not be pruned until the spring, but roses planted in the spring should be pruned immediately. Standard trees should have their shoots cut back to about 4in. from the stock, but bush roses 6ins. of shoot above ground. Teas and hybrid teas require hard pruning. In the case of the rambler, take out entirely the old shoots that have borne flowers, cutting them right down to the ground. For those who would like to try their own pruning, here is a simple way:—

First examine each bush and cut out any wood that has been broken or looks diseased or shrivelled.

Look at the position of the remaining stems and cut out any that seem too close together so as to leave a skeleton of radiating branches.

Now cut the end from each of these branches, taking off anything from one-third to two-thirds of the stem. A dressing of bone-meal after pruning will be found useful.

GARDENER.

JUNE GARDENING.

The beginning of the month marks the time when the main crop of most things is planted or sown. The annuals can now be planted in the open, after being hardened off, as the risk of frost should be passed. Some people sow the seeds of annuals in the open ground, thinning out severely as soon as large enough to do so. These, as a rule, are never forward enough for early exhibition purposes, but will come in very useful for cutting in the late autumn.

Asters that have been raised under glass should now be placed in rows, or in their flowering beds 12ins. to 15ins. apart. If fine blooms are desired, pinch out the side shoots as soon as they appear, leaving only three or four main shoots on each plant. Later, each plant will require some support. Give liquid manure weekly.

If you are going in for the red, white, and blue flowers for Jubilee designs, plant them at once. As before mentioned, lobelia,

geraniums, and white alyssum are ideal for this purpose.

Sweet peas need a lot of attention. Exhibition blooms must be grown on the single stem principle. Pinch out all the side shoots. Ring or tie the main stem loosely but sufficiently secure to prevent slipping. If the plants reach the top of the canes too soon the supports can be removed and then re-tied lower down. When the seed is sown, or plants put in rows in the ordinary way, it is a great mistake to have the plants too thick because the tendrils cling to each other and the flower stems instead of the sticks.

The best period for sowing hardy biennials and perennials for flowering the following year is the month of June. For safety's sake these subjects are often sown in pans or boxes, and are pricked off when large enough into other pans or boxes. Later on these can be transplanted to their flowering quarters. The system has certain advantages in that better care can be given to them. Some of these can be grown as annuals if sown in gentle heat in the early part of the year.

Canterbury Bells, if sown now, will make splendid plants by the autumn. Seeds should be kept shaded, and never be allowed to get dry. Those who have these beautiful flowers this year in their gardens should pinch off the faded blooms. For every one so treated, two will appear, but not so large. Care must be taken in pinching off the old flowers. If seed is required you must leave the first blooms. Keep the hoe busy in the kitchen garden. Weeds will grow faster than plants, and do not let young plants suffer for want of moisture.

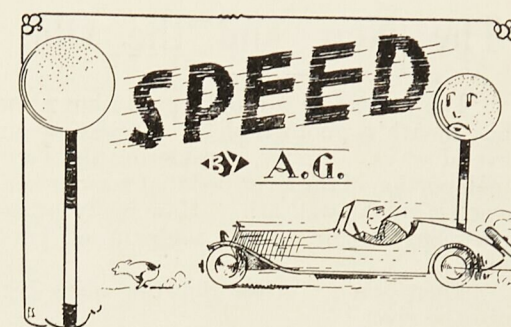
F.G.

* * *

THE PATH OF LIFE.

I read a page of Holy Writ,
My path of life is softly lit;
It chased the shades of night away
And brought a warmth like that of May,
While wondrous fair was all the way
Now made by flowers sweet and gay;
And birds of song upon the wing
And on the boughs did sweetly sing;
While underneath the greenwood tree
Did sport the lambs so blithe and free.
The path is open'd into the light
Where dwell the angels pure and bright.

L. A. S. THORNHILL.



There appears in this issue an answer to my two articles under the above title.

I am very glad to see this and, indeed, expected that some champion would arise from the ranks of the pedestrians and lay about him right well with his "trusty sword," or, should I say, Belisha Beacon!

The observations I made are from experience and views gained during discussions with motorists of long standing, and all motorists are some time pedestrians.

Thank you, R.E.H., for your remarks, which are all the more valued coming from such a learned student as yourself, and we will agree to differ on many of the points raised. Just one thing, however. The particular accidents you mention make up but a very small proportion of the total casualties, and I still contend that good drivers and pedestrians more road-conscious will go a long way towards cutting down the loss of life and accidents on the road to-day without the necessity for a speed limit.

Since putting the foregoing on paper I see it is announced that the last annual census of the causes of road accidents states that the majority of accidents, according to the report, take place at a speed *not exceeding 20 miles per hour.*

A.G.

* * *

The following title on one of our invoices may interest either (or both) of our Welsh and Gaelic friends:—

"PRPDICERS AGENT."

* * *

Many a man has been utterly discouraged by failure. It is bad enough to fail once, but when failure succeeds failure, then hope is likely to die, and a man to lose confidence in himself. That is the time when he quits. And the quitting time is the moment of actual failure!

The New and the Old.

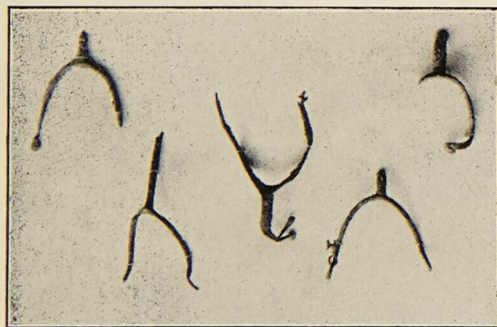
The collection of old spurs shown in this month's photograph is interesting in several ways. Firstly, considering the very small portion of the river-bed that was worked over we might well ask, "How many other specimens remain in the undisturbed portion?"

Then again, "How did the spurs get into the river?"

The fact that years ago many rivers were used to dump unwanted articles does not seem to be fitting as a solution. The townspeople would not be likely to come to one particular spot to cast in spurs, and even if a harness-maker and armourer had resided close by, it is hardly likely that spurs alone would be the only evidence of his craft left to us.

According to some of the old writers this part of the river was once bordered by workmen's cottages, but the same writers also tell us that the people of the town were mostly mill-workers or land-workers, and it is hardly possible that either class would be responsible for the specimens found.

One suggestion made was that probably there was a ford or drinking place close by, and that during the Cromwellian trouble the troops came to the place either to water their horses or to cross to or from the scenes of their conflicts.



We certainly read in "The History of Calne," by A. E. W. Marsh, that during the Civil War fighting took place in and around the town. We also read that wounded men arrived at intervals, and that some actually died from their wounds and were buried in the parish churchyard.

Also, it is stated that Waller and his force of 5,000 men came to the town.

It is possible, therefore, that many others who came to Calne at this time were returning from battle and had either lost their mounts or were wounded and unable to ride, and so threw away their spurs.

A soldier seldom leaves his arms and equipment for the enemy, and so, what better place than the river?

It must be borne in mind, however, that all this is merely conjecture, and no evidence is available in its support.

The centre spur has been identified as being of a type used during the Commonwealth period, and as the others were all found at the same level, no doubt they also belong to the same period. All are made of iron and some still retain traces of finely-executed chasework.

The spurs shown are only a few of the many found.

A.B.

* * *



DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I cannot quite follow what is meant by the phrase, "There is a dire need for a great number of pedestrians to become road conscious."

A pedestrian usually becomes very conscious of the road when he (or she) hits it badly after being bumped by the bonnet of a car.

Surely motorists to-day "bag" quite enough without this fiendish desire for more.

Yours,

B. UMPTOFF.

* * *

Glasses are best washed in cold water and allowed to dry themselves. It is then quite easy to polish them, and wine glasses with fragile stems are not so often broken.

* * *

APPLIED GENIUS.

"With one stroke of the brush," said the school teacher, "Rembrandt could change a smiling face into one lined with frowns."

"My ma," volunteered Little Willie, "can do that!"

Dunmow Flitch Trials.

The trials of claimants for the Dunmow Flitch took place this year on somewhat different lines. Instead of holding them in a marquee it was decided that the Foakes Memorial Hall, a new building recently presented to the town, should be the "court house."

No doubt many of the Magazine readers heard one of the evening trials on the wireless and might perhaps think it was a rehearsed and practised play, but I would impress upon them that it was nothing of the kind.

You may be interested to know how we obtain claimants for trial. Well, this is just a matter of inserting a small paragraph in any of the leading newspapers, and it is surprising the number of applicants that come forward. The next job is to supply them with questionnaires, and those giving the best replies are most likely to be chosen. Claimants are interviewed by their counsel, and notice is then given that they are to appear before the court and be questioned on these and other matters appertaining to their married life.

The scene at the court is:—The Judge, wearing full red and ermine regalia of a High Court judge, the jury consisting of six maidens and six bachelors, the six maidens dressed in white; counsel for the claimants, counsel for the flitch, and clerk of the court in wigs and gowns; court chaplain and court usher, whose stentorian "Silence in court" seeks to quell all unseemly mirth.

Immediately following the Jury's verdict the oath is administered by the Chaplain, the claimants kneeling on two sharp-pointed stones, fashioned after the ones used in days long past. For those readers who may be interested, the words of the oath are:—

You shall swear by custom of confession,
That you ne'er made nuptial transgression;
Nor since you were married man and wife
By household brawls or contentious strife,
Or otherwise at bed or at board
Offended each other in deed or word.
Or in a twelve-month and a day
Repented not in thought any way,
Or since the parish clerk said "Amen,"
Wished yourselves unmarried again;
But continue true and in desire
As when you joined hands in holy quire.

Then the Judge pronounces sentence:—
Since to these conditions without fear,

Of your own accord you do freely swear;
A whole flitch of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it away with love and good leave;
For this is the custom at Dunmow well-known;

Though the pleasure be ours, the bacon's
your own.

Following the trials, the claimants were chaired through the town on the shoulders of our Factory men, who were dressed for the occasion in smocks, as those worn by villagers of years ago. By the way, we learn that there are very few places in England where these smocks can be obtained—this is in Suffolk and Norfolk. The smocks are made by only a few women in several villages, and if you wish to buy one you cannot place the order to-day and expect delivery to-morrow. They are so carefully and skillfully worked that several weeks elapse in the making of a single smock.

As readers were informed in the Dunmow news in the last issue of the Magazine, one of the Harris representatives and his wife were putting forward a claim for the Dunmow Flitch, and you will, no doubt, be interested in reading a report of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McKaig's trial. This is reproduced by courtesy of the "Herts and Essex Observer."

"SHE TIPPED HIM THE WINK."

In his opening statement for Mr. and Mrs. McKaig, Mr. Windgent told how Mr. McKaig was walking along a country lane one day in white flannels when a young lady, now his wife, passed him on a bicycle and "tipped him the wink." And so the friendship started, and when the young man went to Brazil they corresponded with each other. On Mr. McKaig's return to England "things seemed to warm up." He went back to Brazil again and "things got warmer still" when he returned.

One day they were walking along the road and saw a rectory. Mr. McKaig said, "What does that mean?" They were married by special licence in a few days, the actual date being August 18th, 1914. After a honeymoon of six weeks, Mr. McKaig had to go back to Brazil, where he stayed for five years. All the time he was out there "there was one auburn-headed person at the back of his mind who was patiently waiting for him in England."

During the war, Mrs. McKaig used to take wounded soldiers out for rides in a dog cart. Mr. McKaig returned in 1919, and on

IN 1870 A LITTLE GIRL WITH
PICKTAILS WENT FISHING FOR
NEWTS.



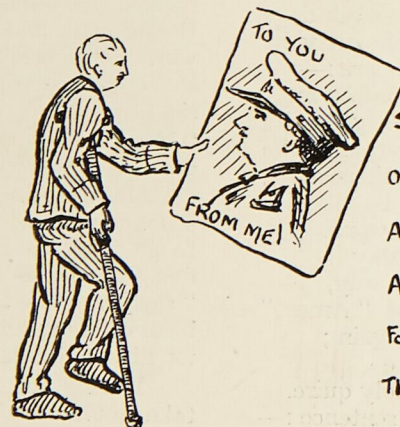
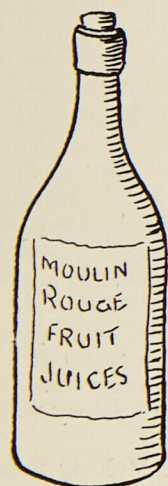
THE OATH. You shall swear by Custom of confession,
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By household brawls or contentious strife,
Or otherwise at bed or at board,
Offended each other in deed or word,
Or in a Twelve-month and a day
Repented not in thought any way,
Or since the parish clerk said Amen
Wished yourselves unmarried again;
But continue true and in desire
As when you joined hands in holy Quire.



A SUN BATHED
AMAZON



INNOCENCE
ABROAD.



THE SENTENCE.

Since to these conditions
without any fear,
Of your own accord you do
freely swear;
A whole Flitch of Bacon
you shall receive,
And bear it away with love
and good leave;
For this is the custom at
Dunmow well-known;
Though the pleasure be ours,
the Bacon's your own.

his return home his ship was held up by fog and strikes for a week. Medical and legal students were welcome to come to tea at the McKaig's house, and they were allowed to sun bathe in the garden in the square. Mr. and Mrs. McKaig had never quarrelled.

Mrs. McKaig then mounted the witness stand.

Mr. Windgent: It is correct what I said about the first time you met your husband?—Oh! yes.

You had a very nice honeymoon, hadn't you?—Oh! very nice.

Can you tell me about the five years your husband was in Brazil?—We thought we would only be parted for three months and I was going out to him. I did war work by taking wounded soldiers out in a dog-cart.

Have you and your husband ever had a cross word?—No.

Have you ever had a real quarrel?—No.

You have an opinion of your own?—Yes.

And if your opinions clash, what then?—I say nothing, but I have my own way—(laughter).

Mr. Davies (cross-examining): Did you make it a practice to give glad eyes?—No, but I was just out of school and was glad to be let loose.

Do you still desire to be let loose?—No, I'm forty now.

Where did your husband get this habit of sun bathing?—He does not sun bathe.

I suppose he had a surfeit of the sun on the Amazon?—He loves the sun.

Were you the driver of the dog-cart?—Yes.

Did you hold the reins?—Yes.

Do you still hold the reins?—No, we hold them together.

Did one of those soldiers go a little further than the others?—No.

Did the dog-cart?—No.

What did you do when you were waiting in Liverpool for your husband?—I dined and I danced.

At the hotel?—Yes.

Were you known there?—Yes, I went to watch the dancing and was asked to dance.

Are you a good cook?—I like cooking.

You absolutely trust your husband?—Yes.

Whatever your husband does is quite right?—Yes.

Mr. McKaig said he was proud to be the husband of Mrs. McKaig.

Mr. Windgent: While you were in Brazil during the war, were you away from civilisation?—Yes.

In the hot sun?—We were 60 miles below the line.

How did you fill in your leisure hours?—The leisure hours were the dark hours, of course. While I was away from the big towns there was nothing to do but read and smoke.

Have you ever regretted being married?—No.

Mr. Davies (cross-examining): You say you live the usual life of a married couple in England?—Yes.

Mr. Davies: And yet you have the temerity to come here for a flitch. Did your wife tell you what she did during the war?—Yes, she did in her correspondence.

How many pictures of convalescent soldiers did your wife have?—Several.

Was there anything written on them?—No.

Mr. Davies: Careful soldiers! You suggest you have never quarrelled?—Yes.

Mr. Davies: You dare not differ, I suppose—(laughter).

The Judge: Does the firm you are connected with have anything to do with bacon?—Yes.

Do you have anything to do with it?—Yes, on the export side.

After Mr. Davies' address and the Judge's summing-up the jury found for the claimants, and they were administered the historic oath.

* * *

Half the unhappiness in the world is due to the failure of plans which were never reasonable and often impossible.

* * *

About all we get out of some parties is the relief of taking off our shoes when we get home.

SPORTING TERMS ILLUSTRATED.



Bowls.—"Wrong Bias."

Swansea Calling!

Swansea was not a whit behind other towns or cities in celebrating his Majesty's 25th anniversary of his accession to the throne.

Nothing could better show the loyalty of the Welsh people to the throne than the spontaneous outburst of cheering that a crowd which must have numbered at least 30,000 in the famous St. Helens ground gave when his Majesty's speech was radiated.

During the afternoon the enormous crowd had been entertained by various displays, including the Wrdd Cymru, a push ball match, jazz bands, Y.M.C.A. athletics, a Marathon race, drills by Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, also community singing, led by the Swansea and District Male Voice Choir and accompanied by the Citadel Band of the Salvation Army, which was in itself a treat to listen to.

After the King's speech there was a grand march past, the Mayor taking the salute of the Territorials, followed by the Old Contemptibles and ex-Service men, police, V.A.D. nurses, lifeboat men, and most of those who during the afternoon and evening had given magnificent displays on the field.

To crown the day's proceedings a fire-work display, lasting 1½ hours, was given in Singleton Park. This is a natural amphitheatre where something like forty to fifty thousand must have gathered to witness one of the best displays ever staged in Swansea.

This is the third Jubilee I can remember. At the time of the first I was young, by the second I was beginning to take an active interest in National affairs, but I can safely aver that at no time during the last fifty years has the throne been so strongly entrenched in the hearts of the British people, and at no time in history have the sentiments been more real than when the people sang "God save our Gracious King" in this year of Jubilee, 1935.

* * *

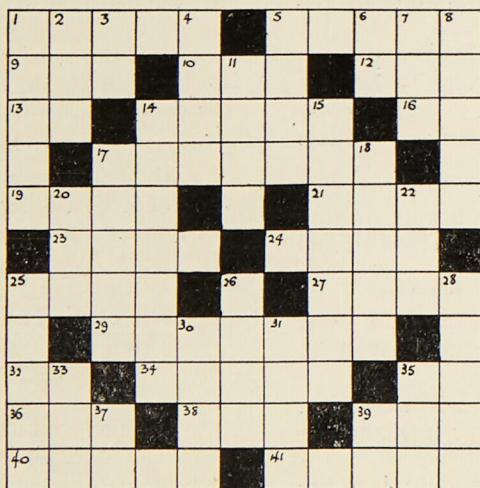
COPIED FROM A TOMBSTONE IN CHELTENHAM PARISH CHURCHYARD

Here lies John Higgs,
A famous man for killing pigs.
For killing pigs was his delight,
Both morning, afternoon, and night.
Both heats and cold he did endure,
Which no physician could 'ere cure.
His knife is laid, his word is done,
I hope to heaven his soul is gone.

ACROSS.

- 1.—Refuse.
- 5.—Found in a pig.
- 9.—Vegetable.
- 10.—Open (poet).
- 12.—Used for machinery.
- 13.—Consisting of.
- 14.—Fragrant.
- 16.—Suffice.
- 17.—Egyptian King.
- 19.—Wander about.
- 21.—Memorandum.
- 23.—Enthusiasm.
- 24.—Greek goddess.
- 25.—Adorn.
- 27.—Seal.
- 29.—Harsher.
- 32.—Take notice (abbrev.)
- 34.—Dust coloured.
- 35.—Father.
- 36.—Corrode.
- 38.—Some.
- 39.—Possesses.
- 40.—Bush.
- 41.—Baffle.

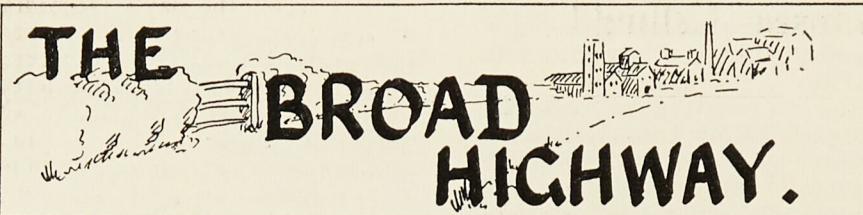
OUR CROSSWORD (No. 4).



The solution will appear next month.

Down.

- 1.—Drug.
- 2.—Morass.
- 3.—Note of musical scale.
- 4.—Muddy soil.
- 5.—Borders.
- 6.—Not so.
- 7.—Sheep disease.
- 8.—Run away.
- 11.—Excuse.
- 14.—Place in Siam.
- 15.—Russian river.
- 17.—Fish.
- 18.—Self possessed.
- 20.—Metal.
- 22.—A drink.
- 25.—Ancient invaders of England.
- 26.—Refuse of grain.
- 28.—Contract.
- 30.—Biblical King.
- 31.—An island.
- 33.—Exclamation.
- 35.—Fox's foot.
- 37.—Trustee (abbrev.)
- 39.—Interjection.



Relief-Salesman W. J. Perry has been appointed to the North Camp Van, which has recently made a start at Aldershot.

Relief Salesman J. B. Gale has been appointed to the Weston-super-Mare van.

Relief-Salesman D. Dolman has been appointed to Enfield Van 55.

We welcome Messrs. H. Crabtree and P. Stockwell, who have recently come to Calne as Relief Salesmen.

Van-Salesman W. Thomas, of Llanelly, recently had a nasty accident to his ankle, but he is now making good progress towards recovery.

We paid a visit to Mr. I. Lammiman, of Hull, recently, and we are quite sure that all his friends on the road will wish him complete recovery from his long illness, which he is bearing so patiently.

Mr. W. W. Moss has been appointed as Mr. Lammiman's assistant to help look after things.

We are glad to say that Mr. J. P. Cartwright is making steady progress and has now been able to go away for a holiday by the sea in Devon.

We congratulate Mr. A. E. Lane, of Redruth, our representative in West Cornwall, upon his recent marriage. We hope that Mr. and Mrs. Lane will have every good fortune and happiness in the future.

As was the case last year, we have again been asked to assist in organising the exhibit of the Pigs and Bacon Marketing Boards at the various agricultural shows, and it may interest our representatives to have a list of

shows in which we are participating in case they are able to pay a visit:—

Bath and West, Taunton—May 29th-June 1st.

Royal Counties, Weymouth—June 5th-June 8th.

Suffolk County, Halesworth—June 6th-June 7th.

Three Counties, Gloucester—June 11th-June 13th.

Royal Cornwall, Newquay—June 12th,—June 13th.

Lincolnshire, Grantham—June 19th-June 21st.

Royal, Newcastle—July 2nd-July 6th.

Kent County, Ashford—July 11th-July 13th.

Royal Welsh, Haverfordwest—July 24th-July 26th.

An enthusiastic young salesman went into a village shop and offered a dazzling window display to go with his goods. He pictured the increase in sales vividly. At last the retailer replied:—

"It's no use, young man. If that plan of yours will do what you say it will we don't want nuthin' to do with it. I'm 72, my partner is 78, our errand boy is 69. We just couldn't stand the excitement."

HARRIS OVERSEAS.

We are reproducing a photograph of a display of Harris Bacon, which was exhibited in one of the finest shops in the United States of America.

This has been sent to us by our esteemed agent over there, Mr. M. H. Greenebaum, who takes an exceedingly lively interest in the sale of our products in that part of the world.

It is very interesting to know that Harris products are advertised in the American newspapers and magazines, and that special displays are made by our customers abroad.

Last year they were specially featured at the National Restaurant and Food Show, which was held in Chicago concurrently with the World's Fair.

We extend our hearty good wishes for continued progress to Mr. Greenebaum and his associates and we look forward to receiving further items of interest, which we shall be very glad to reproduce for the perusal of the Harris family.

JUBILEE MEDAL.

To Mr. W. Angell, of the Lard Department, came the honour of receiving a medal to commemorate the King's Jubilee. From information received there were only five medals issued to the 4th Battalion of the Wilts Territorials, and Mr. Angell was the recipient of one, as the oldest private soldier in the battalion, his service being in the region of twenty years.

W.P.

TIDWORTH.

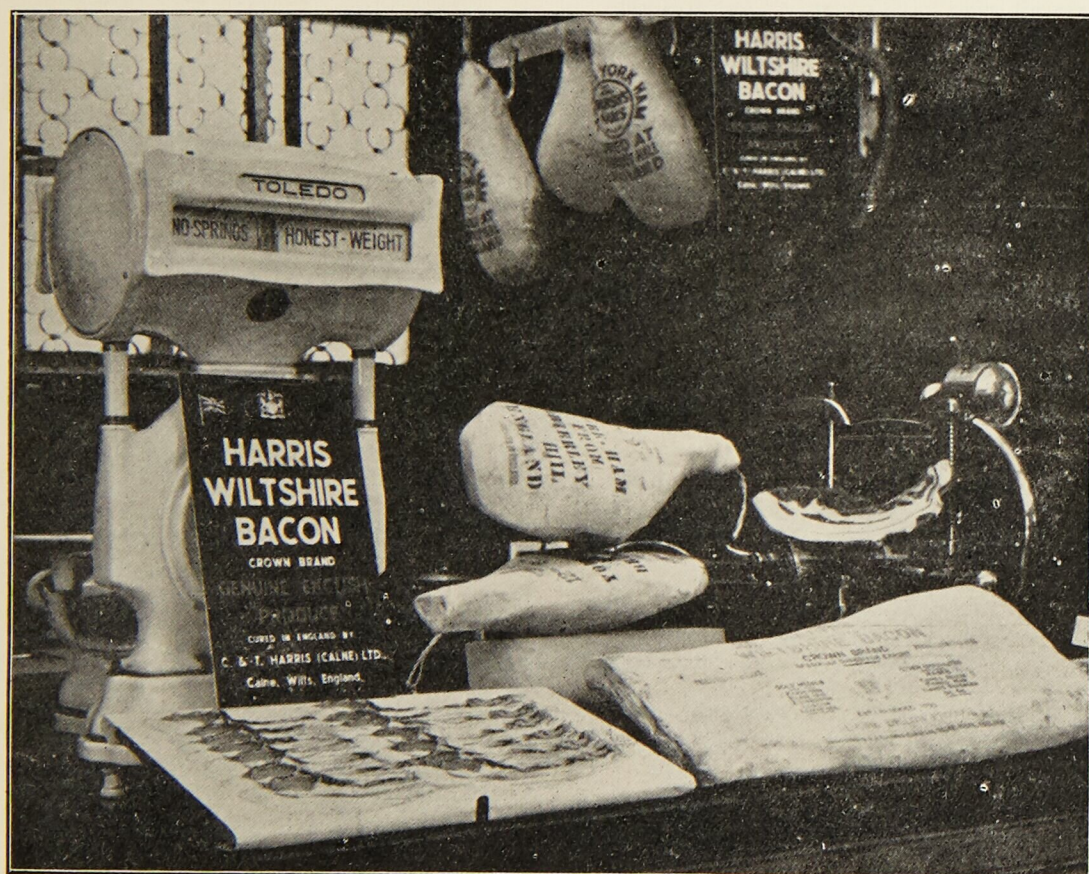
On account of its easy access by road the Tidworth Tattoo is always looked forward to by us at Calne and Chippenham.

In the midst of the open country the Tattoo is staged in a charming hollow, screened by woodlands and flanked by hills. The natural beauty of the arena is enhanced by the ingenious use of the lighting effects and fireworks.

It cannot be too widely known that none of the cost of the Tattoo comes out of the Army funds. The accounts are under strict supervision and the profits are devoted to the various organisations having for their object the comfort, happiness, and welfare of the troops, their families, and dependants.

This year's display is even more ambitious than previous years. We hope to be able to give our readers fuller details next month.

H.



"HARRIS OVERSEAS."

wishing Harris Magazine a long service medal.

C. H. MILLEA.

Van 24, Southampton.

Van Salesman Childs writes on his return after his recent operation:—"I am sure I have not done my duty towards this most popular publication, which I look forward to receiving every month, but will do my best in the future. Wishing you every success."

R. CHILDS.

Van 29, Bournemouth.

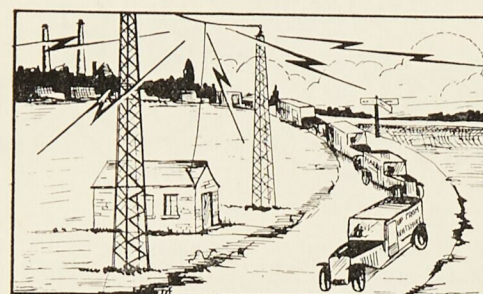
"Greetings to all at Calne and best wishes to those on the outside Sales Staff. May you all be able to do your bit towards the 'Glass Harvest,' and to those salesmen still warehousing in hopes I would send the following:—An esteemed and respected member of the gentlemen on the road had died and his colleagues had created a half crown fund for the benefit of his family. This fund had met with great success, tradesmen contributing generously. A commercial friend of the dead man during his journey one day tactfully mentioned the matter to one of his customers, a Mr. Shout, who said he would be charmed to help, and took from his pocket a £1 note with the remark, 'Keep the 17s. 6d. change and bury seven more of the blighters.'"

J. C. WHITE.

Van 30, Portsmouth.

"The Portsmouth treasure is, of course, the 'Victory.' Making a visit to this ship, which is in H.M. Dockyard, I was very impressed by its build, but thought the sailors in those days must have been of the five feet type, for I had to stoop during the tour. Of course, Nelson died below decks, but many officers have flown their flags at her mast, such as Keppel, Kempenfelt, and the Earl St. Vincent. The 'Victory' first touched water in 1765, or five years before 1770. Let that not dismay us, however, for it was not until 1778 that she was baptised by fire. It was in 1825 she was made flagship in Portsmouth harbour. Although 170 years of age, she is still 'bonnie,' being well cared for by the Society for Nautical Research and others. I can recommend a visit to all should you be this way."

R. J. BALL.



We are giving below some more letters from the post-bag of Miss V. Davis and are glad to see that so many of our Van Salesmen are giving us their much-appreciated support:

Van 19, Newport.

"I must, in common with many others, congratulate the Editors for the remarkable amount of work which they have put into the Magazine since the commencement. I have looked over each volume since Volume 1, and one can certainly see a wonderful improvement in the style and lay-out of each number. May I wish the Magazine every success and may I hope that it will go on improving at the same rate of improvement as the last eight years have shown. You ask for something interesting which has occurred to me since being on the van. Well, when I went to Llanely in 1926 we were travelling on the second Friday I was there between Ammanford and Gwaun-Cae-Gurwen, when we met a procession headed by two bands and I should say that there would be about 4,000 men carrying one man shoulder high. Not one of my customers could tell me what the procession was for and I began to get quite concerned and worried until I arrived back at Ammanford. There I was told that there was a great 'to do' in Ammanford. A monster tea and numbers of speeches in honour of this man who had come out from prison that day after having served nearly five years for striking a police inspector during the 1921 strike."

W. J. COURTNEY.

Van 21, London.

"I regret I have not made any contribution so far, but will try to send something along in the future. I feel like the man who said, 'There are a thousand and one reasons why I shouldn't have a drink, but I can't think of one at the moment.' Anyhow, here's

Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. W. H. BODEN.



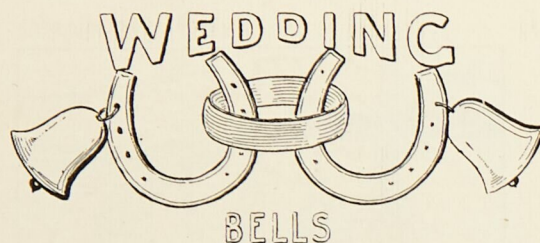
Our photograph this month is of Mr. W. H. Boden, of Bournemouth.

Mr. Boden joined the Firm as a Relief Van Salesman in September, 1925, taking over the Leeds Van in the following November. After spending over five years in Leeds he was transferred to the sunny south in charge of Bournemouth Van No. 12.

Mr. Boden has a very busy journey, but he doubtless feels that there are compensations in representing the Firm in such an ideal spot as Bournemouth.

At Calne Parish Church, on April 20th, Miss Gladys Weston was married to Mr. Charles Butler, of the Retort Department. The bride, who was given away by her brother, wore a turquoise-blue georgette frock, with large picture hat of the same shade, and wore fawn shoes and stockings and carried a prayer book.

The combined wedding present from the Factory was an oak palm stand and oak fire-screen. Miss Weston was ten years in the Kitchen.



The wedding took place at Calne Parish Church, on April 20th, of Miss Rita Wiltshire and Mr. Edward George.

The bride wore a gown of ivory ring velvet, with a wreath of orange blossom and veil, and carried a bouquet of cream rosebuds.

She was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Ida Arrowsmith and Miss Trixie McFaull, who wore powder-blue velvet gowns, gold head-dresses and shoes, and carried bouquets of cream carnations.

The bride, a member of the office staff for ten years, was the recipient of an oak bookcase and bureau from her colleagues.

At Calne Wesleyan Church, on Saturday, April 20th, Miss Ada Gale was married to Mr. Reginald Morse, of Beavers Brook, Calne. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore an ivory satin frock, with wreath of orange blossom and veil, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations.

Three bridesmaids attended the bride and wore pink georgette frocks and necklaces of crystals (the gift of the bridegroom), silver leaves and silver shoes, and carried bouquets of daffodils.

The bride was eight years in the Sausage Department, and was the recipient of stainless dinner knives from her colleagues, and a Westminster Chime clock from the Factory.

At Calne Parish Church, on April 20th, Miss Winnie Coles was married to Mr. Victor Strange, of Cheltenham. The bride, who was given away by her cousin, wore a white crepe suede frock, with wreath and veil and white satin shoes, and carried a spray bouquet of roses.

The bridegroom's sister was bridesmaid and wore a duck-egg-blue georgette frock, with large hat to match and fawn shoes and stockings, and carried a bouquet of tulips.

Miss Coles was fifteen years in the Kitchen Department. The wedding present from the Factory was a palm stand.



LIBRARY SECTION.

"These Hurrying Years," by Gerald Heard.

This is an historical outline of the years 1900 to 1933, which brings home to the reader the swift passage of events since the beginning of this century.

The period is divided up into three decades, and the last three years are dealt with separately. After the outward story of the political, economic, and social events of each decade, there is given a sketch of the main forces behind these happenings, in the endeavour to trace the fundamental causes.



On April 6th we lost a good game with the G.W.R., Swindon, at Swindon. We were weaker than usual, and although we lost by 1 goal to 5 we nevertheless had an excellent match. Sybil McLean was responsible for our only goal.

Matches arranged for April 13th, 20th, and 27th, versus Holt, Oldfield Park, and Melksham respectively, were scratched, and on April 25th we concluded our programme with an evening match against Whitley. In the most unpropitious circumstances we lost a hard match by 6 goals to 0. Rain teemed down the whole time play was in progress and our more robust opponents survived the ordeal with a better record than we could attain.

Reviewing the past season, we are able to report a fairly satisfactory position, seeing that practically a new team was in evidence. Of 21 matches played 11 were won, 9 lost, and 1 drawn—in addition to which 10 were cancelled. The goals scored were 75 for and 64 against. This is not a bad record in view of the difficulties experienced in team building, for seldom was the same team seen in the field. This is in great contrast to

other seasons when consistency and regularity of play brought success. On the other hand a large number of players were interested and helped during the season—probably, in the long run, the better attribute from the H.W.A. point of view. We hope the new officials are satisfied with their first efforts, and that their work and results will increase in strength as the years roll on.



The concluding match of the season was played at Lickhill on April 6th, and our opponents, Shrivenham, proved victors by 7 goals to 3. R. Swaffield scored twice and R. Cobb obtained the other goal.

The early promise of a good season was not fulfilled; winning the first three matches and making a draw of the fourth augured well for the future, but like a good many other auguries, it came only to deceive. In fact, the record shows that only one other match was won during the season. Of 18 games played, 5 were won, 11 lost, and 2 drawn, and 8 were cancelled. We scored 48 goals to our opponents' 66. This apparently unsatisfactory record on paper does not indicate the spirit and success of the games. This is shown in the desire of our competitors to visit and receive visits from us.

The hockey season was wound up by the playing of a mixed match on April 24th, when a team from the County Council Offices, at Trowbridge, were our visitors. A very enjoyable game resulted in a win by 7 goals to 2. Our scorers were R. Swaffield 5, Irene Hunt, and K. Haines, and the following represented the club:—Margaret Angell, J. Bromham, I. J. Taylor, Frances Angell, A. Dixon, Kathleen Angell, W. Smith, Irene Hunt, R. Swaffield, Molly Angell, and K. Haines.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT.

This annual Tournament, for the "Bodinnar" Cup commenced on Tuesday, May 7th, with a match between the Retort, &c., Department and the Kitchen Department. The result was a win for the latter by 2 goals to 0. Both goals were the result of mis-judgment—the first, ten minutes from the start, saw the backs and goalkeeper intermixed in an effort to stop a long punt by R. Barry, the Kitchen back; the ball bounced between them and over the goalkeeper's head. The second was a ground shot, allowed to slip through hands and feet into the net. Apart from these two incidents the play was uneventful and fairly even, the defence of both teams being stronger than the attack. An outstanding feature of the game was the performance of F. H. J. Cleverley, who played in the forward line of the Retort Department. A son of "Kebble," he made a great impression on the crowd, and for so young a player, the skill displayed showed wonderful promise. His future will undoubtedly be followed with much interest. H. Slade, another youngster, proved his worth in the team. Mr. E. Smart ably controlled the game and set the seal upon the new departure of providing referees from within our ranks instead of going outside. The collection, which, after the expenses are deducted, will be given to the Calne Nursing Association, amounted to 13s. 3d.

The following were the teams:—

Kitchen—W. Pottow, R. Barry, S. Taylor, W. Angell, J. Smart, B. Dolman, A. Dean, A. Rose, E. Lawrence, G. Mitchell, and W. Drew.

Retort, &c.—L. Read, R. H. Stanley, H. Day, R. King, B. Flay, W. Butler, T. Freegard, A. C. Hill, A. King, F. H. J. Cleverley, and H. Slade.

Boning, Sausage, &c., v. Warehouse, &c.—May 8th.

A very good game resulted in a win for the Warehouse by 3 goals to 1. Boning opened the scoring ten minutes from the start through an excellent shot by A. Green. Fifteen minutes later A. H. Haines sent in a good pass from the right wing, which F. Butler intercepted and found the net via the crossbar and A. E. Butler's breasting in. The Warehouse's second goal came from a

perfect pass out to the right by F. Butler, for A. H. Haines to score. The only goal in the second half was from a penalty kick awarded to the Warehouse and taken by F. Blackford. His kick gave the goalkeeper no chance. Again we notice the excellence of the younger generation of players—the two Butlers (A. E. and F.)—and F. Beaven played very well in their first Inter-Departmental game. Mr. W. Pottow refereed the game and gave every satisfaction to players and spectators alike. The following were the teams:—

Warehouse, &c.—S. Duck, H. J. D. Cleverley, P. Coleman, G. Dean, F. Flay, F. Blackford, A. H. Haines, S. Toogood, A. E. Butler, F. Butler, and F. Beaven.

Boning, &c.—H. P. Miller, B. Webb, J. Garraway, J. Dolman, A. Green, P. Gingell, F. Brewer, E. Gingell, P. Skinner, F. Croft, and E. G. Collier.

The collection amounted to 13s. 11d.

Offices v. Maintenance.

S. HUGHES THE SHARPSHOOTER.

The last of the first round matches was played on Thursday, May 9th, before a good attendance, and the above teams combined to furnish an attractive game.

For a considerable time the Office forwards rarely eluded J. Bromham and R. Caswell, and nobody put more energy into his play than the right back. This virile player, however, later on paid for his impetuosity.

Hughes (an old Calne Town player) was the star forward and scored an excellent goal after twenty-five minutes' play.

The second half opened at a terrible pace, and in two minutes as many goals had been chalked up, an equaliser by L. Berry and a penalty goal by Hughes.

A second before Bromham and Watson came down together, and Hughes had only to kick the ball in. He did. Everybody applauded, but the referee discovered that the ball had been handled. Result—a penalty.

Shortly afterwards another free was awarded and Hughes obtained the coveted hat trick.

The scoring was completed by splendid goals through P. Caine (Offices) and V. Gale (Maintenance).

The defence of both sides often set the

crowd alight by brilliant dashes and clearances.

Caswell's old leg trouble unfortunately asserted itself in the second half.

A fine game, fought in a spirited manner, resulted in a victory for the Offices by 4 goals to 2.

Mr. W. Butler refereed. Collection, 19s. 2d.

The following were the teams:—

Maintenance—H. Hillier, J. E. Bromham, R. Caswell, L. Berry, H. Smart, H. Simpkins, V. Gale, T. Thomas, R. Stevens, R. Morgan and R. White.

Office.—A. Winter, K. Haines, C. R. Syms, R. Goddard, R. Swaffield, I. J. Taylor, P. Caine, J. Wiltshire, T. James, H. Watson, and S. H. Hughes.

Semi-Final—Warehouse v. Kitchen.

Within five minutes from the start W. Drew put the Kitchen on the score-card by a good goal from the left wing. P. Coleman and H. J. D. Cleverley were kept busy in keeping the Kitchen forwards out and both served their side well. A. H. Haines, from a good centre by P. Stockwell, equalised.

After a long period of up and down exchanges, in which we saw many brilliant individual efforts and many combined failures—A. Rose and A. Daniels put the Kitchen two goals ahead, which carried their side into the final. The Warehouse tried their hardest to regain their lost ground, and F. Flay in particular put in much work to attain this end, but without avail. R. Barry, J. Smart, and B. Dolman were towers of strength for the Kitchen, and the success that came to their side was largely due to these players.

The writer was interested in an incident which happened in front of him. One of the Kitchen players put his shoulder out of joint, and without any fuss and with perfect skill his colleagues put it back with a click and the game and player resumed.

Mr. Edwin Bennett ably refereed the game, and the collection amounted to £1.

Semi-Final—Offices v. Slaughter and Printing.

For the first time in the history of the competition the Office players will contest the final stage.

In an exciting match a young and enthusiastic team beat the cup-holders by two clear goals.

No goals were scored when the referee whistled for time, and, according to rule, extra time was called.

There were thrills galore right from the start. Watson and Hughes, by delightful footwork, livened up things with a smart run. The outside left cut in and forced Butler to dive low to push away the ball. Hughes fastened on and this time made no mistake. He thus made amends for many—well, chances not previously accepted.

Despite the exhortations of their supporters the Slaughter and Printing team could not throw off the attack of their opponents.

Several excellent shots were blocked by Davis Brothers, and then followed the shot of the match. P. Caine (Offices), from an excellent pass by centre-half Swaffield, dribbled until near the penalty line and then shot with terrific force. The ball literally travelled along the front of the crossbar and finally returned to the field of play—extremely hard luck, and was deservedly cheered.

In the remaining minutes the cup-holders, particularly Stephens and Angell, forced the pace, but Winter, Haines, and Syms (the last-named was about the best player on the field) were as safe as the bank.

Close on time H. Watson put the Office team two up with a lovely ground shot. A really hectic finish to a grand game.

The referee was Mr. W. Pottow. Collection, £1 6s. 6d.

THE CUP FINAL.

Extra Time Again : A. Winter the Hero.

The competition for the "Bodinnar" Cup was brought to a conclusion on Wednesday, May 15th, when the Office played the Kitchen. The following is a report of the game:—

Pity Offices. Congratulate Kitchen. Vanquished and victors in great final; assuredly the "best ever."

It was undoubtedly a gallant fight. Defences excellent—no flaws anywhere.

In ten minutes James put heart in the Office team. A brilliant goal. Pottow could hardly have seen it until it struck the back of the net.

Twenty minutes of thrilling exchanges and the equaliser by Drew. The bounce of the ball beat the defenders.

Offices again in front. Swaffield takes

deliberate aim and finds the net from thirty yards. Cheers!

End of the football season? Not likely. Players sparkled all the time.

Lawrence, a thrustful forward, always a menace, kicks a goal for the Kitchen.

Then the spectators were treated to goalkeeping of the highest order by Winter, the Offices captain. What a remarkable game he played throughout. The large crowd cheered vociferously.

For the second occasion in three days the Office players were involved in "extra time."

What a dazzling finish; all excited now, players and onlookers alike. A re-play? No, that good old fellow of other days, Bert Dolman, wins the cup for the Kitchen team in semi-darkness.

Really a great pity that one team should of necessity lose this match. Cannot justly individualise.

Every one of the twenty-two players deserves a bouquet. Hats off to them for a thrilling encounter.

The game was excellently refereed by Mr. E. Smart.

Collection amounted to £3 2s. 4d.

At the conclusion of the match the President presented his cup to the winners, and in so doing congratulated both teams on their performance. It was a pleasure to him to watch such a good hard game fought in such a splendid spirit. Mr. Bodinnar mentioned how pleased he was to hear of the success of the experiment of finding referees from within their own ranks, and that they had given so much pleasure and satisfaction to player and spectator alike.

Mr. R. Barry, the captain of the Kitchen XI., in accepting the cup, paid a tribute to the opposing team for the hard and clean game they had given them. This was reciprocated by Mr. A. Winter, the Office captain, and the little ceremony ended in a round of cheers for victors, vanquished, and Mr. Bodinnar.

* * *

AT GREAT LENGTH.

Politician (at meeting, after speaking for two hours): I shall not keep you much longer; I am afraid I have spoken at great length. There is no clock in the hall and I must apologise for not having a watch with me.

Voice (from back of hall): There's a calendar behind you, mister.

Friends Elsewhere.



On Friday, April 5th, 1935, we played the return skittle match with our Harris friends, who had made ideal arrangements for our visit at the Constitutional Club.

We have lost count of the number of times defeat has been given us by Calne and we were hoping that the tables would turn for us on this occasion, but once more we have to record a loss.

The first leg started in favour of Calne, and they were able to maintain the lead throughout and ran out winners by 27 pins.

Our team improved during the second leg, which was fought in fine style, but our opponents proved to be victorious by three pins.

Calne started the final leg, making much headway against our men and certainly proved to be the superior team, finishing the leg with 7 pins to the good, and winning all three legs with a total of 37 pins.

Final Scores:—

| | | | |
|------------------|-----|-----|---------|
| Calne | 140 | 128 | 133—401 |
| Chippenham | 113 | 125 | 126—364 |

We take this opportunity of thanking the Calne skittle team for the most enjoyable evening we were able to spend as their guests.

INTER-FACTORY DART COMPETITION

This competition still maintains the interest of the employees of this branch, and so far from the results to hand we are playing much better than in previous years. If we can continue our present form we should be further from the bottom of the League than we have been since the competition has been in existence.

During the latter part of this month we have been without our Manager, Mr.

W. V. Long, who has had a fortnight's rest from business. Every member of the factory office staff join together in expressing their sincere wish that Mr. Long will return completely restored to good health.

"J.G.H." CHALLENGE CUP

Monday, April 8th, 1935, was the day arranged for this competition, and a gathering of prospective cup-holders assembled at the Railway Inn to decide who should be the first person to have his name engraved on this cup.

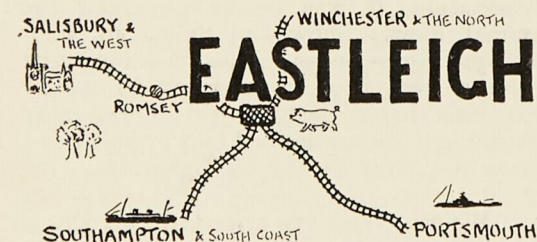
Naturally there were many surprises as each round was settled, but the semi-finals provided the following players still competing:—J. Weaver v. J. Burchell, R. Kington v. C. Watts.

After a keen fight J. Burchell managed to overcome J. Weaver, but C. Watts, who had played so consistently throughout the season, fell completely to R. Kington, who beat him with three balls in hand.

This victory encouraged Kington, who managed to snatch the cup from Burchell by two pins and become the first holder of the "J.G.H." Challenge Cup.

To conclude a most enjoyable evening Mr. J. G. Hooper played the winner and proved victorious by 21 pins to 12.

* * *



It has been our pleasure to welcome Mr. Redman, who paid us a visit during the month of April.

Also we have been pleased to have Mr. Bunston with us again.

We are glad to report that following Mr. Bodinnar's visit to Eastleigh, and the splendid lead he gave, an Employees' Benefit Society has been inaugurated, with every employee taking advantage of membership. The officers appointed are:—Joint treasurers, Messrs. G. H. Taylor and F. Gallop; secretary, Mr. L. Toogood; Members' auditor, Mr. P. Ash; and Directors' auditor,

Mr. L. S. Jones; with members of the Works Council forming the Committee.

At the moment of writing our pig supplies are very good indeed, with the producers sending in their quota to ensure the delivery bonus.

EASTLEIGHAN.

* * *



With the coming of Spring ends our season for winter sports, and although we have not done big things, at least everyone taking part in the different games have thoroughly enjoyed them, and the contests have been very sporty.

SKITTLES.

In the Highbridge and District League our team has done a little better this season, having vacated their usual place at the bottom and crept just a little way up the table. This shows a steady improvement, and we can look forward to next season with hope and ambition to be in the running for the cups. We require a little more of the "young blood's" energy; the old and tried seasoned players know the game, with all its skill, but when contesting with youth, the hand has not forgotten its cunning, but the vitality is missing. This makes all the difference and brings out the truism, "Age has experience and youth has vitality."

ANNE KIDLEY COMPETITIONS.

Some 25 players entered for these competitions, but only 20 survived to compete in the final match, which was held at our alley, at the Crossway Inn, Huntspill, on Friday, April 12th, at 7.30 p.m., and everyone was keyed up with excitement, aching to know who would eventually be the winner this season.

E. Cann, last year's holder of the cup, was going very strong to retain it for a second

season, A. Hill being his nearest opponent by 8 pins. However, after a very exciting contest, E. Cann was again the winner with 250 pins for the six matches. R. C. Lynham came second with 236 pins.

The company then adjourned to the dining-room, to have a snack of bread and cheese, when the cup was presented by the donor, Mr. A. G. Kidley, our esteemed manager, to the winner, who was congratulated on retaining it for a second season. The cup was then filled in the usual manner, the whole party drinking the healths of the donor and the winner amidst great applause. The rest of the evening was spent in songs, everyone agreeing that they had had an enjoyable time.

FOOTBALL.

We have almost completed our season's programme, and all those who have been interested, either as a member of the team or a spectator, can say that we have had some sport, some thrills, and, at times, some hard luck, but best of all, we have had some fun out of it! We now have ambitious hopes for next season.

STAFF INTER-VISIT.

The staff of the Wiltshire Bacon Co., Ltd., Chippenham, paid a visit to Highbridge on Saturday, March 30th, and a football match was played on the home ground in Alstone Road, Highbridge being winners by 5-3, after leading by 2 goals to 1 at half-time. Mrs. Smith, wife of Captain C. Herbert Smith, kicked off. The visitors were afterwards shown over the West of England Creamery and the Bacon Factory, and later were entertained to a meat tea at the George Hotel. Mr. A. G. Kidley presided, and was supported by Mr. W. V. Long, Mr. J. G. Hooper, and Mr. C. B. Shier. Mr. Kidley welcomed the visitors, and expressed the hope that inter-staff visits would become annual events.

After the meal a game of skittles was played, Highbridge winning by 41 pins. The party broke up at 10.30 p.m., the Chippenham visitors leaving for home, and everyone voted that the day had been most enjoyable. All the arrangements were made by Mr. C. B. Shier, acting sports secretary.

Last, but not least, we cannot end up without a little word about our Carnival

Dance, held at the Highbridge Town Hall on Easter Monday evening, in aid of the funds of our Football Club, and we can say that although the inclement weather during the holidays may have interfered with people enjoying themselves, it cannot be said that the young folk did not enjoy our dance, as it was voted one of the best of the season. About 140 people were present. Several prizes were given by members of the committee for special dances, and our best thanks are due to the whole of the committee, viz., Messrs. F. Perham, W. Gunningham, D. Smith, H. Ham, I. Davies, A. Neath, E. J. Llewellyn, A. Holley (chairman), with C. B. Shier acting secretary. We must also give a special word of praise to Mrs. Walter Young and her assistants in the catering department, who kindly looked after our inner needs. She and her assistants, Mrs. Gibbs and Mrs. Holley, are always willing to be self-sacrificing in this direction.

By the co-operation of all, we were able to hand a substantial sum to our football funds, and thus end up the season with a good credit balance.

We are looking forward to our return visit to Chippenham with hopes of spending a pleasant time.

C.B.S.

At the monthly meeting of the Welfare Association, it was decided to hold the annual Flower Show and Sports in July. This year three prizes will be offered in every class, so that now the incentive to exhibit has been found possible it is hoped that entries will show a decided improvement and make the effort worthy of Highbridge.

We are very sorry to record that Mr. J. Llewellyn and Mr. Slater are still unable to return to work, although we are pleased to say they are progressing favourably. To both our invalids we wish quick recovery to normal health and strength.

To Mr. and Mrs. F. Lawrence and family is extended our sincere sympathy in the loss of their son; also to Mr. F. Burland in the death of his father.

We recently had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Petherick.

For the consideration of the Calne Show Committee we have been asked to

suggest that they revive their "Fur and Feather" exhibition at the Annual Show, with the promise that Highbridge fanciers will give it support.

R.C.L.

* * *



We are indebted to Mr. Carter, of the Kidlington Great Western Railway Office, for the following:—

Thus says the prophet of the Turk;
"Good Mussulman, abstain from pork,
There is a part in every swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication."
Such, Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part expressed,
They might with safety eat the rest;
But for one piece they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarred;
And set their wits at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind,
Much controversy straight arose,
These chose the back, the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the head;
While others at that doctrine wail,
And piously prefer the tail.
Thus conscience freed from every clog,
Mahomedans eat up the hog.
You laugh—'tis well—the tale applied
May make you laugh on t'other side.
"Renounce the world"—the preacher cries,
"We do"—a multitude replied.
While one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play;
Some love a concert, or a race;
And others shooting, and the chase,
Reviled and loved, renounced and followed,
Thus, bit by bit, the world is swallowed;
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,

Yet likes a slice as well as he.
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

COWPER.

We wonder whether we are alone in being able to report that every person on our staff buys a Magazine. To compile a publication such as this must entail a lot of hard work on the part of the Editors, and we are pleased to be able to back them up in this way.

We are always happy to see old faces at Kidlington, and this month we have received visits from several from Headquarters.

Our sympathy was extended early during the month to Mr. Woolford and Mr. Arris when we learned that their wives were seriously ill. We are glad, however, to know that they are making good progress towards recovery.

* * *



JUST A BALL.

At Christmas time I always hear from a friend in South Africa and he generally reminds me that he hopes to be playing bowls on December 25th. Their climate enables them to continue their outdoor games practically the whole year through, while here we have to be content with a matter of five months for our summer games. While this is being read our summer games will be in full swing, and with the additional hour, known as Summer Time, will give many of us greater opportunities for all kinds of sport. Undoubtedly Summer Time is responsible for popularising all kinds of outdoor games. The reader will un-

doubtedly guess that my outdoor game is bowls, which I claim is the finest game of all for those, both ladies and gentlemen, who do not feel like continuing the more vigorous games of tennis, cricket, and football.

Why do we play these games? I think I am quite safe in saying that we do not play just for exercise. I think it is just that one particular game takes our fancy and that we play just for the love of the game. True, the exercise is there and, undoubtedly, our health benefits. Practically all the games are played with balls of different sizes, and there is nothing tedious to learn; in fact, the majority are really simple and you can very soon become acquainted with all the rules. About the first thing we had given to us as kiddies was a ball, and our first delight was to throw this out of our prams and then, as we found our feet, to kick it about the room. There is something mysteriously fascinating in that ball for we can't seem to do without it, and we carry on our games still partly in that childish simplicity. You will see twenty-two men trying to kick a ball between two posts and thousands of people enthusiastically cheering. You watch a golfer, looking all-important in plus fours, slosh a silly little ball into a gorse bush; a tennis player in flannels and gaily-coloured blazer, armed with half-a-dozen rackets, will swell with pride as he slices a ball which utterly defies his opponent. Then bowls—yes, I must mention a bowler—just watch his "that's the way to do it," as his wood rolls up and just stops alongside the jack.

I just mentioned the simplicity of all these outdoor games, but I quite agree that to acquire a high standard of skill continual practice and adaptability is necessary. But games are different to other pursuits in life. Where one aspires and achieves position and influence he is rewarded with a full life with advantages and opportunities, but in sport and in all games the one who is more skilled and becomes a star cannot enjoy his games to the same degree as those who are average players. There is no satisfaction in any kind of sport where one has to play with another unless the skill of each is about equal, but there is complete satisfaction with an opponent of equal skill, and all that is asked for is a ball, a patch of grass, and a fine day.

G.C.

THE HARRIS WHO'S ZOO.

(With apologies to Debrett's "Who's Who.")



CRAB.—Crustacean—"CANCER PAGURUS"
Descendant of "Cancer," a Sign in the Zodiac.

BORN—Off Brighton Pier—Year unknown.

EDUCATED—For House of Peers.

HOBBIES—Practising "Pedicure."

OFFICIAL DUTIES—Satisfying the appetites of epicures.

LOBSTER. — Crustacean — "HOMARUS," allied to the Crab family.

BORN—At sea. Off the Cornish coast.

EDUCATION—Eaten.

HOBBIES—Potting.

AMBITION—To be amalgamated with its Cousin Crab and "Attractively packed in Counter Boxes of One Dozen."

(For further information see Price List).

WE ARE SEVEN.

DEAR READERS,

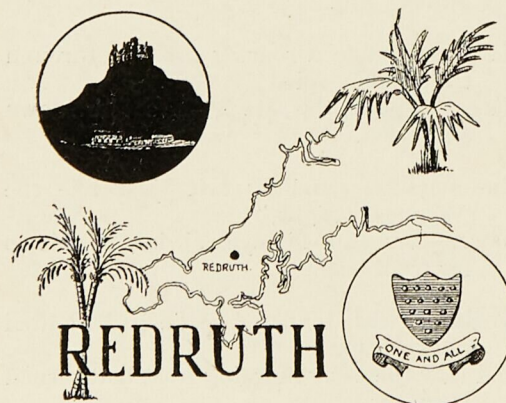
You will remember a little while back we introduced ourselves, but we regret to say we left out one of our fellow-workers. May we introduce him now? He is Patsey, our night watchman. A quiet, unassuming fellow, he is very popular at Cowcross Street. He has been with us now for five years, and during that time has endeared himself to everyone. Being a nightwatchman is a lonely job and apt to get monotonous, but it is to his credit that it has not in any way affected his equanimity. Perhaps he is a little susceptible to flattery, and maybe we encourage him a little in this respect, but that is all to do with our regard for him, and in any case does not affect his sterling qualities applied to his particular job.

You may think, dear Readers, that this song of praise to our dear old friend would be likely to turn his head, but we can assure you it will not have the slightest affect on him. You see, this lovable chap is—the Warehouse Cat.

Cheerio!

THE C.C.'s.

* * *



With Easter came the beginning of a holiday season promising in every way to be memorable. That it is to be associated with the celebration of the Centenary of the Great Western Railway as well as the King's Silver Jubilee is a conjunction not without practical significance, especially for Cornwall. While the company would in any case make special provision for the seasonable traffic that may reasonably be expected this year, the fact that it is making a notable epoch in its career will stimulate it to still greater things. Quite a number of indications in this direction

have already been forthcoming. During Easter the Cornish Riviera ran in four parts and other trains ran non-stop from Paddington to Plymouth, en route for Penzance; and special connections to serve Newquay, Falmouth, and St. Ives gave an excellent service to these favourite resorts. During the coming summer visitors to the far West will have rail accommodation superior to any they have hitherto enjoyed. In addition the number who will come by car will be greater than ever, so if we can have another fine summer there is every prospect of the seaside towns and villages having a repetition of last year's success. Here at this factory we are alive to our opportunity and responsibility of assisting our visitors to enjoy their holidays to the full by starting each day well by having "Harris" Bacon for breakfast!

In an old Guide Book of thirty years ago we read many remarkable things. Some of them are still familiar and friendly, others are odd, and some are terribly distressing. Here is something it says about Redruth: "Visitors to Cornwall might do worse than run into Redruth on a Friday to see what a busy Cornish town is like on a market day. Here is the important Mining Exchange, and also a School of Mines—Redruth being the mining capital of Cornwall." A photograph on the opposite page shows one of the coaches that went up and down the county—four sleek and muscular horses, the leaders held by a short man with a high silk hat, are ready for their journey, and the seats of the coach are occupied by a few very respectable people. There is something permanent and comfortable in the scene, and it well reflects the characteristics of the Redruth of the early 20th century. The heavy hand of time has, however, wrought many changes. The coach has long since gone to the scrap heap, time has been ruthless with this means of transport; so in another way it has been ruthless to Redruth. Thirty years ago there were no unemployment statistics kept at Redruth. More important, there were no unemployed, for the tin mines were all working and hundreds of men daily went down into the depths of mother earth to earn their daily bread. To-day, only one mine is working, with the result that one person out of three of the insurable population is workless. The position at Redruth is

roughly twice as bad as the average position throughout the country, and of all the stricken areas in the country ours is one of the worst. It does not even share in the summer prosperity of the seaside towns of Cornwall, but it is noticeable that during the last year or so many visitors have discovered that Redruth is a good holiday centre.

When Mr. Bodinnar was addressing the large gathering at the recent Redruth Factory Social, his sympathetic remarks towards the unemployed were much appreciated. There are many now working at this factory who have experienced the terrors of unemployment and are deeply thankful to him for all he has done for the success of the Government schemes in connection with our industry.

We also hope that present and future labours on our behalf will have the reward they deserve.

The wedding of Miss G. Johns and Mr. J. Hugo was solemnised at the Parish Church, Illogan, on April 18th. Miss Johns has been a member of the Redruth Office Staff for eleven years, and she received an antique copper curb with companion set and an oak table from the Staff and Factory respectively.

The news of the appointment of Dr. Hunkin to be Bishop of Truro has been received with very great pleasure by the Cornish people. He will come to Truro as still a young man—the youngest of all Bishops—but with a record of service and scholarship out of all proportion to his years. Born in Truro, the son of a highly respected citizen, he commenced life in the environment of a Methodist home, his father having been known up and down the county as a Methodist preacher. His education commenced in the Methodist College at Truro, and continued in another well-known Methodist College—The Leys School, Cambridge. He himself became a Methodist local preacher at the age of sixteen, and when home on vacation from Cambridge preached regularly in the chapels in the Truro circuit. His University career reached its height when he was appointed Dean and Tutor of Gonville and Caius College. Although the people are justly proud of his very distinguished scholarship, in the hearts and minds of thousands

of soldiers who fought in Gallipoli and France he will be remembered most of all for his bravery. "If Dr. Hunkin did not leave his bones on the battlefield it was not for want of taking risks," writes one who was with him at Arras.

The promotion could have come in no more appropriate form than by elevation to the throne of Truro, the city where he was born and spent his youth. His new position is one of great responsibility, but with such spiritual gifts and academic distinction he will rule with patience and wisdom. One of the first duties the new Bishop will perform is to preach at the annual service of the London Cornish Association, to be held at St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, in May.

W.B.F.

* * *
MAY MORNING.

May 16th, 1935.—Early potatoes through.

May 17th, 1935.—Early morning frost.

The cottage was a thatched one,
The outside old and grim,
But one inside stood shivering, dear old
Sunny Jim.

He stood beside a roaring fire and through
the window spied
His early spuds, alas, alack—he sat him down
and cried.

The tears were falling fast—just like the
"shades of night,"
Poor Sunny Jim, his eyes abrim, he felt so
far from bright.

To think, with tender care he had planted
rows of spuds,
And now the early morning frost had turned
them into duds.

Spare a thought for poor old Jim—console
him if you can,
Three hearty groans, I beg of you, for the
prophet named Buchan.

* * *
SMOKER'S PROBLEM.

Gardener: This is a tobacco plant in full flower, madam.

Dear Old Lady: How very interesting; and how long will it be before the cigars are ripe?



Beautiful water lilies that will float on a bowl and last for an indefinite time are easily made with a little care.

The first step is to make the waxed fabric and, as a base, almost any thin material of a silky nature may be used.

The water lilies may be white or coloured and one selects the material accordingly.

Cut up a number of ordinary white candles into chunks, removing the wicks, then put these into a somewhat shallow tin and melt down.

To Wax Material.

The material, having been cut into convenient sizes, is immersed in the liquid wax, taken out, and pinned up by the corner in some place to dry. If the sheets of waxed fabric are not quite flat they may be placed on a table covered with a sheet of white paper, and then pressed with a slightly warm iron.

The next step is to cut out the parts of the flower. Each lily is made of three parts, cut as shown in the sketch. These are fitted

arranging it so that the petals alternate with those already in position.

The stamens, with their golden anthers, which are such a beautiful feature of the water lily are formed with bright yellow silk knitting thread. This is cut into bits about three-quarters of an inch long, and a considerable number are tied together. In the centre of your water lily put some liquid wax, and then press in the bunch of threads, opening them as much as possible. Your water lily is now complete. Try it in a bowl of water, and if it does not float just as you wish, a little bending about of the outer shape will soon make it do so.

The water lilies look pretty if some leaves are made. Here, the waxed fabric is prepared from green cloth, the shapes being as shown. Before immersing in the wax, it is a good plan to make the outline of veins with a soft pencil.

V.L.D.

A NICE PLUM CAKE.

1lb. McDougall's Flour.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Butter.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Castor Sugar (grated).

2 Eggs.

2 pieces Lemon Peel

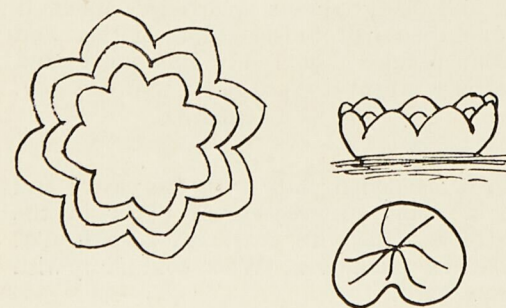
$\frac{1}{2}$ pt. Milk (or a breakfast cup full).

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. small Currants.

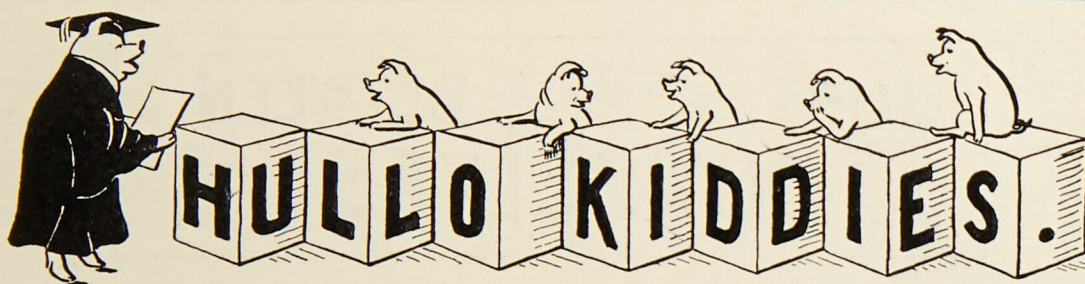
Cream the butter and sugar until white, then break in the eggs one at a time. Then add lemon peel and the milk (warm) and the currants. Mix well and add in the flour, slowly beating with wooden spoon. Bake in greased tin for nearly two hours, or until done. Put a piece of double paper over the top if the oven is too hot. (The eggs may be beaten well first, if liked).

LEMON CURD.

Place in a saucepan the grated peel of one lemon and the juice of two; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar; 2ozs. butter; bring to a boil and simmer ten minutes. Let it cool, then add two
(continued at foot of page 188).



inside one another, the largest being on the outside, and the smallest right inside. Start by bending the outer shape so that it is something like a basin. The warmth of the fingers is sufficient to make the fabric pliable so that it can be bent as wished. Bend the second shape in a similar way, and the hot liquid wax being handy, put a little of this into the first shape, and then press into position. Do the same with the third shape,



HELLO KIDDIES,

Thank you for your letters about "Jubilee Day." I am sure you all had a very happy time and that it will be a day you will always remember.

The prize this time goes to Maisie Hart, of 3, Lickhill Road, Calne. Well done, Maisie. I hope you are going to be a loyal little supporter of the Kiddies' Page.

The Wild Flower Competition is going ahead splendidly. Margaret Gegg is at the top of the list so far, with Cynthia Hart as second. I wonder who is going to get the prize at the end of the season? At any rate, I am sure you will have enjoyed this form of Nature Study, even if you are not fortunate enough to win the prize.

With all good wishes,

Your affectionate,

AUNT SUSIE.

THE ADVENTURES OF SAM AND SALLY.

(Continued).

One morning there was great excitement at "Home Farm," where Sally and Sam lived. Mother had a letter to say that her sister's little boy, Teddy, who was five

years old and who lived in London, had been very poorly for a long time and the doctor had said he must go away for a change, if possible by the sea. Teddy's mother told the doctor about Home Farm, where her sister lived, and he said that would be the very place, and so she had written at once to ask if he could come to the farm for a few weeks. Of course, Sally was delighted. She had seen her little cousin some months before when they had gone to London with Mother for a week-end, and she thought he was the sweetest little chap in the world, with his laughing blue eyes and beautiful fair curls, and she was very anxious that he should come to the farm.

Sam didn't seem very keen. He, too, liked Teddy, but he wouldn't admit it, and he laughed at Sally when she said she would love to have him to play with. "Who wants to play with a kid," he said, "and anyway, I thought you were going to be a pirate?" He and Sally almost quarrelled about it before they had finished, but Mother and Daddy decided that Teddy must come, and a letter was sent to Aunt Kitty that very day.

(To be continued).

(continued from Page 187.)

well-beaten eggs and stir (all one way) over the fire until it thickens. *Do not* let it boil after the eggs have been added. Tie down in pots till wanted. A little cocoanut can be mixed with the curd for some tarts to make a variety.

SHORT CRUST PASTRY FOR THE LEMON CURD.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. S.R. Flour.

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Harris Lard.

1 tablespoonful of Castor Sugar.

1 pinch of Salt.

All well rubbed in and mixed not too wet, and rolled out once only. Line a flat

dish or sandwich plate with the pastry and cut a round of greaseproof paper in the centre and fill with crusts to keep it flat. Bake in a quick oven. When cold fill up with lemon curd.

Another Recipe.

A pot of lemon curd in the store cupboard always comes in useful.

Put 1lb. loaf sugar, 4ozs. butter, 3 eggs, and the rind and juice of three lemons into a double saucepan or a jar standing in a saucepan of hot water. Stir until the mixture thickens—do not let it boil. Pour into small pots, cover closely, and store in a cool place.



BY APPOINTMENT

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 9. ——— JULY, 1935. ——— No. 7.

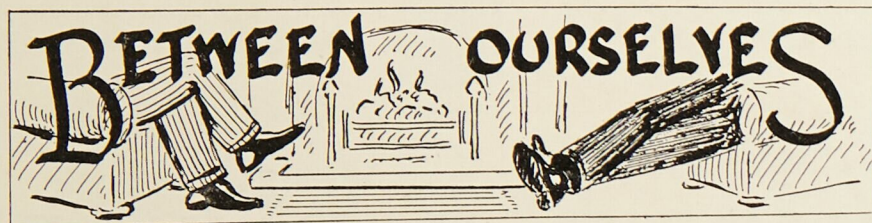


IN September another army of young people will enter upon their training to earn a livelihood in the battle of life. There was a time, not so far distant, when, except in the case of the fortunate, children were pitchforked into any job which happened to be close at hand. Whilst there is still much room for improvement in this direction, attempts are certainly being made in many quarters to start adolescents on a course which will make them useful and happy citizens.

The cynical maxim, "Make money, make it honestly if you can, but in any case make money," has lost its appeal. Everywhere sterling character and results achieved by honest endeavour make a greater appeal to respect than mere spectacular success. This is a wholesome change from the old system, and in time is bound to lead to greater well-being in the life of the State. A society in which the individuals have built up a goodwill of useful service within themselves will not be faced with several

million unemployed over a period of years because of outside national or international causes.

Until there is greater State action in settling our youth into occupations this responsibility will still remain with parents, and to help them two excellent books have recently been published. Both publications bear the title, "Choosing a Career." One is by Dr. Laborde and published by Heinemann at 5s., the other is by experts and specialists and published by Westminster Press, Ltd., at 3s. 8d. These will be available through the usual libraries in due course, and should be obtained by all parents who are anxious to avoid the line of least resistance where the placing out of their children is concerned. In addition to these new books there is still the classic by Lord Wakefield of Hythe, which has passed through many editions, and although priced at 3s. 6d., is worth many times that amount because of its shrewd and practical wisdom.



THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has been making some heartening speeches. He has indicated that there are now more people in employment in this country than ever before, and that even in the depressed areas there are some slight signs of an upward movement.

The problem, however, remains that there are more unemployed than there were during previous peak periods of employment.

New remedies have, therefore, to be applied to an age-old disease.

We cannot live in this country by "taking in each other's washing." That is to say, our people cannot *live* completely and fully by such a method.

Many plans are afoot to combat the trouble; some of them will certainly prove to be impracticable. The job of the National Government, or of any other Government, will not be complete until vision and long sight have brought into being, here or in our Dominions, plans for the absorption of everybody who has the right to work.

One is led to thoughts like these by an examination of the recent records of our own factories in regard to steady and even increased employment. These are things for which all concerned should be devoutly thankful. They have been obtained, to a very large extent, by the gigantic risks undertaken by the Directors in connection with the Marketing Schemes for Pigs and Bacon, which, so far, have not worked out to the satisfaction either of the farmer or of the bacon curer.

But these Schemes have meant very much employment on the farms, in the factories, by means of transport, and of the incidental industries providing gear and feeding stuffs for the production of pigs.

A more permanent and satisfactory basis than that at present adopted by the Government is now the aim and work of the Pigs and Bacon Marketing Boards.

Much still remains to be done on the part of the Producer in regard to the grade of pig he supplies to the factory, the number of pigs produced nationally, and the regularity of delivery of the raw material to the Bacon Curer.

There is at present no system covering an equitable distribution of available pigs among the bacon factories of the country. That is to say, a proper distribution based upon the respective capacities of the individual factories to kill and cure pigs into bacon.

The absence of such a basis means inequity as between Curer and Curer.

Some factories have full supplies, others have very little. In the former the incidence of overhead costs is more than evenly distributed per unit of pig cured. In the latter the inadequate supplies of pigs mean too high a charge per unit for factory costs.

These and many other problems are engaging the whole time (and overtime) attention of those of the Directors who are members of the Bacon Marketing Board.

It is now some time since we have made reference to these Schemes in these pages. We hope that what we have said will indicate the magnitude of difficulties which have still to be overcome.

Our Composite Serial.

"Up the Garden Path."

(INSTALMENT NO. 2—BY "B.G.")

Stanton, who spent ten years in the Civil Service at Hong Kong, had acquired some little knowledge of Chinese ornaments and prided himself as being something of a connoisseur on such matters. It was with no small degree of curiosity, therefore, that he followed Anderson into the study to inspect the vase which seemed to be causing its owner a certain amount of concern.

"Well," remarked Anderson with a smile, "here we are; here is the scene of the mystery. There is the vase (minus the lid, as I thought) and there are the marks." While you look around and do a bit of sleuthing I'll get something to drink." Anderson's words, however, fell on deaf ears, for Stanton was quite oblivious of what his friend was saying. He stood almost motionless gazing at the vase, and although he had travelled extensively both in China and India he was quite certain that he had never seen anything approaching this beautiful masterpiece. Its exquisite design and workmanship were quite unique in Stanton's experience. The vase was about 18 inches in height and was composed of thousands of pieces of multi-coloured porcelain which caught and reflected the rays of light from a reading lamp close by. He took it in his hands and examined it carefully to see if it bore a stamp or any indication of the maker's identity, but in this he was not successful.

"What do you think of it and what do you surmise has happened?" interposed Anderson. "The first part of your question," said Stanton, "is easy to answer for I have never seen anything so beautiful before. As to the latter part, well, for the moment I am quite unable to hint at a solution." "Water or soda?" interrupted Anderson. "What's the ornament worth. You see I am afraid I have never considered it from a point of view of its intrinsic value?" "Well," replied Stanton, "I could not put a figure on it exactly, but it must be worth thousands." "Corn in Egypt," muttered Anderson, "If what you say is true, I am the possessor of a fortune." "Have another whisky, Stanton; you really are a most interesting fellow." "How did your Uncle come by this thing?" questioned Stanton.

"I cannot say," answered Anderson with a shrug of his shoulders, "you see, Uncle was a very queer kind of fellow. I did not even know of the existence of the vase until the executors of my Uncle's will informed me that it had been left to me, and, of course, it has only been in my possession a couple of days." (His Uncle had only been dead two days). "Beyond the fact that I regarded it as an extremely pretty ornament, probably worth five or ten pounds, I have not bothered; I only gave it a very cursory inspection on its arrival." "How strange of Uncle, though, never to mention it," Anderson went on, "If it is, as I presume, a family heirloom, then I don't understand my ignorance of its existence." "But the lid," added Anderson with a jerk, "without that the value of the vase will be considerably diminished. I must have that lid. Do you, do you think," stammered Anderson, rather out of breath, "that anyone else knew of this valuable ornament beside Uncle?" Stanton, who was thinking hard, turned from the muddy smears he was examining, and with a puzzled look on his face began to inspect the window and the ventilator. "There's more in this than meets the eye, Anderson," said his friend, "but I have no doubt in my own mind that the lid has been stolen for a very definite purpose." "Why take the lid, Stanton, old man, and leave the vase?" snapped Anderson, growing a trifle impatient. "That we must leave," said Stanton, "but, candidly, I don't like the look of things; there's a touch of the macabre about this job," for quite unknown to Anderson he had found embedded in the top sash of the ventilator a very small dart, about an inch long. Held in position by the dart was a small card on which were scrawled some hieroglyphics which Stanton did not understand. He had purposely kept Anderson in the dark for reasons best known to himself.

"Suppose," continued Stanton, "this case is not a family heirloom in the proper sense of the term? Suppose your Uncle came by it by some dishonest means? Suppose it is a sacred relic, or something with a curse on it?" Stanton was growing excited whilst Anderson appeared to be decidedly uncomfortable, and suggested calling in the police. "Don't worry, old man," said Stanton reassuringly, "this is a most interesting little problem, and one we are going to tackle ourselves. With your

kind permission, Anderson, I'm staying here with you to-night, and just get it out of your head that the lid went out of this house via the ventilator. I have an idea that the open ventilator and the muddy smears are delusions. Fill up the glasses, old man. These are occasions on which one needs more than the usual amount of stimulant."

(To be continued by C.G.)

* * *

THE BEACONS.

On the green-clad hills of Devon,
And high granite peak of Tor,
Where its craggy wildness frowns,
Down on heathered, tameless moor.

Many a beacon fire glows,
As of old did warn of foes,
Now we burn them once again
To exalt our sovereign's reign.

From the coast inland, afar,
Flash'd those voiceless tongues of war,
Now proclaiming through the night
British subjects' great delight.

Who, by God's good grace may sing
Jubilantly of our King.
Who hath twenty-five years reigned
In his office God ordained.

He hath bless'd the Sixth of May,
Cloudless blue the sky that day,
And the moon cast through the night
Silver beams of haunting light.

God's own beacon in the sky—
Man hath none so bright, or high—
Thus it seems the heavens rejoice,
Having heard the nation's voice.

From the mouths of millions raise
Songs of thankfulness and praise,
From the homeland, and afar,
Wheresoever Britons are.

Beacons throw their fiery glow
Down the vales where rivers flow.
Trees and dwellings all appear
Set in shadows deep and queer.

May no shadow, dim or deep,
In its realm our Empire keep,
May it flourish, stand, and shine,
In the Light of Lights divine.

By Whose grace all things prevail,
He Whose strength can never fail,
Till the final trump shall call,
And His Empire sways o'er all.

THOMAS H. HARVEY.

THE WORLD ROVER SCOUT MOOT (SWEDEN, 1935).

This international camp of Rover Scouts will be situated on Ingaro, one of the hundreds of islands that make up the famous Stockholm Archipelago and will be officially opened on Tuesday, July 30th. The Camp Chief will be H.R.H. Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden, president of the Swedish Scout Council. The Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell, of Gilwell, will be present.

It is of local interest to report that 14 members of the Calne Rover Crew will attend the above international event in Rover Scouting. The prospect of this visit has been made possible through the co-operation of employers, who have willingly granted leave of absence, and to a sustained effort of thrift on the part of the Rovers over a lengthy period of time.

The party, under Rover Mate James Gunning, will leave Calne at mid-day on Friday, July 26th, joining the British contingent (which is expected to number about 1,200) on the S.S. Nevasa, at Immingham, near Hull. From that point the itinerary will be:—

Saturday, July 27th, 5 a.m.—S.S. Nevasa sails from Immingham, via Kiel Canal (the complete journey through the canal will be made by day light), and arrives on

Tuesday, July 30th, 10 a.m., at Bjorno, Ingaro Island, the Moot site. The next six days will be spent at the Moot, and on Monday, August 5th, 10 a.m.—S.S. Nevasa leaves Bjorno for Stockholm, arriving at 1.30 p.m. The rest of Monday and all day Tuesday, 6th, will be spent in Stockholm, but Rovers will sleep on board both nights. On

Wednesday, August 7th, 3 a.m.—S.S. Nevasa sails from Stockholm, via North Jutland, and arrives on

Saturday, August 10th, 1 p.m., at Immingham.

Below are enumerated the names of Rovers in the Calne contingent, including eight employees of the Company:—William Drew (Kitchen Department), Edward Hand and Edwin Little (Boning Department), Reginald Blackford (Printing Department), Sidney Clarke (Engineering Department), Charles Syms, Leslie Garraway, and F. Gregory (Office), James Gunning, Clement Gregory, Alec. Weston, John Howse, Ronald Dixon, and Ernest Henley.

The "Quick" and the "Dead."

(continued)

Well, now I am hopeful that the introduction of the 30 m.p.h. will not only help people like myself—a bit of a cripple—but give more safety to the normal peds. and do something to prevent the frequency of collisions between motorists.

It seems to me that the normal ped. and the normal mot. require protection against the antics and risks taken by two types of motorists. One type appears in the police court cases mentioned last month and rarely a day passes without mention of this type of driver appearing in the Press. How often we read, "Driving when under the influence of drink." Holding the opinions I do, this is a most vexing matter. I am one of those who think, with Robbie Burns, that it is quite a laudable thing—

"To take the cup of kindness"

I think on occasions—

"Another little drink would not do us
any harm."

But here is a bad snag. The "other little drink" is capable of leading to a great deal of harm when indulged in by people in charge of cars.

Then very late in the day we have discovered the accident prone driver. One of my colleagues at Cowcross Street said to me apropos the Speed article, "I have been driving for 12 years, but I have never had any trouble with a pedestrian."

He won't have trouble, for he is road minded. He may quite happily escape, not only from collision with other drivers or peds., but even manage to avoid the children, the aged, and the infirm.

A letter appeared in the Press from Mr. Priestley, the novelist. He wrote to say he had given up driving for he found he had no road sense and had become aware that his driving was a danger to himself and to the public. It would be a good thing if the accident prone had the moral pluck and good sense of Mr. Priestley.

I am sure if we can eliminate the "let's pull up here and have a quick one" men, and the accident prone people, the future of the roads will be a lot better.

The new plans are doing good. Accidents have become less, in spite of there being

thousands of extra cars on the roads since April, 1934.

And now the time has come to release the cat from the bag. There are two sides to every question. I thought the Speed article to exaggerate the one side, and I have shown that there is powerful evidence on the other side. In this, as in most matters, the truth is to be found mid-way. I would not do other than confess my admiration for the way in which the normal motorist overcomes the difficulty of driving on roads not built up or properly prepared for this new form of traction. It is absurd to suggest that our English people change their nature directly they get into cars; equally absurd to suggest that the ped. (who, in any event, has the worst deal) is a lunatic at large.

A London school of motorists has an advert. out:—

BE A CON siderate driver.

There is, we know, room for a twin slogan:—

BE A CON siderate walker.

It's a fifty-fifty push. And, above all things, let us study to avoid making bad blood between peds. and mots. We are all in this affair together. The more we are *together* the happier we shall be, for together, and only so, can we by mutual goodwill put right much that has gone amiss.

R.E.H.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 4.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|-----|---|
| 1 | O | 2 | F | 3 | F | 4 | A | 5 | L | 6 | H | 7 | E | 8 | N | 9 | G | 10 | E |
| 11 | P | 12 | E | 13 | A | 14 | O | 15 | P | 16 | E | 17 | O | 18 | I | 19 | L | | |
| 20 | I | 21 | N | 22 | B | 23 | A | 24 | L | 25 | M | 26 | Y | 27 | D | 28 | O | | |
| 29 | U | 30 | R | 31 | A | 32 | M | 33 | E | 34 | S | 35 | E | 36 | S | 37 | P | | |
| 38 | M | 39 | O | 40 | O | 41 | N | 42 | A | 43 | N | 44 | O | 45 | T | 46 | E | | |
| 47 | R | 48 | A | 49 | G | 50 | E | 51 | H | 52 | E | 53 | B | 54 | E | | | | |
| 55 | D | 56 | E | 57 | C | 58 | K | 59 | B | 60 | S | 61 | E | 62 | A | 63 | L | | |
| 64 | A | 65 | H | 66 | O | 67 | A | 68 | R | 69 | S | 70 | E | 71 | R | 72 | E | | |
| 73 | N | 74 | B | 75 | K | 76 | H | 77 | A | 78 | K | 79 | I | 80 | P | 81 | A | | |
| 82 | E | 83 | A | 84 | T | 85 | A | 86 | N | 87 | Y | 88 | H | 89 | A | 90 | S | | |
| 91 | S | 92 | H | 93 | R | 94 | U | 95 | B | 96 | E | 97 | V | 98 | A | 99 | D | 100 | E |

National Pilgrimage to Rome

(14th to 23rd May, 1935).

AS WITNESSED BY MISS M. SMART
OF HIGHBRIDGE.

When invited to write about my holiday in Rome, I rather hesitated as I knew it was to take the form of a Pilgrimage. In this issue I will try and give you a description only of the main object of this Pilgrimage, viz., the Canonisation of Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More, who were martyred for the Catholic Faith in the reign of Henry VIII., who, intent on divorcing his Queen, began to quarrel with the Pope and the Catholic Church, to which he himself and all England at that time belonged. This is not an easy task for me as I am no writer, but by sometimes using extracts from a Catholic newspaper, perhaps I can give you a very sketchy description.

We, about 2,000 pilgrims from England, were in our places at 7 a.m., as we had been provided with special tickets of admission, but we were soon lost in the vast throng of an additional 20,000 from other nations. The crowds were not so great, we were told, as were the crowds which assembled for such canonisations as those of St. Joan of Arc, St. John Bosco, &c. We heard the news gratefully, for we knew we should have to endure the crush for six hours and, after all, it was England's day.

As we sat waiting, not a great many yards from the canopy which covers the tomb of St. Peter, immediately in front of the Altar of the Chair of St. Peter, we could see the Swiss Guards and soldiers of the Noble and Palatine Guard around the Altar. Strings of electric candles, in clusters, hang down the walls along the length of the nave; chandeliers—as yet unlit—hung from the arches, their crystals scintillating like diamonds.

At 8.15 the procession comes in. A sharp order of command cracks like a whip down by the door. Pikes rattle on the marble pavement. The crowd is silent. Twelve Mendicant Orders, Five Monastic Orders, and Canons Regular of the Lateran of our Holy Redeemer, all carrying a lighted candle, head the procession, followed by the cross bearer and acolytes, the students of

the Pontifical Roman Seminary, the parish priest of Rome, Vicars Perpetual, and dignitaries and Canons of the Collegiate and Basilica Churches of the city.

As the banners of the martyrs were brought into the church, surrounded by those who belong to the family, the diocese, or the religious order of the new saints, thousands of electric candles burst into light, making a million diamonds flash in the crystals everywhere. The first banner is of St. Thomas More; it shows on the reverse the scene when the martyr left his home at Chelsea to step into the boat to go to his death. His family are at the gate; he forbade them to come further. One of the Fisher pictures shows the Saint presenting to King Henry's mother the plans of St. John's College, Cambridge, which she built at his instigation.

The crowd in St. Peter's cheer as the banners are carried through the throng in the new-born blaze of light.

Whilst this procession was entering, the Holy Father had left his private apartments and, accompanied by his suite and the Noble Guard, had gone to the Sistine Chapel to robe.

Cardinal Laurenti, the Ponente of the cause, presented to his Holiness three candles, one of which was lighted and carried by the Pope in his left hand. Seating himself on the sedia gestatoria, the Pope comes to St. Peter's. He is met at the door by the Chapter of the Basilica, and the Sistine Choir sings *Tu es Petrus*.

As soon as the Pope enters trumpeters in the gallery above the door play the Papal march on the silver trumpets. But it is the wild, affectionate shouting of the crowd that predominates, "Long live the Pope!" bursts out in a dozen tongues. Handkerchiefs and booklets are waved by thousands of people to whom this is the supreme moment of their visit to Rome—a sight of the Holy Father.

The aged Pope, wearing the red papal mantle and a bejewelled mitre, is carried by 12 Sediari, garbed in red cassocks. Eight members of the Papal senatura support a silken canopy above the Pontiff. Two Monsignori carry flabelli, those white fan-like ornaments that accompany the Pope in his regal progress.

Officers of the Armed Corps of the Vatican are in the cortege.

In his progress to his throne the Pope

halted at the Chapel Giulia, where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and getting down from the Sedia Gestatoria, remained in prayer awhile.

Meanwhile the Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, and a host of picturesque functionaries have marched up the nave and taken their allotted places.

Sixteen members of the Sacred College have come to honour our new Saints. Among the more picturesque are surpliced clergy, carrying long rods garlanded with flowers, as emblems of the authority of the penitentiaries; the Master Porters of the Red Rod, who have the care of the Papal Cross; the Pontifical Jeweller, who has charge of the treasury.

In a tribune near the Papal Throne are many members of the Diplomatic circle.

After a while the Holy Father leaves the Giulia Chapel and is now being borne to his throne through a new burst of cheering. His Holiness giving his blessing as he passes.

All members of the English and Welsh Hierarchy who could possibly come to Rome are here in this procession of more than 100 Bishops.

By ten o'clock the canonisation was accomplished. The "Te Deum" was sung, and at this moment the bells of the city's hundreds of churches rang out the glad news that England's great Lord Chancellor, a Londoner, and Rochester's great Bishop, a Yorkshireman, have been recognised by the Church to be among the Saints of God. We could hear them, faintly, in St. Peter's.

The Mass followed, and at the Consecration the men of the Noble Guard drew their swords and saluted on bended knee whilst the silver trumpets rang out a hymn at this first Mass in honour of the new English Saints.

Mass is over, and there comes the final scene. The Pope is borne aloft again and carried through a cheering, almost frenzied, multitude. In the middle of the "Vivas" comes a clear British call for "Three cheers for the Pope," and there, in St. Peter's, they went to the roof.

It was a marvel how the Holy Father, never out of sight of the multitude, standing for long periods fasting, survived it. People in the crowd had been allowed to fortify themselves with food.

The day ended by all Rome turning out

to see St. Peter's ablaze in the Martyrs' honour. Ten thousand of flickering lights, blown by the wind, make the Basilica alive with animated flame. A marvel of lighting was revealed at the illumination of St. Peter's dome. On the stroke of 9 p.m. a large number of Sanpietrine, the expert Vatican workers, swarmed down from the top of the dome like spiders on an invisible web. So swiftly did they light the big tallow candles that before the ninth stroke of the hour, the whole dome was ablaze.

This is the first time St. Peter's has been illuminated for the canonisation of English Saints.

* * *

TRAIN STOPPED FOR A FAREWELL
EMBRACE.

As the 11.32 a.m. train for Bradford was leaving Ilkley station yesterday, a young man dashed through the booking hall and went in hot pursuit. Obliging porters whistled and shouted, and the guard pulled up the train at the end of the platform. As it stopped a young woman jumped down from her compartment, ran up the platform to the man, and fondly embraced him.

This accomplished, she returned to her compartment and the young man, his mission apparently fulfilled, turned to leave the station under the baleful glares of the several obliging porters.

An astounded guard gave the signal to proceed.

* * *

Half the world struggles to straighten out what the other half does wrong.

* * *

Keep your temper: nobody else wants it.

* * *

A kindness is never as long lived as a grudge.

* * *

When cupid hits the mark he generally Mrs. it.

* * *

Men learn to talk: women talk by instinct.

* * *

Some people patch up their old quarrels until they are almost as good as new.

* * *

For a traveller the best guide book is a cheque book.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL FOOTBALL.

To celebrate their winning the Bodinnar Cup in the above competition, the Kitchen Department sat down to supper at the Plume of Feathers on Friday, May 24th. Mr. Albert Haines presided over a gathering of 70, which included a representative party from the Office, who were their opponents in the final. As was fitting from such a department, an excellent spread was provided. Following the feast and the loyal toast, Mr. A. Winter (captain of the Office Team) proposed the toast of the Kitchen, which was responded to by their captain, Mr. R. Barry. The only other toast was that of the Chairman, proposed by Mr. R. B. Swaffield, supported by Mr. A. J. Boase, and responded to by Mr. Albert Haines.

Later in the evening Mr. Tom Clark (the "Chapman" of Calne) was called upon for a speech, which he excellently obliged with.

The evening passed all too quickly with musical items, a pleasing feature of which

was the siffling of Mr. R. Bullock. His whistling was exceptionally fine and we hope his talent will be made use of in days to come. Other artists were Messrs. H. Gegg, A. McLean, H. Stephens, A. Ponting, A. J. Boase, and W. Weston. Mr. Ratty was at the piano.

The names of players representing the Slaughter and Printing Departments football team were omitted from our report last month. The following were the players:—E. Butler, T. Davis, P. Davis, H. Angell, H. Stephens, J. Slade, F. Bowyer, L. Bewley, R. Bailey, L. Offer, and R. Blackford.

* * *

The successful man lengthens his stride when he discovers that the signpost has deceived him; the failure looks for a place to sit down.

* * *

Well-conceived plans clear the way for their execution.



Kitchen Dept.—Winners of 1935 Football Tournament.



Fruit Garden.

Remove surplus shoots from fruits of all sorts. Bud fruit trees in the same way that roses are budded. Trees grown from pips or stones are usually worthless until they have been budded.

Cut away strawberry runners not required, layer others. Mulch and water wall fruit trees. Dress store fruits with Sulphate of Potash. Moisture is needed for the development of all fruits.

Vegetable Garden.

Hoe regularly between all crops. This saves a lot of work with the watering can. Plant out Brussels Sprouts and Broccoli in showery weather. Lift early Potatoes if you are lucky enough to have any after the devastating frosts experienced in May. Pinch out the tops of outdoor Tomatoes.

Dust soot and lime along Celery rows to keep off celery fly and slug. Celery should be earthed up gradually. Give plenty of tepid water to Marrows.

Flower Garden.

Sow Primulas and layer Carnations in the border. Perennials, like Delphiniums, will give a second crop of flowers if faded blooms are removed.

Lift Tulips and dry them.

Gather Sweet Peas regularly to prevent seed pods forming. Pansies may be sown out of doors.

Sow seeds of perennials, such as Chrysanthemums, Maximums, Lupins, &c., in lines in a shady spot. Transplant when large enough to handle.

Preparing Soil for Sweet Peas for Exhibiton.

"I cannot get mine to grow like that," is often a remark made by visitors at a flower show. How is it done? Simply by deep digging and adequate feeding of the soil.

Cultivation begins October and November. Prepare a trench about 3ft. wide and 2ft. in depth. Throw top foot of soil on one side and second foot on other side. Scatter

into the trench about ½lb. bone meal to each yard and fork it in. Next put in a layer, 3-4in. deep of stable manure (pig manure if soil is light). Then throw back and mix with the manure the top spit of soil from the one side of the trench. Leave a really rough surface so that rain, frost, and air can act on the soil. Dress trench with lime and leave it to weather for remainder of winter. By the spring the top soil will have broken down to a fine texture.

The soil is now ready for the good seeds you are going to sow, and you should have splendid blooms.

GARDENER.

JULY GARDENING.

Many of the readers of this article will have now forgotten the disastrous frosts of May, except for the enhanced prices they may have to pay for English-grown fruits. Some districts escaped, and growers will reap the benefit. The once "live hopes" of garden and allotment holders were indeed buried. Those who "chanced it" suffered heavily, but to the fruit growers whose orchards were once "full of promise," the result cannot but be described as disastrous. Many people had to sow French Beans again. Then the cold North-East winds retarded any growth for some time, and it is very doubtful whether plants will really recover, whatever the weather may be.

Dwarf French Beans can be sown the first week of the month, and these will come on just when the Runner Beans are failing. A few rows of Green Peas can be sown, but the great risk of these sowings is the mildew.

Towards the end of the month sow Onion and Cabbage seed. The latter should be up in a few days. To keep off the fly throw a few handfuls of dust or old mortar over the leaves while the dew is still on them.

Spring-sown Onions and Carrots should have been thinned out by this time, leaving the others to mature by the autumn.

Make a small sowing of Lettuce seed, and if you are able to lift young potatoes, sow Turnip seed, so using the ground to advantage.

Take special care of everything you hope to have ready for the Flower Show, staking here, tying in there, and thinning out where needed. Ply the hoe regularly, particularly in dry weather, and after the

ground has been hardened by heavy rain. The use of this implement will not only keep down undesirable weeds, but will aerate the soil and greatly assist the growth of the crop. It is a great mistake to think that after the Potatoes are earthed, French Beans are staked, and all the thinning out done, you can fold your arms and say, "There is nothing to do."

Keep some old lime and soot in store. This will come in useful for dusting over the soil and making green stuff distasteful to slugs, &c.

In planting out Brussels Sprouts, Broccoli, and Cabbage plants, do not put them in the same place as the year before. Change crops from place to place; even Potatoes benefit by this method.

Next month I will try and devote my notes to the preparation of flowers, fruit, and vegetables for the exhibition tent at our Annual Show, which will be held on August 10th.

F.G.

TIDWORTH TATTOO.

The Tattoo this year bids fair to surpass previous records, but we can only give here some of the outstanding items and mention there will be something like 2,500 performers. There will be 17 bands—three of which will be mounted—and they will, no doubt, make a very colourful display.

This year will see the Motor-Cyclist Despatch Riders of the Royal Corps of Signals.

The Physical Training will be by the Royal Sussex Regiment and the Argyll and Sutherlands will appear in the Highland Regiment Drill Display.

To give our readers an opportunity of looking up their history beforehand we will just mention that the historical episode will be Quebec, 1759. We must look up our old school books. We have an idea it is something to do with the Heights of Abraham and General Wolfe.

H.

Dolls are made for girls to play with, not for men to marry.

"Time is the measurement of business as money is of wares, and business is bought dearly when there is small haste."—Bacon.



EXTRACTS FROM OUR DREAM BOOK.

GLOWWORM.—Cross words will cause tears to fall—unless, of course, it is one of those alternatives.

GREEN.—Your prospects are brighter than they have been—still, it seems to take hours for those traffic lights to change.

GRUEL.—Romance will come into your life when you least expect it. Try this on a chap with his feet in hot water and a basin of "it" in his hand.

HALO.—Your future is extremely rosy after the end of the year. Hullo! A halo?

HARP.—Better times are ahead. You may take your harp to the party—they'll let you play now.

HAWK.—You will rise in the world. It will take the "n'eye of a n'awk" to see you.

HOLIDAY.—The fulfilment of all your wishes will fill your days with joy—Same to you when your holidays come round.

* * *

HOME.

A visitor to our house asked me to give him the best description of home that I had ever read. This is it:—

"Take four friendly walls. Put into them some little scuffling feet and a few baby tears, paint them with summer sunshine and winter firelight, and touch them with laughter and the lingering voices of old friends. Heap there all your hopes and plans, cover them deep with love and living—and you have a home."—K.L., Broad Street, Leeds.—From the *Daily Express*.

HARRIS WELFARE ASSOCIATION (CARNIVAL & FLOWER SHOW SECTION).

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE SHOW, 10th AUGUST, 1935, in the Recreation Ground, Calne.

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF ENTRY.

- 1.—With the exception of Classes 49, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62 and 63, all Competitors must be members of the Carnival and Flower Show Section of the H.W.A.
- 2.—Class 49 is open to Children of all members of the above Section.
- 3.—No Competitor to enter more than 12 Classes, excluding Classes 47, 48, 49, 50, and 51. Schedule numbers, &c., to be adhered to.
- 4.—All exhibits to be the produce of Exhibitors' gardens or allotments (except Classes 47, 48, 49, 50, 51 and 57) and must have been in their possession at least 28 days previous to the Show.
Objection to an exhibition Entry must be made during the afternoon, with a deposit of 2s. 6d., which will be returned if the objection is upheld.
Any Competitor breaking this rule will be prohibited from exhibiting at any subsequent Show held under the auspices of the Association.
- 5.—All Exhibits to be staged by 2.30 p.m. To facilitate display length of green on vegetables must not exceed 7 inches.
- 6.—The Exhibitors' Enclosure to be cleared of all except Judges and Officials at 2.45 p.m.
- 7.—The Judges to be at liberty to taste or cut any exhibit and to withhold any prize if in their opinion the entries in any Class do not warrant same. If 3 entries received in any one Class two prizes will be given; if 2 entries one prize. Points, as follows, will be awarded for Medal:—3 points for a 1st prize, 2 points for a 2nd prize, 1 point for a 3rd prize, ½ point for a 4th prize. No points will be awarded for Classes 47, 48, 49 and 50, and Section IV. (B).
- 8.—All Entry Forms, accompanied by the Entrance Fee, should be handed to the Hon. Secretaries on or before the THURSDAY preceding the Show. The Entrance Fee is 1s. for Members of the Carnival and Flower Show Section, and will entitle the Exhibitor to a lucky numbered ticket of admission.
- 9.—Exhibits not to be cleared before 8 p.m., when all prize money will be paid out from the Committee Tent.
- 10.—For Classes 47, 48, 49, and 50 no Entrance Fee will be charged.
- 11.—Entrance Forms may be obtained from the Hon. Secretaries or any member of the Committee.
- 12.—The Committee do not hold themselves responsible for the loss or damage of any article during or after the Exhibition.

SCHEDULE.

| SECTION I. (FRUIT). | | | | | | | | | |
|--|------|------|------|------|--|------|------|------|------|
| Class. | 1st. | 2nd. | 3rd. | 4th. | Class. | 1st. | 2nd. | 3rd. | 4th. |
| 1.—6 Apples (dessert), shown on a plate | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- | | 15.—2 Vegetable Marrows (table) | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| 2.—6 Apples (Cooking), shown on a plate | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- | | 16.—3 Cabbages (cooking) | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| 3.—6 Plums, shown on a plate | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- | | 17.—2 Cabbages (pickling) | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| 4.—18 Gooseberries, shown on plate | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | | 18.—6 Turnips | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| 5.—Currants, any variety (not less than ½ lb.), shown on a plate | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | | 19.—3 Beetroot (long) | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| 6.—Any variety of Fruit not shown in Schedule, shown on a plate | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | | 20.—3 Beetroot (short) | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| 7.—Loganberries, shown on a plate | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | | 21.—12 Onions, stand or box | 5/- | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- |
| SECTION II. (VEGETABLE). | | | | | 22.—Collection of Potatoes (4 varieties—2 K., 2 R., 6 Potatoes of each), plates... | 6/- | 4/6 | 3/- | 2/- |
| 8.—Collection of Vegetables (6 varieties), excluding Tomatoes | 10/- | 7/6 | 5/- | 2/6 | 23.—18 Broad or Long Pod Beans, dish | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| 9.—Green Peas (18 pods) plate or dish | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- | | 24.—Eschalots (24), stand or small box | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| 10.—18 French Beans, plate or dish | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- | | 25.—3 Parsnips | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| 11.—6 Carrots (long) | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | | 26.—3 Lettuce (cabbage or cos) | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| 12.—6 Carrots (short) | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | | 27.—3 Cauliflower | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| 13.—6 Potatoes (round white), plate | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | 28.—3 Sticks of Rhubarb | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| 14.—6 Potatoes (round, excluding white), plate | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- | | 29.—Any variety of Vegetable not shown in Schedule | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| | | | | | 30.—6 Kidney Potatoes (white), plate | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- |
| | | | | | 31.—6 Kidney Potatoes (excluding white), plate | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- |
| | | | | | 32.—2 Sticks of Celery | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| | | | | | 33.—9 Heaviest Potatoes | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| | | | | | 34.—2 Ridge Cucumbers | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| | | | | | 35.—Heaviest Marrow | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |

SECTION III. (FLOWER).

| Class. | 1st. | 2nd. | 3rd. | 4th. |
|---|------|------|------|------|
| 36.—6 Bunches Cut Flowers (any variety), 6 varieties | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- | |
| 37.—6 Varieties of Sweet Peas (6 spikes of each—any foliage) | 5/- | 3/6 | 2/- | 1/- |
| 38.—Nosegay of Sweet Peas (any foliage) | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- |
| 39.—Nosegay of Garden Flowers | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- | |
| 40.—4 Bunches of Cut Flowers (perennials), 4 varieties | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- | |
| 41.—6 Spikes of Gladioli | 3/6 | 2/6 | 1/6 | |
| 42.—Nosegay of Roses | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- | |
| 43.—Four Bunches of Asters 4 varieties | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| 44.—4 Bunches of Stocks, 4 varieties | 3/6 | 2/6 | 1/6 | |
| 45.—4 Bunches of Antirrhinums (4 varieties) | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| 46.—Specimen Plant (foliage or flowering) | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |
| 47.—Table Decoration (Tables provided, size 5ft. by 4ft. 6in. All decorations to be carried out by Members or, if preferred, wife or daughter, and the entry to be in the name of the Exhibitor). | 10/- | 7/6 | 5/- | |
| 48.—Table Decoration, Wild Flowers only (Conditions as No. 47) | 10/- | 7/6 | 5/- | |
| 49.—Nosegay of Wild Flowers (for Children of Members only). All Exhibitors to have Admission Tickets... | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- |

| Class. | 1st. | 2nd. | 3rd. | 4th. |
|--|------|------|------|------|
| 50.—Floral Design Miniature Rock Garden (not to exceed 24in. x 18in.) | 8/6 | 6/6 | 4/6 | 2/6 |
| 51.—Display of Garden and/or Wild Flowers of any or various varieties, to be arranged on a space 2yds. by 1yd. | 6/- | 4/- | 2/- | |
| 52.—Vase of Dahlias | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- | |

SECTION IV.

(A. Open to Lady Members of Carnival and Flower Show Section).

| Class. | 1st. | 2nd. | 3rd. |
|---|------|------|------|
| 53.—Jam, any variety | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- |
| 54.—Jelly | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- |
| 55.—Marmalade | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- |
| 56.—Sponge Sandwich | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- |
| 57.—6 Bunches of Wild Flowers and Grasses (6 varieties) | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- |

(B. Open to Wives and Mothers of Members of the Carnival and Flower Show Section).

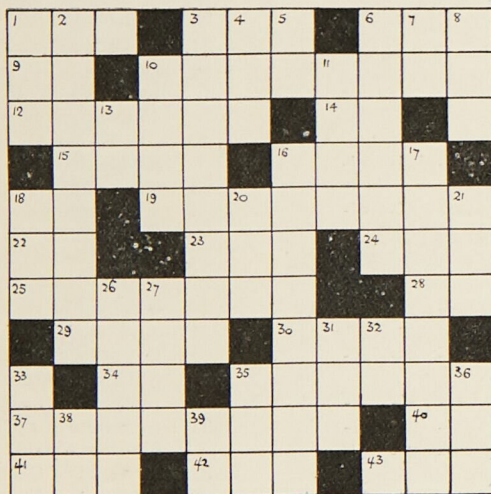
| | | | |
|--|-----|-----|-----|
| 58.—Jam, any variety | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- |
| 59.—Jelly | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- |
| 60.—Marmalade | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- |
| 61.—Fruit Cake (ingredients not to cost more than 1/6) | 4/- | 3/- | 2/- |
| 62.—Dish of Cooked Potatoes (twelve) | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- |
| 63.—3 Window Plants (Foliage or Flowering) | 3/- | 2/- | 1/- |

Rules Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, and 12 only will apply to Section IV.

ACROSS.

- Consumed.
- Owns.
- Often put in Rolls.
- Third note (music).
- Set apart.
- Communicate.
- Unit of measurement.
- Pertaining to the ear.
- Auction.
- Mode of address.
- Transparent.
- Preposition.
- Roman household god.
- Definite article.
- Pertaining to a nucleus.
- Indefinite article.
- Oceans.
- Not fenced.
- Prefix.
- Girl's name.
- Makes keen.
- Suffix.
- Title.
- Ancient.
- Employ.

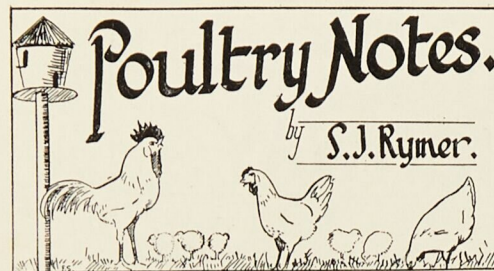
OUR CROSSWORD (No. 15.)



DOWN.

- Friend (Fr.).
- Timid.
- Greek hero.
- Liable.
- S. Africa.
- Shakespearean play.
- Denoting presence.
- Cry of a cat.
- Arm of a windmill.
- Genuine.
- Physical training.
- Encompass.
- Increases.
- Mountain (abbrev.).
- Calne Athletic Assoc. (abbrev.).
- Number.
- Evergreen tree.
- Den.
- P.N.S. (actual).
- East Indies.
- Beast of burden.
- Lives in water.
- Before.
- Interjection.
- Post Office.

The solution will appear next month.



I promised to write something about Bantams this month. Quite a lot of people keep these dainty little birds. This is not to be wondered at because bantams may be kept by many who, owing to consideration of space, would find it almost an impossibility to keep larger fowls.

Nearly all the large breeds of fowls have been bantamised. There are also many other breeds of Bantams, so that anyone wishing to go in for these fascinating little pets has a wide choice. Bantams are easily kept, they do not require large houses. Painted green, a smart little outfit for the Bantams would be quite ornamental.

The general management of Bantams is almost similar to that recommended for the larger breeds of fowls. The difference is to be found in the feeding. Bantams are very fond of wheat, but they can easily be overfed. Give them mash in the morning (it is possible to purchase special meal), green food at mid-day, and wheat in the evening. A supply of sharp flint grit is essential.

Some Bantam cockerels are very noisy. A friend of mine who quite recently was the recipient of a very pretty little Bantam was told that he would find it as good as any alarm clock. The bird's crowing power had not been underrated, so after putting up with the din for several days my friend very generously gave this particularly active specimen to an acquaintance whom, he considered, to be better qualified to appreciate its early morning efforts.

Look after the Bantams well. Have their houses and runs always nice and clean, and the keeping of these pretty little birds will be found a pleasurable, if not a profitable, undertaking.

Now let us turn to the exhibition side of poultry keeping. This is where the fancier comes into the picture. I have read that the novice can learn quite a lot in twelve months about the art of breeding and pre-

paring fowls for exhibition, but I am afraid that the beginner in the Fancy will find that, after the first year, there is still an awful lot that he does not know.

Perhaps the following hints will help the reader who aspires to shine as an exhibitor. First of all it is absolutely essential that you should be able to pick out the good points, and the defects, in your birds. Thoroughly study the breed you are interested in. One good method of doing this is to attend as many shows as you possibly can. Assuming that you are able to judge your stock with some degree of accuracy, the next thing will be to prepare your birds for the show pens. The great thing is to be able to put the fowls down in the pink of condition. The selected birds should be given a good grass run, and should, if anything, be underfed, although you must give them regularly each day a little cooked meat and plenty of fresh green food. Your object is to keep the birds in good health, not to fatten them. By the way, a good thing for your stock is linseed. The linseed should be well boiled, and then sufficient of the jelly, when cold, added to the mash.

Now, as the show draws near, you will have to teach your birds to get used to being caged and handled, and to be unafraid of the judging stick. If you don't want to go to the expense of providing training cages for your birds, you should get them into a shed which has been well littered with straw. About two days before the show you will have to wash the birds, if necessary. A damp cloth will perhaps be sufficient to remove any dirt, but if you decide to wash the fowls don't forget to "blue" the water for the white birds. You should dry your show specimens in front of a fire, putting them in a wicker basket.

Readers are asked to bear in mind that these notes are written to help and encourage beginners. Quite possibly, many of you are fanciers who are up to most of the tricks of the trade. Naturally, in the limited space available, it is impossible to do justice to such a subject as preparing fowls for exhibition. Yet these few words will not have been written in vain if they succeed in arousing interest in the art of the fancier, and I hope that if anyone does make up his mind to try his luck for the first time this season, he will have the great satisfaction of seeing, before the year is out, one of his birds awarded the coveted red label.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

There are two voyages of exploration which are leaving England during June—the British East Greenland Expedition is leaving London for Greenland, one of the objectives being to ascend the highest mountain and to continue the work which was commenced by Commander Watkins who lost his life there.

The second expedition is the Oxford University Arctic Expedition, which is sailing from Newcastle-on-Tyne on the S.S. Polar. This expedition is carrying on general exploration work in the Arctic region north of Norway, and will be away for fourteen months.

Both these Expeditions have made a point of provisioning themselves with Harris Bacon, which has proved so very satisfactory on previous expeditions of this nature.

We congratulate Mr. V. M. Sturgess upon winning the 3rd prize in the Institute of Certificated Grocers' Final Examination. Mr. Sturgess won the Harris Shield for bacon-cutting in the competitions at the London Grocers' Exhibition in 1933.

We welcome Miss Pickford, Miss Hetherington, and Miss Bernard, who have recently joined us as lady demonstrators.
J.H.G.

Each man in this life has two sacks,
Which Jove, the great father, suspends;
The one holds his own proper sins,
The other the sins of his friends.

The first he immediately throws
Out of sight, out of mind, at his back;
The other's so under his nose
That he sees every grain in the sack.

* * *
Work faithfully for eight hours a day
and DON'T WORRY!

Then, in time, you may become the
BOSS, and work twelve hours a day and have
ALL THE WORRY.

MAY 17TH, 1935.

By the way, four inches of snow fell this morning on my lawn in a couple of hours. It continued all forenoon, and the cities of Leeds, Bradford, and Huddersfield became nearly impassable and all traffic disorganised. It ceased about two o'clock, and the sun shone out warmly, and some streets were dry by six p.m.

How is this for "Snow in Summer?"
G.S.C.

* * *

TOWARDS THE GOAL.

Because Thou art the Way,
Changing, yet changeless—new, yet still the same,
Both that to which I go, from whence I came—
I falter not, nor stay.

I do not fear the road,
The great adventure into tracts unknown,
My questing spirit wanders not alone
Where other feet have trod.

Thou, Comrade of my soul,
So near, yet ever just beyond my sight,
Reach back Thy hand to hold me in the night
And bring me to the goal!
ELIZABETH F. HOWARD.

SPORTING TERMS ILLUSTRATED.



CRICKET.—"Taking Centre."

readers can fathom the three problems. The answers will be published in the August number."

W. PUGSLEY.

Van 46, Gillingham.

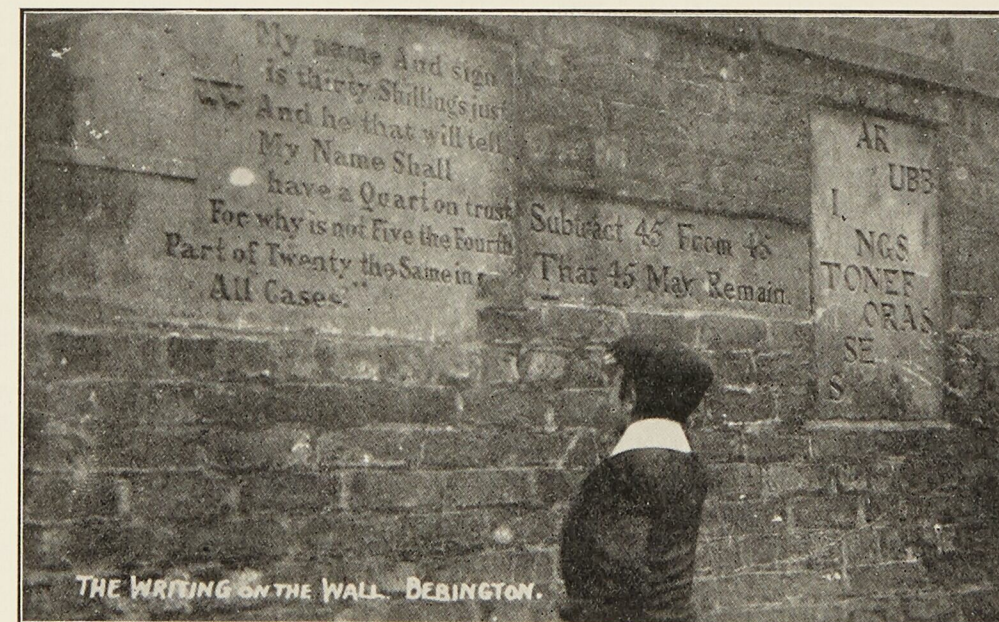
"I wish you every success in your efforts in trying to bring about a connection between the factory and the outside staff through the Magazine. I, personally, am very interested in its contents. Apart from the lighter side there is always something to be learnt from the more serious side, especially the articles from our Chief. You ask for any little incident that might be of interest. Well, this one happened to me some time ago: Whilst calling on three customers in High Street, Strood, I leave my van in a side street close by. This particular morning I was talking to the customer and, glancing out of the window at the passing traffic, I was surprised to see my van go by. I rushed out, but the van had passed on. With the 'wind properly up' I returned to the side street, and there was the old bus complete with engine and four wheels. After a few moments my brain functioned and I realised that it was Nottingham passing through with another van for Margate."

H. A. SUMMERS.



Van 32, Birkenhead.

"The wanderer who finds delight in discovering relics of old times should certainly pay a visit to the village of Bebington, which, by the way, is on my territory. Many years ago there lived in a big house in the village an old man who was a noted sculptor. This house was surrounded by a high wall. There are still to be seen in the grounds many animals and figures carved out of stone. The stone on the extreme right of the photograph was carved by this gentleman for the benefit of the village youth who were at that time constantly annoying him by congregating every night near where this stone was placed. The tale goes that his action had the desired effect. It would be interesting to know if any of our Magazine



THE WRITING ON THE WALL. BEBINGTON.

Swansea Calling!

There is just one item of lasting interest to those who, like myself, are daily "on the road," and that is the freak weather, if one may so call it. On the 12th May rain, sleet, and then snow, in many places several inches deep. Housetops resembled the old-fashioned Christmas cards, fields white with snow, and branches of bushes and trees bending beneath the weight of snow. Trains from West Wales and motors from that direction were literally covered with snow—a day such as we seldom get in mid-winter, and one long to be remembered.

I had intended this month to begin a series of short articles on and about Swansea itself and this month I want to say a few words about Swansea as a holiday resort.

In years gone by Swansea has relied more upon her industries and little thought and attention has been paid to develop her natural beauties and charming bays with which she is surrounded. Now more people are on pleasure bent, and her industries are somewhat languishing. More is being done to entice visitors than hitherto to this charming and romantic seashore and coastline. I really cannot exaggerate the charm, the rugged beauty, and the vast expanse of sea which confronts us as we trudge along the headlands of the Gower Coast. The sand of Swansea Bay itself is one of the finest in the British Isles, extending as it does for some two or three miles, and perfectly safe for children to bathe. These on any fine holiday are quite a sight to behold when families from the mining valleys make a day of it there and enjoy a brief respite from toil to get a breeze from the briny.

The visitor from further afield would, of course, prefer "The Bays," and there, "far from the maddening crowd," there is a serenity, a calmness, which one must realise personally to be able to appreciate. All I can say is, as once was said by another, "Come and see," and you will say again with another, "The half was never told me."

To get to any part of the Gower Coast, or indeed to any part of West or North Wales, is quite easy. Motors and buses run frequently and continually, from which Swansea makes an ideal centre.

S. H. JONES (Van 9, Swansea).

(To be continued).

Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. A. HOWSE.



Our photograph this month is of our very stalwart representative for the County of Wiltshire.

Mr. Howse has a distinguished military record, having served as a Sergeant in the 1st Grenadier Guards for many years. Mr. Howse served with Kitchener in the Sudan in 1897-1898, and marched to Khartoum after taking part in the battle of Omdurman.

He also went through the South African War, and was one of the coffin bearers at the funeral of Queen Victoria, for which service he received the M.V.O.

Mr. Howse joined the Company in December, 1916, and after a short period in the North of England in the difficult times during the war, he eventually took over the Wiltshire territory in 1920, where he is very well known and respected amongst his large circle of customers.

* * *

CONFIRMATION.

"Is there any truth in the report that Angus MacTavish bought the filling station?"

"Well, I don't know for sure, but the 'free air' sign has been taken down."



1st XI.

The season has opened auspiciously. Four matches were played during the month of May; 2 were won, 1 drawn (in our favour), and 1 lost. Outstanding features of the games were:—Three of the four matches played were games in which a declaration was made. Versus the G.W.R., at Swindon, our opponents declared at 115 for 8 wickets, a score we passed in the time allotted. Against Savernake Forest C.C. we declared at 144 for five wickets, and time alone saved the Marlborough team; and at Warminster we again declared at 102 for nine wickets. On this occasion the last over was called and we secured the last wicket in that over—exciting cricket. A very good bowling performance was obtained by B. Gough in this latter match—he secured 6 wickets for two runs. One of the wickets was obtained by a curious catch—the ball going off the wicket-keeper's glove into the hands of the second slip. Which reminds us of a similar, but even more curious catch when in the second innings of a match between Somerset and Lancashire, at Liverpool, S. M. J. Woods was out to a catch, the ball going off the wicket-keeper's glove, through the hands of the first slip, into those of the second slip. The following are the scores:—

May 4th, v. Avon Sports, at Lickhill. Avon Sports won by three wickets:—

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|--|----|
| B. Gough, run out | 23 |
| K. Haines, c and b Bull | 15 |
| J. Archard, b Bull | 2 |
| R. Swaffield, b Bull | 0 |
| A. Bennett, b Haddrell | 0 |
| F. I. Nash, c and b Bull | 0 |
| S. L. Drewell, c Stevens, b Bull | 7 |
| P. Carter, c Haddrell, b Bull | 7 |

| | |
|---------------------------------|----|
| B. Webb, b Sharp | 11 |
| R. Heath, c Price, b Bull | 0 |
| I. J. Taylor, not out | 0 |
| Extras | 5 |
| <hr/> | |
| | 70 |

Avon Sports:—80 for 7 wickets.

May 11th, v. G.W.R. (Swindon), at Swindon. Harris C.C. won by one wicket:—

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|--|-----|
| B. Gough, b Dowse | 5 |
| K. Haines, run out | 16 |
| J. Archard, b Spalding | 1 |
| R. Swaffield, c Phillips, b Spalding | 0 |
| R. Cobb, b Dowse | 17 |
| F. I. Nash, c Long, b Dowse | 8 |
| R. Stevens, c Dowse, b Spalding | 34 |
| P. Carter, b Dowse | 5 |
| J. E. Bromham, b Spalding | 0 |
| H. Smart, not out | 21 |
| I. J. Taylor, not out | 6 |
| Extras | 16 |
| <hr/> | |
| | 129 |

G.W.R.:—115 for 8 wickets, declared.

May 18th, v. Savernake Forest C.C., at Marlborough. Drawn game:—

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|--|----|
| B. Gough, b Gough | 39 |
| K. Haines, lbw, b Kalaugher | 1 |
| J. E. Bromham, c Rossiter, b Lansley | 37 |
| J. Archard, b Benham | 0 |
| R. Swaffield, st Rossiter, b Lansley | 40 |
| R. Stevens, not out | 5 |
| F. I. Nash, not out | 2 |
| Extras | 20 |

For 5 wickets, declared ... 144

P. Carter, S. L. Drewell, I. J. Taylor, P. Caine did not bat.

Savernake Forest:—99 for 7 wickets.

May 25th, Warminster, at Warminster.
Harris C.C. won by 55 runs :—

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|--|----|
| B. Gough, c Lovatt, b Maidment... | 9 |
| K. Haines, b Maidment..... | 18 |
| J. E. Bromham, c Sollars, b Cox ... | 33 |
| F. I. Nash, b Maidment | 1 |
| R. Swaffield, b Maidment | 0 |
| J. Archard, b Cox | 0 |
| R. Stevens, b Cox | 3 |
| P. Carter, b Cox | 18 |
| I. J. Taylor, c Sollars, b Lovatt..... | 3 |
| W. Butler, not out | 2 |
| A. McLean, not out..... | 4 |
| Extras | 11 |

For 9 wickets, declared..... 102
Warminster :—47.

2nd XI.

The 2nd XI. have started none too well. Three defeats to one win is not very encouraging, but with new players under a new leadership it, of necessity, follows that one or two matches must be played before capabilities are known and team work properly developed. One would like to see more of the 2nd XI. players practising at the nets during the week. Two good batting performances have been made. J. Wiltshire (the new skipper) scored 45 in the first match, v. Spye Park, and R. Heath 47 against Heddington. E. Witchell, with 7 wickets for 57, and J. Wiltshire, 6 for 51, gained credit for bowling performances. The outstanding feature of the month was the match v. Heddington, on April 29th. Heddington made 53 runs, and in response we made only 39 when the last man went in. Associating themselves in a partnership when the game looked lost, R. Heath and P. Cainey were not separated until 110 had been put on the score-board, the former making 47 and the latter 18 not out. In Heath's 47 were four 6's and four 4's. We cannot recollect a similar performance in our club's history, and these two players are to be heartily congratulated on their fine cricket.

The following are the scores :—

May 11th, v. Spye Park, at Lickhill.
Spye Park won by 61 runs :—

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| A. Bennett, lbw, b Combridge | 10 |
| B. Webb, c Bryant, b Butler..... | 0 |
| E. Witchell, b Butler | 8 |
| S. Wood, b Rowe..... | 24 |
| G. Dean, b Combridge..... | 0 |

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| J. Wiltshire, run out | 45 |
| C. Gunning, c Wootton, b Combridge | 10 |
| P. Cainey, b Combridge..... | 1 |
| F. H. J. Cleverley, b Combridge ... | 1 |
| W. Smith, not out | 0 |
| D. Culliford, b Combridge | 0 |
| Extras | 8 |
| | 108 |

Spye Park :—162.

May 17th, v. Goatacre, at Lickhill.
Goatacre won by 12 runs :—

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| J. Wiltshire, c Heath, b Comley | 4 |
| A. Bennett, run out | 6 |
| S. Wood, c Angell, b Comley..... | 2 |
| B. Webb, c Comley, b Bradfield ... | 13 |
| G. Dean, b Bradfield | 15 |
| E. Witchell, b Iles | 0 |
| C. Gunning, c Iles, b Comley..... | 5 |
| R. Heath, lbw, b White..... | 0 |
| F. H. J. Cleverley, b Comley | 0 |
| P. Doble, not out | 2 |
| W. Smith, run out | 0 |
| Extras | 3 |
| | 50 |

Goatacre :—62.

May 25th, v. Seagry, at Lickhill.
Seagry won by 67 runs :—

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| J. Wiltshire, c Mann, b Benham ... | 4 |
| A. Bennett, lbw, b Miles..... | 4 |
| E. Witchell, c Mann, b Benham ... | 8 |
| R. Heath, b Benham | 2 |
| G. Dean, c Broom, b Benham | 0 |
| C. Gunning, b Benham | 0 |
| S. Wood, b Miles..... | 1 |
| F. H. J. Cleverley, b Miles..... | 14 |
| W. Smith, b Benham | 10 |
| P. Cainey, c and b Barton | 9 |
| D. Culliford, not out | 0 |
| Extras | 6 |
| | 58 |

Seagry :—125.

May 29th, v. Heddington, at Lickhill.
Harris C.C. won by 57 runs.

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| S. Wood, b Cole | 7 |
| W. Smith, lbw, b Cole..... | 5 |
| A. Bennett, b Cole | 4 |
| J. Wiltshire, c Allison, b Teague ... | 7 |
| B. Webb, b Hurcombe | 1 |

FLOWER SHOW SECTION, 1935.

In this issue of the Magazine the Schedule of the Flower Show may be seen in detail. Several changes will be observed. In brief, they are as follows :—Class 25, only 3 parsnips, instead of 6, will be required. Two new classes are introduced, viz. :—Class 34, 2 ridge cucumbers ; Class 35, heaviest marrow ; whilst the dish of cooked potatoes is transferred to Section IV. In the Flower Section, Class 44 is for 4 bunches of stocks, and they are not confined to ten-week stocks. Class 48 is a new one. Table decorations in the nature of a miniature rock garden. Class 52 is also a new one, for dahlias. In Section IV. two new classes are inserted, one for 6 bunches of wild flowers and grasses and two for 3 window plants.

We are hoping to arrange a Fur and Feather Section in connection with the Flower Show, and schedules may be obtained from the Hon. Secretaries.

It is anticipated that the following classes will be included :—

- 1.—Heavy Breed, Male bird of any special breed (adult).
- 2.—Heavy Breed, Male bird of any special breed (bred 1935).
- 3.—Heavy Breed, Female bird of any special breed (adult).
- 4.—Heavy Breed, Female bird of any special breed (bred 1935).
- 5.—Light Breed, Male bird of any special breed (adult).
- 6.—Light Breed, Male bird of any special breed (bred 1935).
- 7.—Light Breed, Female bird of any special breed (adult).
- 8.—Light Breed, Female bird of any special breed (bred 1935).
- 9.—Male bird, of any variety.
- 10.—Female bird, of any variety.
- 11.—Bantams.
- 12.—Duck or Drake, of any variety.
- 13.—Pigeons, Fancy bird, Male or Female.
- 14.—Pigeons, Homers, Male or Female.
- 15.—Cage birds.
- 16.—Table birds.
- 17.—Rabbits.
- 18.—Children's pets.
- 19.—Eggs.

An Arts and Crafts Section is also in progress of development, and its schedule will include classes for Needlework, Painting, Metal Work, Woodwork, Rugmaking, and a general class, and help is solicited from interested members.

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| E. Witchell, b Hurcombe | 0 |
| F. H. J. Cleverley, b Hurcombe ... | 0 |
| G. Dean, c Robinson, b Hurcombe | 7 |
| C. Gunning, b Hurcombe | 0 |
| R. Heath, b Cole..... | 47 |
| P. Cainey, not out | 18 |
| | 110 |

Heddington :—58.



1ST STRING.

Cold winds and absence of sunshine marked the opening of the Tennis season of 1935, and only stoics were seen on the courts during the early days. With the improvement in weather we shall, without doubt, see the usual congestion both at the Woodlands and Lickhill. Club matches have been successful, as the following results indicate :—

May 4th, v. Chippenham Town, at Calne. Won by 9 matches to 0.

Our team consisted of Miss K. Angell and H. Smart, Miss F. Angell and H. Watson, Miss M. Angell and E. Cooper. Each couple won all their matches.

May 18th, v. G.W.R. (Swindon), at Swindon. Won by 8 matches to 1.

Miss K. Angell and H. Smart won 3 and lost 0, Miss M. Angell and E. Cooper won 3 and lost 0, and Miss F. Angell and A. E. Bull won 2 and lost 1.

May 25th, v. Southdown L.T.C., Bath, at Calne. Won by 13 matches to 1, 2 being drawn.

Miss K. Angell and H. Smart won 4 and lost 0, Miss M. Angell and E. Cooper won 4 and lost 0, Miss F. Angell and A. E. Bull won 3 and drew 1, and Miss S. McLean and H. Watson won 2, drew 1, and lost 1.

2ND STRING.

May 18th, v G.W.R. (Swindon), at Calne. Lost by 8 matches to 1.

Miss S. McLean and N. Potter won 1 and lost 2, Miss V. Burness and J. Sturgess won 0 and lost 3, and Miss M. Hinton and W. Penny won 0 and lost 3.

Friends Elsewhere.



Our Highbridge friends made their return visit to Chippenham on Saturday, May 4th, 1935, arriving at the Rovers' Football Ground at 4.30 p.m. Mr. A. G. Kidley and his party were received by members of the Welfare Association, including Captain and Mrs. C. H. Smith, Mr. W. V. Long, Mr. J. G. Hooper, and Mr. J. B. Stanley.

At the conclusion of the football match our visitors were entertained to tea at the Railway Inn. Mr. W. V. Long, in welcoming, said it gave Chippenham much pleasure in reciprocating the kindness extended to them at Highbridge a few weeks ago. Mr. Kidley, on behalf of Highbridge, thanked his Chippenham friends for the warm welcome they had received, and felt that the bond of friendship that had existed between the two firms for so many years had not only been renewed but greatly strengthened. Mr. Shier supported Mr. Kidley's remarks, and Mr. J. G. Hooper also extended a few words of welcome to his former colleagues. After tea a small break in the programme enabled our friends to make a tour of the factory. Following this we were soon engaged in skittles, hoping we should be able to break the unbeaten record that Highbridge hold over us. Our friends soon settled down on our alley and walked away with the first leg to the tune of 12 pins. The next leg was well fought, and we just managed to scrape home with one pin. A real fight from start to finish resulted in Highbridge winning the last leg by 1 pin, and retaining their record. Total scores :—

| | | | |
|------------------|----|----|--------|
| Highbridge | 67 | 68 | 75—210 |
| Chippenham | 55 | 69 | 74—198 |

To conclude a very enjoyable afternoon and evening, and to give our guests a good send-off, a smoking concert followed. The programme included songs by Mr. Eldridge, Mr. A. Lem, and Mr. E. Stone, and by the visitors. Mr. E. Yeates gave a piano accordion solo. Mr. J. Swayne was at the piano. The excellent arrangements, which were much appreciated by all present, were carried through by the joint hon. secretaries of the Welfare Association, Mr. J. G. Hooper and Mr. J. Swayne.

FOOTBALL MATCH.

CHIPPENHAM v. HIGHBRIDGE

Considerable interest was centred around this match it was the third played between the two factories, each having previously won one match.

After Highbridge had won the toss Mrs. C. H. Smith kicked off.

Exchanges were fairly even in the opening stages, but after a while Highbridge began to press, and Butler was called upon to make the first save of the match, and shortly afterwards Highbridge wasted a splendid opportunity through kicking the ball wide of goal.

From the goal-kick play was taken to the other end of the ground when some useful work by Warne was spoilt through Edwards kicking the ball outside.

The Highbridge forwards now introduced more life into the game, and missed a certain goal when Wright kicked the ball off the goal-line with three men there deciding who should put the ball in the net.

Chippenham now attacked and some promising moves were effectively dealt with by the visitors' defence, but Highbridge was soon on the offensive again, and this time was rewarded with the first goal of the match.

After this reverse Chippenham pressed, and a fine opening by Hanks was spoilt by offside, and Yeates missed through heading the ball over the bar. Eventually the visiting defence broke down and Warne scored the equaliser just on half-time.

| | | |
|-------------|------------------|---|
| Half-time : | Chippenham | 1 |
| | Highbridge | 1 |

The second half saw Chippenham more aggressive, forcing several corners, and although Yeates and Williams placed well,

the Highbridge defence survived, and play went to the other end, where Butler saved well.

Chippenham attacked again and Warne was able to give his side the lead with a splendid shot.

Fine work by Lem resulted in a corner, but was fruitless through this player placing the ball behind the net. The home side continued pressing, Berry being instrumental in making some fine openings.

The visitors now resumed the offensive and for some minutes Butler experienced an anxious time, but Heath playing a fine defensive game, made a good clearance and eased the situation.

A clever pass by Helps gave Berry the opportunity of sending a terrific shot, which the visitors' keeper dealt with in effective style.

Some mid-field play followed, but the home forwards rallied again and made several dangerous raids.

Edwards, accepting a pass from Warne, shot straight for goal, and a visiting back, in an effort to save, helped the ball into the net for Chippenham's third goal.

Highbridge worked hard to reduce the lead, but no more scoring took place, the home side proving victorious by 3 goals to 1 after a very sporting game.

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES

The smoking concert arranged in connection with the visit of Highbridge to Chippenham was made the occasion of presenting the prizes and trophies to the winners of the skittle competitions organised by the Welfare Association during the past season.

Captain C. Herbert Smith made the presentations to the following :—

Mr. R. Kington—"J.G.H." Challenge Cup (donor, Mr. J. G. Hooper)

Mr. J. Burchell—Runner-up "J.G.H." Challenge Cup.

Mr. C. Watts—Highest individual score (donor, Mr. J. B. Stanley).

Mr. A. B. Fortune—Highest average score (donor, Mr. W. V. Long).

Mr. A. B. Fortune, captain of Team G—Winners of J. Bullock Cup.

Mr. W. Weston was also presented with a set of pipes and tobacco pouch from the

members of the Welfare Association in appreciation of his valuable and untiring services rendered as games secretary during the past few years.

"W.H.W.," through the Magazine, would like to thank his friends of the factory and office staffs for the present given to him and also for the support he has constantly received. It is encouraging to know that the little he has done in the past has been appreciated, and he sincerely asks that all associated with him in the work of the Welfare Association will continue to give their whole-hearted support to the committee in its effort to provide recreation and pleasure for their fellow workers.

PRESENTATION TO MR. W. F. PICKFORD.

On Friday, May 17th, 1935, a very pleasant evening was spent at the Railway Inn, when members of the factory and office staffs assembled to wish Mr. Pickford (who has been Pigs Board Grader at the factory for the past fifteen months and now transferred to another area) "Good-bye," and to convey to him their best wishes for the future.

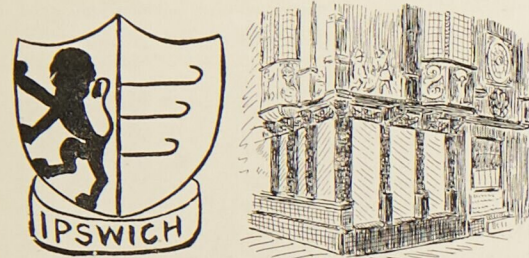
The evening commenced with a skittle match between teams captained by Mr. W. F. Pickford and Mr. Hooper. A very close game ensued, and Mr. Hooper's team proved to be the better side by 5 pins. Final scores :—

| | | | |
|------------------|----|----|--------|
| Mr. Hooper | 80 | 61 | 78—219 |
| Mr. Pickford ... | 68 | 72 | 74—214 |

After refreshments, Mr. J. Swayne asked Mr. Pickford to accept from his Chippenham friends a cigarette case as a small token of their appreciation for the support he had given them in their social events and skittle matches during the time he had been associated with Chippenham. Mr. Pickford suitably replied and expressed the hope that this occasion would not be the last one spent in their company.

BILL CHIVERS.

And so the years roll on ; with the gathering forces our friends depart and their places are known no more. Three score years or so our allotted span. The mighty avalanche of time presses forward, engulfing those of our own generation. The younger



THE PYRAMIDS.

"Your next instalment is due, Mr. Lessa." That's what I have just heard, but by way of a change it applied to the Magazine, so here goes.

Having carefully collected my wife and had her made comfortable aboard a camel, we "hit the trail" up a steepish hill to see for ourselves one of the world's wonders; and what a sight! Vast masses of brick or stone containing subterranean entrances and inner chambers. The largest of the three, being 480ft. in height, with a base of 764ft. square, called the Great Pyramid, gazes down upon us. This was built for an Egyptian King named Cheops, to be used as his tomb. The number of people employed in its construction was something like 100,000, and were kept in constant employment for twenty years, and I am told they did not receive a pension at the end of their term of service either.

However, a brother of Cheops took unto himself (not a wife), but the erection of a second, but smaller Pyramid, and named it Cefrene. A son of Cheops, whose name was Mycerinus, had the third erected, and this he named Micerino.

It must be remembered that this work was carried out about 5,000 years B.C., and we have to wonder at their age and magnificence, to say nothing of the amount of work that was put in by the people employed.

From what I gather it leaves me thankful to think I was not born in those days, although I should love to have seen them being built. At this stage we returned to Mena House Hotel, and until next month, "Sah-ee-dah."

LESSA.

* * *

People seldom want your advice when they ask it: what they really desire is that you should agree with them upon the thing they wish.

"TOM."

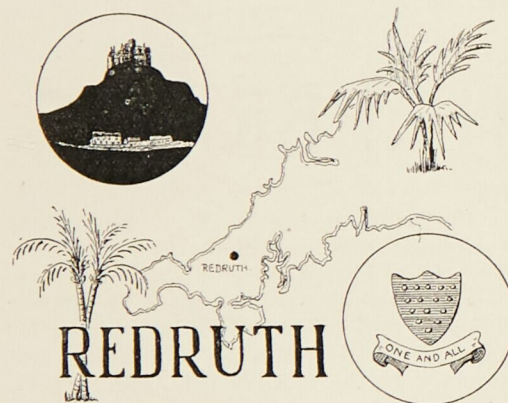
A sturdy figure, striding always purposefully, with arms aswing; somewhat reserved, with no great fund of small-talk, but with ever a hearty appreciation of a joke. Ever since the Ipswich Factory started, in 1921, Tom Gardiner had been a familiar figure amongst the staff. He was, in fact, actually employed on the building of the factory, and entered the Company's service when the factory opened, working his way up to first-grade in the Slaughter Department. We find it hard to realise that he is no longer with us.

To Mrs. Gardiner and family we offer, in all sincerity, our heart-felt sympathy in their great loss.

In war, as in peace, Tom played a man's part, and of him we can truly say, "He did his duty."

A.H.M.

* * *



REDRUTH

The Silver Jubilee celebrations in Cornwall were carried through with the same wonderful enthusiasm as was shown in every part of the country and Empire. The glories of the doings in London, with the profound impressions made by them, both at home and abroad, is something of which we all feel justly proud, but the local celebrations in every town and village also expressed our loyalty and affection for the King and Queen. Throughout the day the weather conditions added to the enjoyment, and as the darkness fell the hills, moors, and cliffs of England's most Western County were lit up with the flames of 150 bonfires.

This stirring sight, seen not only by those on land but also by those several miles out at sea on the English Channel in the

South and the Atlantic Ocean in the North, was a fitting end to a day of great rejoicing.

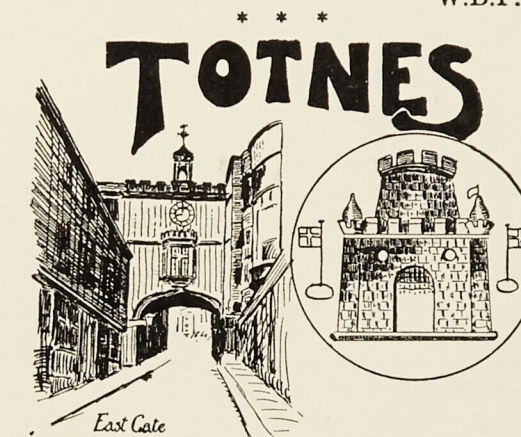
Jubilee Week gave us such beautiful summer weather that it really did seem as if winter had gone and that the proverbial warning about the deceptiveness of May could be disregarded. Suddenly, however, the scene was changed and there was a backward plunge into the severity of conditions which reached its climax on the Friday, the like of which has not been experienced in this part of the country within living memory. Snow fell in exceptionally large flakes, accompanied by a bitterly cold wind. In most places the snow disappeared as fast as it fell, but on Bodmin Moors it was 3ins. deep, and it remained all day. St. Ives experienced a hurricane, and so much anxiety was felt for shipping that the lifeboat crew were in readiness in case of need. On the other coast the Penzance and Newlyn fishing fleets encountered very bad conditions at sea, and a number of boats had to be towed into harbour with sails blown away and motors out of action. A large number of French Crabbers were driven into Newlyn Harbour, as well as Ostend trawlers and Brixham smacks, and all these, together with the local boats, made a very picturesque scene.

All this, in mid-May; but despite the damage done to crops and fruit trees, there is consolation in the fact that the unwelcome visitation was only temporary and that once again prospects are quite bright.

The B.B.C. has developed a praiseworthy taste for the local colour of Cornwall. A good deal of Cornish music has been put on the air and, of course, the St. Hilary plays are well known, while the Helston flora, held as it has been for hundreds of years on the 8th of May, was broadcast this year. On Whit-Monday, however, the public had what is the most characteristic Cornish experience of all. Microphones at Gwennap Pit carried the celebrated service far and wide. John Wesley preached there in 1762, and his last visit was in 1789, when, over 80 years of age, he preached to a congregation of over four thousand. Ever since that date it has been a rallying place for Methodists on Whit-Mondays. Many great preachers have figured in the services, but the honour has not fallen to a layman until this year, when the preacher was Alderman G. P.

Dymond, M.A., ex-Mayor of Plymouth and vice-president of the Methodist Church. The singing has always been inspiring, and this year was led by combined choirs of the forty chapels comprising the Redruth Circuit. The fact that the service was broadcast aroused even more interest than usual.

W.B.F.



East Gate

We are pleased to report the recent marriage of Mr. H. A. Doney (who has been a member of our Office Staff since 1928), which took place at Bridgetown Church, Totnes. The wedding present given by members of factory and office, and presented by Mr. Powney, was an eight-day dining-room clock in a mahogany case, with both Westminster and Whittington chimes. Mr. Doney acknowledged the gift on behalf of his wife and himself in a suitable speech.

The Devon County Agricultural Show has this year been held at Barnstaple, in the finest weather that May could produce, and this was very fortunate since the most unusual sight of snow in May was to be seen in this county a few days previously.

The show had a very good attendance. It was thought possible that the Bath and West, at Taunton, only a week later would have an adverse effect, but the county, nevertheless, has supported home industry very well.

Excitement was caused locally by the arrival of the Royal Yacht, Victoria and Albert, for a three days' stay in Torbay recently, and many from Totnes took the opportunity of admiring her graceful lines.

This year it has been decided that we

shall go to Newquay for our annual outing, and we are looking forward to a really pleasant visit to this delightful seaside resort, especially since it will be covering quite new ground from previous outings. Given a fine day we shall all don the carnival spirit.

T.H.R.

Health Hints.

BALANCING OF DIET.

In this connection there are two points of great importance to be remembered. They are:—

1.—In order that the diet should be complete, that is, able to provide the body with the material it requires, it must contain representatives of each class of food stuffs.

2.—These representatives must be present in their proper proportions.

Your daily diet should contain substances of each of these groups:—

1.—Proteins for body building and growth replacements. Good—Meat, Milk, Cheese, Eggs, Fish. Poor—Vegetable proteins.

2.—Fats, to supply heat (calories) and energy—Fats of Meat (Mutton, Beef, &c.), Fish, Milk, and its products.

3.—Carbohydrates, to supply energy and assist in combustion of fats. Starches—Cereals, Tubers, Seeds, Grains. Sugars—Cane Sugar, Beet Sugar, Grape Sugar.

4.—Roughage to promote activity of the large bowel. Indigestible fibres of Vegetables and Fruit.

5.—Salts. Calcium, required by every tissue in body—Cheese, Egg Yolk, Milk, Oatmeal, and some Vegetables. Phosphorous—Required by tissues, especially nerves—Cheese, Meats, Egg Yolk, Milk, Oatmeal, and some Vegetables. Iron—Required by blood—Egg Yolk, Meat, Wholemeal, Oatmeal, Spinach. Chlorine—Common Salt. Iodine—Air Iodised Salt.

6.—Water.

The above shows the various classes of foodstuffs and the parts they play in the nutrition of the body.

Now a few thoughts as to the preparing of this diet.

Avoid last-minute cooking. It never saves time, money, or temper. You cannot prepare a nourishing meal in five minutes. You cannot get full value out of your food without time and thought. Hurried cooking toughens meat and makes all food difficult to digest. A good cook saves doctor's bills. The body is like a machine which requires stoking and running repairs. Remember this when choosing your meals. Sugar, Flour, Fat, and Starch are good for stoking; Meat, Fish, Eggs, Milk, and Cheese will do the repairs. But you must choose wisely and cook well. Buy good materials and offer the right variety, and you will keep the family fit. Plan economically. Think ahead—thought always saves money. Decide what you will have for dinner to-morrow; it will help your shopping today.

Remember, a well-cooked meal, cleanly and neatly served, creates appetite. Second helpings are a compliment to the cook. Healthy appetites mean healthy bodies. Healthy bodies mean happy homes.

"Gold that buys health can never be ill spent, nor hours laid out in harmless merriment."—*John Webster.*

* * *

"NEWS FROM THE EAST."

Our usual monthly article, written by Mr. J. Smith, of Ipswich, has been unavoidably left over until next month.

* * *



Dear Mr. Editor,

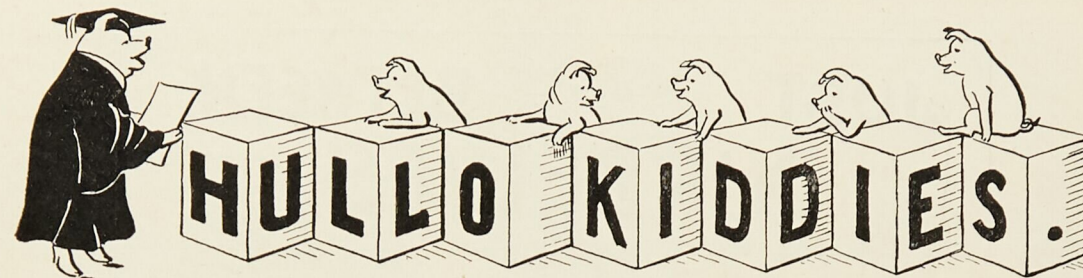
I do not agree with "G.C." that "Bowls is the finest game of all, for those who do not feel like continuing the more vigorous games of cricket, etc." What about tiddleywinks? H.G.

* * *

Many beat the sack and mean to beat the miller.

* * *

Great gaps may be filled with small stones.



By the time this is in print I expect summer will really be here. Hasn't it been a long time coming this year? We shall all be glad to see some more weather such as we had on Jubilee Day. But when the sun doesn't shine it is up to us to do all we can to shine instead, isn't it? I think we forget sometimes that mothers and other grown-ups don't like dull weather any more than we do, and when they do all they can to make us happy and cheerful don't you think they ought to be rewarded by seeing smiling, happy faces around them? You can take it from me that's the kind of sunshine mothers like to see best.

We had better, I think, leave a little more room this month for our Serial Story, so I will cut this short.

You will continue to send in your wild flowers for the competition, won't you?

With all good wishes,

Your affectionate

AUNT SUSIE.

THE ADVENTURES OF SALLY AND SAM

(Continued).

On Monday, Teddy arrived. Daddy went in the trap to bring him from the station. Sally wanted to go, too, but she never went anywhere without Sam, and Sam was too busy planning a new kind of pirate's boat. "It isn't very wise," he said, "to make too much fuss of a kid, and we don't want him to feel too important at the beginning." So Sally helped with the boat, but, unfortunately, her thoughts were elsewhere, and when they heard the trap rumbling up the drive they were both rather glad to hide everything that was to do with pirates and scamper off to get ready for tea.

Sally thought Teddy had grown sweeter than ever, and she wanted to have him near her at tea, but was afraid Sam would think she was going to be "fussy."

Teddy was being a brave little man. This was the first time he had been away from home and everything seemed so strange; but although he badly wanted to see his mother he ate his tea and managed to keep back the tears that somehow would persist in coming very near.

After tea Mother said the "Imps" (as they were usually called) had better show Teddy around the farm, but to remember that he was not used to animals, and to be careful that he wasn't frightened.

Sam couldn't imagine anything on the farm that would frighten anybody, and said so, and in the end Daddy thought it would perhaps be better if he went, too. So he took the little man on his shoulder and they all went off to explore the wonders of Home Farm.

Teddy was very interested, but when they got to the cattle he was rather glad he was on his uncle's shoulder. He made up his mind there and then, though, to be as big a man as Sam before he had been there many days. It was a thing he would remember when he said his prayers that night.

The barn was a great attraction, and Teddy thought what a lovely place it was to play in on rainy days. He could see he was going to have fine fun here, and already he began to feel a little less homesick. There were swings hanging from the heavy beams, and there were big chests full of poultry food and all sorts of other things; it was an ideal place, too, for hide and seek and games of that description.

Soon it was bed-time for Teddy. His Aunt had given him a bed in the little room next to her own, and after he had had a glass of the lovely creamy milk which Home Farm produced, he slept very soundly all night, and was wide awake when Sally came to peep at him in the morning.

(To be continued).



Under normal conditions one can always find something to aim at and look forward to. The Annual Flower Show next month, which, to my mind, is the outstanding event of the year, gives extra scope for expressing one's ideas. This year we are introducing an industrial section into the programme, so that every enthusiastic girl will have a chance to compete. There will be quite a variety of classes to enter for, and not one of them will demand too much of the artistic sense. We have worked out a schedule, so with a full month ahead to make one at least of the specimens set out below, we hope to receive a large number of exhibits. No article will be judged by the material, but according to work.

SECTION I.

CLASS.

- 1.—Best hand-made garment.
- 2.—Best hand-made pyjamas and case
- 3.—Best machine-made garment.
- 4.—Worked set of four buttonholes on calico.
- 5.—Best darned pair of stockings.
- 6.—Hand-made baby's dress or coat.
- 7.—An economy prize—Best article made from old garment.
- 8.—Worked cushion cover in wool or silk.
- 9.—Pair of knitted socks, for men.
- 10.—Knitted jumper or pullover for adult.

SECTION II.

- 11.—Best painting.
- 12.—Any article in metal-work.
- 13.—Any article in wood-work.
- 14.—Best wool rug.
- 15.—General Class—any article not included in above classes. If more than six of a kind a special class will be incorporated.

Open to all female employees who are members of the H.W.A.

Here's a recipe for a good plain dough cake :—

Get a quartern of dough from the baker's and keep it warm in a pan until you are

ready to mix it up. Then mix in well with your hand :—

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. clean currants.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar.

2 pieces of lemon peel (grated or chopped fine).

A little grated nutmeg.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. HARRIS lard.

Grease a tin and half-fill it with mixture, then put in a warm place to rise. When it is nearly to the top of the tin bake in a moderate oven for one hour, or a little more. Tap it lightly, and the hollow sound will tell you that it is done. Cut next day.

If you cannot get dough a penny-worth of yeast and $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of plain flour mixed with warm milk and water will answer the purpose. This is sufficient for two cakes.

V.L.D.

HINTS FOR SPRING-CLEANING.

Try this method next time you want to brighten up that ebony.

Ebony often becomes dull in appearance. This can easily be remedied by rubbing in a little petroleum jelly with a soft rag. When the wood has absorbed all the grease it will take on a rich gloss.

Black china bowls treated in the same way will regain their original black lustre.

Even with the greatest of care when decorating the house a few splashes of paint generally manage to go astray. To remove them from steps, wash with a very strong solution of potash, allowing it to soak in. After a time the paint will become soft and can easily be removed by washing with Monkey Brand and warm water. This is a never-failing method.

* * *

When old potatoes are inclined to go black when boiled put a little lemon in the water in which they are cooked and there is a marked improvement.



BY APPOINTMENT

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 9. ——— AUGUST, 1935. ——— No. 8.



THE annual Summer Show arranged by the Harris Welfare Association will be held this year on August 10th, in the Recreation Ground, Calne. Since 1923 the Show has been held in several charming settings. Some of the earlier Shows were held in the grounds of Castle House and at the Woodlands. During the last few years the Recreation Ground has been the scene of happy gatherings of members of the Association and employees of the far-flung branches of the House of Harris.

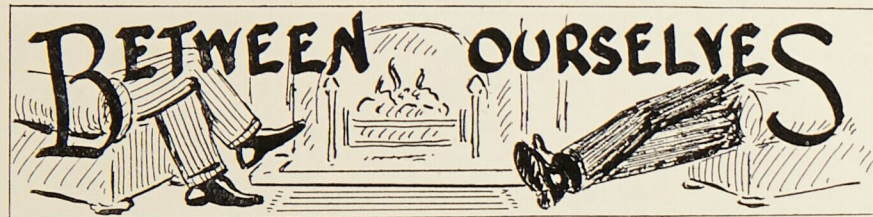
New classes and features are constantly being added with the result that the Show commands renewed and increased interest as the years pass by. One of the happiest innovations was the invitation given by our Chief to the branches to participate in this social event. For six years happy parties have made long pilgrimages to the parent

company on the first Saturday after Bank-holiday in August.

A delightful feature of the day is the lunch before the opening of the Show, when those present can see and hear colleagues who would otherwise be mere signatures to correspondence or voices over the 'phone. Happenings of this kind help the wheels of business to run more smoothly and efficiently.

Another excellent development has been the invitation to the branches to compete in the Flower and Vegetable Show and the Sports, thus adding to the zest of competition in the various classes.

The organization of the Show is in very capable hands and it only requires the weather to be kind, as usual, for this, the thirteenth Show, to be the most successful so far in the series.



OUR thoughts are turning to the question of pig contracting for 1936. The two Marketing Boards are at work upon their negotiations in this matter. It is hoped that more expedition may be observed this year so that the terms may be announced not later than the early autumn.

When I wrote my notes for the last issue of the Magazine I hinted that something in addition to the regulation of imports was required to make the Schemes successful—or possible.

On Friday, June 7th, certain representatives of both Boards were asked to meet the Minister of Agriculture in his room prior to the announcement by him in the House of Commons of a new piece of Government policy. Later, Mr. Elliot made his announcement publicly to the effect that the Government would seek to impose a levy upon foreign bacon entering this country, the proceeds of which would be devoted, when required, to the assistance of the industry.

A condition laid down was that the foreigners would be allowed to import increased amounts of bacon and that both schemes concurrently would, it was hoped, commence as from 1st January, 1936.

The effect of an increased import of tonnage of foreign bacon will lead to a great reduction in the price obtainable for English, Dominion, and foreign bacon in this country. That will reduce the ability of the bacon curer to pay for pigs upon the present basis of price. Everything now depends upon negotiations with the various foreign countries concerned, and it is understood that these have been commenced.

Meantime, both Boards are anxious to receive an assurance that the scheme will definitely operate from 1st January next, so that contracts may be framed upon that basis.

If the Minister is successful in carrying through his proposals it would seem as though several objections will be met:—

1.—The demand of the retailer for cheaper bacon in larger quantities.

2.—The uncertainty of the pig producer in regard to a price which is partly dependent upon the ascertained selling values of bacon.

Very few Governmental concessions, by the very nature of them, can ever be made or received without some snag arising, and the Bacon Curers are anxiously examining the position as to the effect of a greatly increased importation of bacon. We are hoping that the new arrangements will mean more pigs in more regular supplies with consequential benefits of assured labour to all those who work with us, but we are very anxious as to the results on the curing business.

For the convenience of our readers I will quote below Mr. Elliot's statement in the House of Commons—

"The Government have had the Pigs and Bacon Marketing Schemes under review and they consider that certain developments of the general plan for regulating bacon imports and assisting the home producer might now be made to the advantage of all concerned. They propose that the policy of maintaining a regulated market should be continued, but they are prepared to contemplate, as from the beginning of next year, an increase in the volume of imported supplies, subject to the imposition of a limited charge on imports from foreign countries, the proceeds of which would be devoted to the assistance of the home industry as the situation may require. Such an arrangement would involve obtaining the assent of certain foreign countries who have at present a Treaty right to free entry of bacon into the United Kingdom, and H.M. Government propose to open negotiations with the Governments of those countries forthwith."

The Warehouse Trip.

SATURDAY, June 22nd, was the day the lads of the Warehouse had been looking forward to for weeks past. At last the day arrived, and although the weather had been somewhat unsettled during the week there were a few optimists who turned up in open-necked shirts. Their optimism was fully justified as the day wore on, and it proved a rival as to whether Jubilee Day was any hotter.

Well, a few minutes after 8 a.m. we started off on what proved to be a red-letter day in the annals of the Warehouse. Arriving at Fry's Factory, situated in a delightful spot of England, at Somerdale, near Bristol, about 9.30, we awaited the guides who were going to show us the wonders of their factory. There were some wonderful things to be seen, I can assure you, but it is impossible for me to explain them all now. You really must visit the place to fully realise the seemingly miraculous machinery mankind has turned out. Not only that, the cleanliness and modern equipment of the factory, both for manufacturing and employees alike, does, I'm sure, make us realise and appreciate, too, the splendid organisation of our own factory. Before leaving, we were each given a sample of their famous chocolate, which was, if not that same day, fully appreciated the following week.

Leaving Fry's about 11.30, we started thinking and talking about what we should do at Cheddar. Well, we finally reached Cheddar about 12.30 p.m., and as some were visiting the caves and others Jacob's Ladder, we decided to make a specified time to commence the final lap of our journey to Weston.

I needn't say much about Cheddar, because if you haven't been there you have heard all about the wonders of that little but unforgettable place. Most of us had lunch here, which was either sandwiches brought from home, or some bread and cheese. By this time the majority of the fellows had divested themselves of their coats, as summer had arrived with a vengeance. One or two of the fellows whom we generally call "yokels" had the cheek to show us "townies" up by having dinner at a restaurant, and then, to complete our dis-

comfort, a couple of our proud "townies" jumped in the bus with a good old English Cheddar cheese.

After having more than enjoyed our stay at Cheddar, we departed for Weston about two o'clock. Coming to a village called Sandford, we were taking a corner, when along came a little Austin. Well, our bus just touched the front of the Austin, but dealt it a severe blow towards the rear-side of it. I was right by the side where the impact took place, and as I looked out of the window, I could see the Austin going along on two wheels and finally turning over on to a small bank by the roadside. Our bus must have stopped within a yard, and our fellows dashed out amid the sounds of breaking glass and the screams of the occupants of the car. They soon had the car on its four wheels again, and it was only the matter of a few minutes before the occupants of the car, who numbered four, were out of it. After a rough examination it was found out only one person was really injured, and, fortunately, not seriously. You may depend we were thankful nothing more serious had happened. Well, I won't say any more about that now, only that one of our party had to stand a lot of light sarcasm concerning the police. I suppose it held us up for a good hour and a half, but I'm sure none of us minded that too much, seeing that things had turned out better than had at first been expected.

To get back to our trip. We arrived at Weston just after four, and before each group of fellows went off to seek their various pleasures, we decided to meet again at nine o'clock. I can't explain what everyone did, but from general remarks passed at nine o'clock no-one was keen on going back, but having made our programme weeks before, we kept to our schedule time. Singing nearly all the way back, and feeling in the best of spirits—if perhaps secretly longing for that bed—we reached Calne just past midnight.

So ended, as I have stated before, a red-letter day for the Warehouse, and judging by the general remarks, it will not be the last. My only comment is that if I can again have the opportunity of enjoying the company of a grand and orderly lot of fellows like ours, I shall be more than satisfied. Three cheers for the Warehouse—"Hip-pip"—

S. TOOGOOD.

"That Speed."

AN enquiry on the new Highway Code was opened in our April issue. It was, I think, premature, for at the time we lacked that data which we now possess.

The outstanding features are :—

1.—An additional 200,000 vehicles have been put on the roads since January 1st. Had traffic remained in the old condition of disorder we should now be averaging a weekly death roll which would bring the total deaths for the year to well over 8,000.

2.—The traffic being brought into order we get the comparable returns :—

Week ending June 1st, 1934 :—

Killed, 134.

Injured, 4,969.

Week ending June 2nd, 1935 :—

Killed, 98.

Injured, 4,463.

Week ending June 9th, 1934 :—

Killed, 154.

Injured, 4,971.

Week ending June 9th, 1935 :—

Killed, 114.

Injured, 4,364.

Whitsun Week, 1934 :—

Killed, 142.

Injured, 5,280.

Whitsun Week, 1935 :—

Killed, 115.

Injured, 5,239.

Having absorbed the above, let us consider how it is that there has been a sort of difference between "A.G." and myself.

I think the difference is due to a difference in environment.

England is divided up into Cities, Suburbs, and Rural Districts.

Now suppose "A.G." worked in the City of London. Then I should at once claim him as an enthusiastic upholder of the new Code. And why? Well, in the City we have brought about a revolution. City traffic pre-war was much quicker than post-war. From 1918 on to 1935 the pace got less and less until it was impossible to do any better than painfully crawl through the pitiful disorder. The new plan has altered that, and since its introduction speed has been put up. One can be sure of getting, say, from Victoria to Liverpool Street in quicker time. But more important, City streets which were death traps, are now safe,

and one sees little of those ambulances bound for the hospitals which had become so noticeable a feature in City life. It is now a very rare thing for anyone to be killed on a City road. Week follows week and the record reads :—City deaths, none.

In the outer suburbs, if Watford is a fair example and where the entire plan is in force, there is no evidence of opposition. In the clubs, where men meet face to face to discuss local politics, there is now a sense of relief—a feeling that the new Code has lifted a burden of responsibility and fear. For it had become very well known that week-end motorists were avoiding the dangerous main roads and taking round-about by-roads.

Now as to the real Country. Here I am at the disadvantage of not having moved outside the Home Counties this year and so I am without personal experience. "A.G.'s" last contribution therefore seemed difficult for me. But a friend has passed me a copy of the "Practical Motorist," dated June 22nd. This is what is said under Editorial :—"I make bold to say that this limiting of speed has greatly increased the courtesy, road manners, and standard of driving generally. The necessity to control speed has turned attention to the finer points of driving, with an all-round improvement," &c., &c., *ad lib.*

Myself, I do not read the special motoring Press, but I never miss "The Field." Now "The Field" is, without question, the leading weekly sporting publication. It deals fairly with motoring and its pages are often embellished with contributions from Sir M. Campbell. But "The Field" does not think the world well lost for motors. In the issue of June 8th it draws attention to the frightful mortality among children from 5 to 15 years old and adds :—"In the light of such a dreadful consideration as the deaths of these unfortunate children it (the details of deaths) appears to be information essential to every motorist."

"A.G." seems rather to label me as being an anti-motorist and as looking at the problem solely from the view of a ped. But you know in London there are thousands of people who always pronounce the word label as libel. Queer two words so much alike. I do claim to speak for the ped., but also I claim equally to speak for a great number of motorists from what one can class the family man. "Pater familias in the

car." For my part I have had considerable experience, and I require to use the roads as I have done all the time to get about as need requires. But to quote G.K.C., "I would rather be alive than not," and I should just hate to be found in a car involved in an accident.

A last word about 30 m.p.h. What about 44ft. per second? That is the measure f.p.s., in which to think about accidents. In my own case, as I go about the City with my stick and see so many men in like case to myself, I see other victims. I know that even a fraction of extra speed put on the impact and then—well then, by now, I should be wearing a halo in that better land where the speed mots. cease from troubling, and where the ped. is at rest. Meantime, however, as I have said, "I would rather be alive than not." And so I support the new Highway Code.

R.E.H.

* * *

THE WOMAN CHEAT.

To cheat a man is nothing; but the woman must have fine parts indeed who cheats a woman.—*John Gay.*

* * *

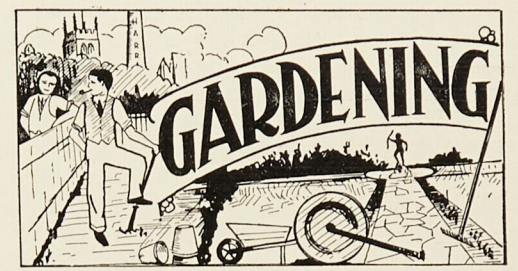
WHERE WEEDS FLOURISH.

The richest soil, if uncultivated, produces the rankest weeds.—*Plutarch.*

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 5.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|---|----|----|----|----|---|----|----|----|----|---|----|----|---|
| 1 | A | T | E | | 3 | H | A | S | | 6 | H | A | M | |
| 9 | M | I | | 10 | S | E | P | A | R | A | T | E | | |
| 12 | I | M | | 13 | P | A | R | T | | 14 | E | M | W | |
| | | 15 | O | T | I | C | | | 16 | S | A | L | E | |
| 18 | M | R | | 19 | L | U | C | U | L | E | N | 21 | T | |
| 22 | T | O | | 23 | L | A | R | | 24 | T | H | E | | |
| 25 | N | U | C | 27 | L | E | A | R | | 28 | A | N | | |
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| 33 | A | | 34 | D | I | | 35 | E | U | N | I | C | 36 | E |
| 37 | S | H | A | R | P | E | N | S | | 40 | E | R | | |
| 41 | S | I | R | | 42 | O | L | D | | 43 | U | S | E | |

Another Crossword will appear next month.



Vegetable Garden.

Earth up celery and leeks. Plant out seedlings of broccoli, savoy, or sow seeds of cabbage, lettuce, spinach, and turnips to follow the early crops.

Pinch out side-shoots from outdoor tomatoes and thin the lower leaves.

Keep the hoe going whenever the weather is dry.

Fruit Garden.

Wall fruits make abundant growth during this month. Tie in young wood wanted for next season and remove the rest. Soak the roots occasionally in dry weather.

Gather apples when they break easily on being touched. Keep an eye open for the eggs of the Lackey Moth. They lay their eggs in the form of a "bracelet" round young fruit stems. Crush and destroy them. You may find it necessary to thin out late pears and plums.

Loganberry and raspberry canes that have had fruit should be cut down to the ground level. Tie the new canes to supports to prevent the wind from breaking them.

Flower Garden.

Carnations layered last month will need water in dry weather.

Pansy and viola seedlings can be transplanted to the borders as soon as they are large enough to handle. They will flower a little well on in the winter.

Spring bulbs can be potted from now onwards. Show dahlias should be disbudded and staked. Earwig traps should be set. Sweet peas should be fed with weak doses of liquid manure.

The Lawn.

With its restful green colouring the lawn makes a splendid setting for the flowers that surround it. The hall-marks of a good lawn are a smooth, even surface, the springy buoyancy, and the trim neatness.

Here are a few hints on the general care of lawns.

The lawn should never be rolled when

it is very wet and sodden as this causes a hard crust to form on the surface, which impedes drainage and prevents air from getting to the roots.

ROLLING should be done on a fine day when the weather is not too dry or frosty. It is only intended to spread the grass and keep the surface even. Roll periodically in the winter as well as summer, altering the direction of the rolls from time to time.

CUTTING should be done twice a week at least in the growing season. If grass is left to grow the whole winter it will have to be scythed. Do this as early as possible in the morning while it is full of moisture and the stems are stiff.

WATERING.—The best time to water the lawn is early in the evening when the heat of the day is passed. The best method is to use a garden hose fitted with a fine rose and to hold it so that it throws the water up into the air, the idea being to moisten the ground gradually. Better still, use a fine spray sprinkler for an hour or so. To pour water direct on to a lawn and saturate in places is a mistake.

In the case of lawns on which games are played daily watering is a necessity.

GARDENER.

FLOWER SHOWS.

August is the month of Flower Shows, except in the districts where the soil is of sandy loam. Some time ago one of our London friends asked this question, "Will someone tell us how the Calne people can grow such huge vegetables?" I have tried to do this, and now having grown them, it is my purpose in this article to give a few hints on the selection and preparation for the exhibition tent.

Fruit.

Apples should be of even size and large, especially those in the cooking class, and free from blemish. When picking fruit of any kind do not disturb the bloom. If the season is backward and the dessert apples, pears, and plums do not ripen, pick a few and place in a cardboard box on some dry nettle leaves; place another layer of nettles over the top, and leave for six days before the show. Over the gooseberry bush place some waterproof material, for rain will cause the berries to burst. Currants—select long bunches and keep clean.

Vegetables.

Green peas: Cut these with scissors and

hold by the stems, not to rub off the bloom. Go into a dark room and hold the pods before a candle, when the size and number of peas can be seen. French beans: These can be straightened as they are growing by gently bending while the dew is on them early in the morning. Failing this, the straightening can be done in a bucket of water the evening before the show. Place a wet cloth on a board, lay the pods evenly, double the cloth over, and put another board on top. The beans should be green, thick, and very brittle. Vegetable marrows (table): Of even size, quickly grown, and do not rub the dead blossom off. Parsnips and carrots should be carefully trimmed of side roots (if any) and kept damp to retain their lustre.

Potatoes.

When digging keep the fork well back. Often the best tubers are near the outside of the row. These should be cleaned with great care, not to scratch or rub the tender skin. Select the best specimens, put to soak the evening before the show (this will help exhibitors who cannot do it the same day) and then gently wash off the soil with a soft cloth and clean the eyes (the shallower the better) with a soft brush. Immerse in clean water till all are ready, then take out and make your final selection, returning them to the bowl of water. Tear up some pieces of brown paper and wrap each potato up singly while wet, and do not stage till the last moment next day.

Turnips should be quickly grown, with small tap roots. The same remark applies to round beet, while the long beet must be free from side shoots. The last two should cut dark and free of rings, if possible. In staging onions and eschalots, do not spoil the exhibit by using too large or too small a box. Rhubarb should be young and straight.

Flowers.

The arrangement of nosegays or bunches of flowers, as well as the blending of colours, make all the difference to the general effect. Good blooms can easily be spoilt by bad display. Nosegays must be evenly arranged and well balanced. Sweet peas should have long straight stems and the blooms nicely spaced. In the table decorations do not use flowers of the heavy type or foliage that is too stiff. Select colours which blend, and do not overcrowd your vases. In the specimen and window-plant classes, trim off dead leaves and blooms. Clean the leaves as much as possible.

F.G.

Our Composite Serial.

"Up the Garden Path."

(Instalment No. 3—by C.G.)

Stanton rose early next morning and started his investigations before breakfast. He believed that the sooner he could solve exactly what had happened in that room the more likely they were to regain the lid.

He was also now sure that the lid must itself contain some object of great value.

His first main problem was, what had entered through the ventilator the night before. This seemed to him the easiest of his problems to solve, for he had already practically made up his mind that it had been a monkey, but as yet he had no proof.

The first thing he did, therefore, was to call in Pearks, Anderson's man, and question him as to whether he had seen anything to substantiate his idea when he had left the house the night before. Pearks' reply more than fulfilled his hopes, for he had seen an organ grinder, complete with monkey, further down the road from the house.

One question settled, Anderson next tackled a harder problem. If his supposition that the lid had not actually passed out of the room via the ventilator was correct, then why had the monkey been put into the room, and why had it been made to appear that it was an outside job. Part of the answer was obvious; it must have been to divert suspicion from someone inside the house. This meant that while Stanton had been out of the room at the 'phone the thief had come from a hiding place and had taken the lid and put the monkey out of the window.

Stanton now looked round the room for a possible hiding place for a man. The room, however, was very bare, and the only possible place was behind the curtains of the window.

At this point Anderson joined him and they went into the dining room for their breakfast. At the table he told Anderson of his discoveries, and also of the card which he had found the night before. Anderson immediately recognised the writing as being Chinese, but neither of them could read it.

"With the aid of a dictionary I have, I think I can make out the meaning of it," Anderson remarked.

Stanton then went on to tell his friend of his theory that there had been a man in the room.

Anderson interrupted him quickly. "I recognise your skill as an amateur detective, old man," he said, "but I am sure there was no-one in the room when I came back because, as you know, I went to the window and pulled the curtains aside."

"Exactly," agreed Stanton, "but don't you see where that leads us? If there was a man in there, he could not have hidden himself, neither could he have got out of the window, since it was bolted, the ventilator only being open, nor could he have gone out of the door, for you would have seen him."

"You mean," interrupted Anderson, "that there is an exit from that room of which neither of us is yet aware?"

"Precisely, 'my dear Watson,'" said Stanton, "and talking of secret hiding places reminds me that your uncle must have left some message to you, concealed somewhere, which will tell you what was hidden in the lid and the whole history of the vase. If, as I think, a very valuable stone is concealed in the lid, then your uncle chose a very cunning hiding place, for who would look for a stone in an object itself very valuable indeed? Perhaps he thought that the stone was safer like this than locked away in a safe. But it is gone now and we must do our best to regain it. I propose that after breakfast you try to translate the words on the card while I look for a secret exit to the room."

So, after the meal, Anderson went into a room that had been his uncle's study and sat down at the desk to try to decipher the message on the card.

After about half-an-hour's juggling with the words he evolved a rough translation. As he expected, however, it helped them very little because it merely warned them against trying to recover the lid.

Anderson flung down the card and leant back in his chair. As he sat there a sudden flash of memory from his boyhood days came back to him. Years ago his uncle had shown him this desk and, as he now remembered, had pointed out to him a secret drawer which was cleverly concealed at the back. He eagerly pulled the papers out of one of the many partitions and put his hand in. At the touch of his finger on a spring the hidden space was revealed, and from within he drew an envelope addressed to him in his uncle's neat hand-writing.

(Next instalment by G.G.)

A HOLIDAY A-WHEEL.

DIARY OF A TANDEM TOUR.

Saturday, 18th May, 1935.

SEVERAL people suggested to me before we started that I should keep a diary and write them up for these pages, so I did so, and hope that it will alter some people's minds who look upon cycling as a pastime for cranks.

Armed with a contour map, a guide book full of interesting information, and a great deal of enthusiasm and optimism, we started off at 7.30 a.m., Saturday, May 18th.

There was still frost about, but the sun was beginning to come through the mist and so we lost no time in getting to Bath, where we stopped and had a cup of tea. With a "Cheerio, will be in for tea next Sunday," we carried on through Bath and took the Wells road, leaving this after a while, and headed for Blagdon. Before we got to Blagdon we turned off to our left and went up Burrington Combe, of "Rock of Ages" fame. This meant walking for about a mile, but it was good practice for later on.

When we arrived at the top we had a fairly level ride across the top of the Mendips and then shot down Cheddar Gorge.

We didn't stop here but carried on along the side of the Mendips and so to Axbridge. Here we were on a perfectly flat road which goes as far as Highbridge, 8 miles. The country all around is flat as far as Bridgwater, and is called the Bridgwater Flats.

We stopped at Highbridge, which is about 60 miles, and had the dinner which was waiting for us at "Heatherpebble."

By the time we were ready to start several storm clouds were about, but we couldn't wait for them to disperse or else it would upset our schedule, so off we went again, saying this time that we would be back for dinner next Sunday. A mile from Highbridge we had to don our capes and sou-westers, but rode out of the storm at Bridgwater. Up to now we had been travelling south and the wind was in our sides, but here we turned and headed west, with the wind doing its utmost to head us east.

Using the words of a well-known cycling correspondent, there were only three things for it, low gears, low bars, and a high philosophic state of mind.

From now onwards this was new ground for "Partner" and she found it fairly interesting and that helps a lot when the going isn't easy. Here and there we could look down and see the Bristol Channel through the trees as we gained the top of some hill, and in this way, slowly but surely we arrived in Minehead about 6.30, having had tea en route.

Here the guide book informed us that we were leaving the flat country for the hills. He knew what he was writing about, whoever he is, and so when we turned our backs to Minehead and took the road to Porlock we found it was mainly riding down one hill and walking up the next. Still, this was new scenery and, as we had plenty of time, we didn't mind.

Porlock was only 6 miles on, and turned out to be a little cluster of white-washed cottages nestling in the bottom of a deep valley, hemmed in on three sides by "small mountains," I call them, and with a small stretch of land going to the sea.

Here we finished our first day, checking up the mileage and finding we had covered 99 miles. Not bad, considering the last 30 odd was walking as much as riding, and when riding, not very fast.

Sunday, May 19th, 1935.

Waking up fairly early in the morning I heard the landlady downstairs rattling crockery, so I got up and hurried down. It was not yet seven o'clock, so after a cup of tea I went out, intending to walk to the seashore, but after about a mile it started to drizzle, so I retraced my steps. "Partner" was up by now and the breakfast was ready, and I was ready for the breakfast, so no time was lost in that direction.

The rain by now was falling steadily, but we had to get to Clovelly that night, so we couldn't hang about too long.

Before I go any farther I will explain that I had set about 60 miles a day to be done, with always one or two loopholes, in the way of detours that could be cut off in case of emergency.

Well, starting off in our capes, &c., we rode the hundred yards or so to the bottom of Porlock Hill, one of the steepest hills in the country and which takes from 1½ to 2 hours to ascend. One thing about this hill is that the steepest part is at the bottom, the gradient is one in four, i.e., twice as steep as Dunkirk or Bowden Hill.

Half-way up we stopped and rested awhile, chatting to two road Scouts, who told

us about the Doone Valley (immortalised in "Lorna Doone") and how to get to it, so on we went, "Excelsior!"

When we *did* get to the top we had a wonderful view of the hills and vales of Exmoor and of the Bristol Channel, in spite of the rain.

By this time we had to lift up our capes in order to push the bike up, our legs from the knees down were wet through, but being Sunday, bad language was barred, and so we got on and started to ride again, low gear, of course, there was still another mile and a half to go up yet.

As soon as we were up the top we deserted the main road, at the advice of the road Scouts, and went down a rough track about 5ft. wide. It was too steep in places to ride, but after ten minutes we were able to stop on. We were now following a small brook that was running down the valley, leaping over boulders and twisting all over the place, in fact it twisted right over the road once and we had to lift our legs up and hope for the best.

This went on for a couple of miles, and even though we were wet and it was still raining, we could still admire the scenery, and decided there and then to visit it again some time.

We turned off at the wrong turning and came up on the main Lynmouth road again instead of Lynton as we intended, but it was raining so hard that I didn't want to get the map out.

Two more miles and we came to Countisbury Hill. Here there were notices advising motorists to bank their cars if the brakes gave out. There is a cliff one side of the road and nothing the other—just air. We got off and walked.



LYNMOUTH.

The rain had stopped for a while and so we were able to take a few snaps. Lynmouth is very beautiful, with the river Lyn rushing out to the sea over huge rocks. Near here is Watersmeet, a pretty valley in the woods, where several streams meet and join.

After a hot drink we climbed up the hill to Lynton, another beauty—the hill I mean—it was absolutely impossible to put your heels on the ground; it was steeper than Porlock, but not as long.

At Lynton we stopped at a club house and had a hot embrocation bath, to prevent catching cold, dinner, change of clothes, and a rest.

Half-past three came and it was still raining, so we decided to cut out Ilfracombe and go on straight to Barnstaple, so off we went, mountaineering again, following the Lyn right up to its source I should think. It was 17 miles to Barnstaple, and mostly down-hill, and running by the side of the road was the Lynton railway, a curious affair, the rails being only 18 ins. apart, and the carriages overhanging the rails considerably.

Straight through Barnstaple we went and stopped for tea at Fremington, and here the rain stopped, too, for when we came out of that quaint thatched cottage the sky was blue and our capes were steaming as they hung over the bike.

Rolling up our capes with light hearts we lost no time in getting to Instow; it being Sunday there was no ferry, but for a small sum a fisherman took us across in his boat. From Appledore we proceeded to Westward Ho! famous for its pebble ridge and golf links. Any rate, that's what the book said. We saw the pebble ridge, which keeps the sea from coming over the low-lying country, and if the tide always comes in like it did that Sunday evening it wants something to stop it.

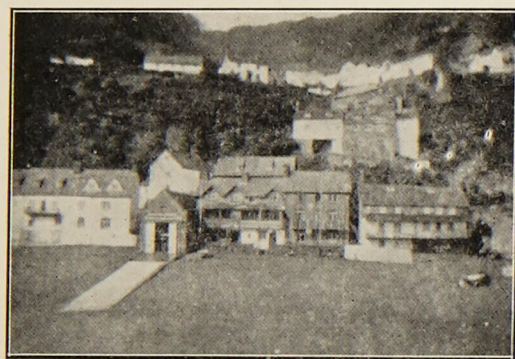
Now came our last hope—Clovelly; arriving about eight o'clock. We had to leave our bike at the top of the village, so with our arms full of wet clothes, we walked down the main street, which is nearly a cobble-stone lane, twisting down the cliffs underneath people's houses, and goodness knows where. At "Bay View" we dropped anchor, or should I say our wet clothes, and went out for a look round while it was light. So came the end of our second day, not an altogether pleasant one, but at this game

you take the rough with the smooth, and as we had only travelled 50 miles, neither of us was in the least bit tired.

Monday, May 20th.

A group of seagulls fighting over something tasty just beneath my window woke me up, and getting up to see what it was all about I saw a perfect picture.

"Bay View," where we were stopping, is only twenty yards from the water's edge,



CLOVELLY

You walk straight out of the front door on to the beach. As we were facing east and there were some clouds about, the sun couldn't shine through very strong, so I was able to take a photo from my bedroom window of the sun rising over the hills a little way around the bay.

After breakfast we had a walk up the main street, which is really a flight of steps, to do some shopping in the way of souvenirs. If you don't like walking up, you can ride up on a donkey. This is the only means of transport at this famous beauty spot.

It was nearly ten o'clock before we could bring ourselves to leave this crazy village of white-washed cottages that was built so precariously on the face of a cliff, but we had to get on, and so, bidding good-bye to our host and promising to return, we set off on the road once again.

We rode now to Hartland Point, 5 miles, and there saw some of the most wonderful cliff scenery in the country. It was only a rough track that led to it, but it was well worth it.

We had a stiff pull up from Hartland for about 3 miles and then it started to rain. We were now going through country lanes for about 6 miles, and when we did strike the main road we fell in with a fellow tourist

like ourselves. We cycled along together and during the conversation found that we were both going practically the same way and so, after a lovely down-hill run into Kilhampton, where we entered Cornwall, we carried on to Stratton and Bude, where we stopped for dinner.

Leaving Stratton we went over a switch-back road, but rising steadily for about 10 miles, and then left the main road and went 6 miles down-hill to Boscastle. Here the cliffs are the highest and most beautiful in Cornwall, and so we stopped for a while.

Mounting the hill out of Boscastle we came to Tintagel. Here is King Arthur's land and the ruins of his castle, where King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table used to meet, can still be seen, with the steps leading from the shore to the castle on top of the cliffs cut out of the native rock.

We had tea here, deciding to visit this place again when it was not raining, for Tintagel has got to be seen to be believed.

Leaving Tintagel we came to the Delabole Quarries, from which the best slates in the country are procured, and here the rain stopped, and stopped for good.

We had to walk for a mile, through the cut made in the hillside, and the sun, which was shining strongly now, made us take off our jackets.

When we got to the top, we were not long in getting to Camelford. This made me recall the poem about the "Lady of Shalott" who had to look at everything through a mirror, and as I was trying to remember how it went, we came to a turning where we had to look in one to see up the other road.

Here we could see Brown Willey and Rough Tor, the former being the highest point in Cornwall. I should think that Camelford is the highest town, because Wadebridge was the next town, a distance of 11 and for just over 8 of those miles we never touched a pedal, free-wheeling down the valley, following the river on its course, and the road was banked on one side with rhododendrons and blue bells, and on the other was the river. When I said free-wheeling I meant 'Partner' and myself; our friend was pedalling behind on a fixed wheel, vowing to get a free-wheel next day.

After Wadebridge came a run over the moors for 8 miles to St. Colomb, where we said goodbye to "Dick" who was going on to Newquay and then catching a train to Penzance, as he had booked up lodgings

there. We should be in Penzance on the morrow, so we arranged to meet him there.

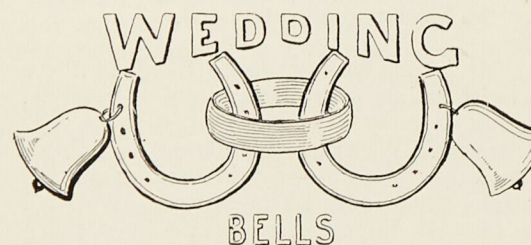
I went into a near-by public house to enquire where "Ma Bates" lived, and no sooner had I spoken than a gentleman who was present put his glass down and said "Hello, you Moonraker." Was I annoyed? Well it cost him a glass of the best to cool me down, and when I retaliated with the tale of the Cornish Johnnie and his "Mathy Danel," the landlord filled it up again awarding me best, so far, and that was my first taste of Cornish hospitality.

So we came to the end of another day, another 66 miles done, and the promise of a fine day to come.

G.H.

(To be continued).

* * *



The wedding took place at Calne Parish Church on Whit-Monday of Miss Gladys Pickett and Mr. George McDonough.

The bride was attired in ivory taffeta of ankle-length with a wreath of orange blossom, and carried a sheaf of madonna lilies. She was attended by three bridesmaids, who wore dresses of pale mauve taffeta, with head-dresses of silver leaves and shoes to match. They carried bouquets of pink and mauve sweet peas.

Miss Pickett had been a member of the Invoicing Department for six years, and was the recipient of an oak sideboard from the Office staff.

At Calne Parish Church on June 15th Miss Florence (Nink) Taylor was married to Mr. Tom Davidson of Chippenham.

The bride was given away by her father and wore a Marina green marocain frock with Reslaw model straw hat of the same shade, beige shoes and stockings, and carried a Prayer Book. The going away coat was of oatmeal cloth. The honeymoon was spent at Burnham-on-Sea.

Miss Taylor was employed for several

years in the Sausage Department, The wedding present from her friends at the Firm was a dinner service.

At Bromham Parish Church on June 8th, Miss Chrissie Gee was married to Mr. Edwin Dyke, of Devizes.

The bride was dressed in a Jubilee blue georgette frock with large hat to match, shoes same shade and stockings to tone, and carried a bouquet of white carnations and lilies.

Two bridesmaids attended the bride, dressed in ankle-length frocks of pink crepe suede, and wore wreaths of silver leaves and pink satin shoes and sheafs of pink dwarf gladioli.

Miss Gee was for 8½ years in the Sausage House, and the wedding present from the Factory was a Westminster chimes clock.

At Bremhill Parish Church on June 8th Miss Ivy Gale was married to Mr. Arthur Paget, of Bromham.

The bride was given away by her father and was dressed in an ankle-length white georgette dress with wreath and veil, white satin shoes and stockings, and carried a bouquet of red carnations and white heather.

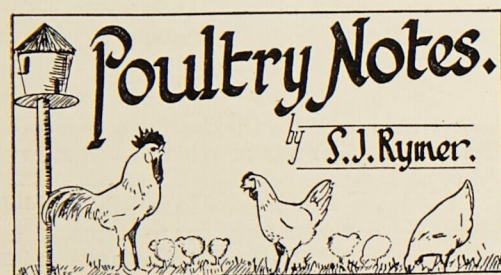
There were five bridesmaids, three in pink georgette ankle-length dresses and two in blue georgette. All the bridesmaids wore wreaths of silver leaves and carried bouquets of sweet peas. Miss Gale was almost 9 years in the Sausage Department. The wedding present from the Factory was a palm stand.

At Calne Parish Church on June 22nd Miss Nancy Moore was married to Mr. Fred Brewer, of the Boning Department.

The bride wore an ankle-length pink floral georgette frock with large lace hat of same shade and wore silver shoes, and carried a bouquet of cream roses. Two of the bridegroom's sisters were bridesmaids and wore dresses in Jubilee blue silk, with hats to match and navy blue shoes, and carried bouquets of pink carnations. The combined wedding present was an oak sideboard. Miss Moore was over 2 years in the Basement.

* * *

During July we had storms and such-like violences, but surely they were not responsible for an entry we saw on one of the accounts—"Repairs Plants!"



I intended to commence this article with lists of Heavy and Light Breeds, as classified by the Council of the Poultry Club. Upon reflection, however, I decided that these lists would not interest our readers, but for the information of those who are preparing Welsummers for show, I may say that this breed is now included in the Heavy class.

Quite a lot of people ask, "But why don't you tell us how to make poultry pay?" Now, isn't that just what I've been trying to tell you ever since I commenced this series of articles? Undoubtedly there is money in poultry, and although at the outset we confined our remarks to the small poultry keeper, there is no reason why the feeding methods advocated here should not be adopted, with beneficial results, by those keeping poultry on a larger scale.

The other day I was talking to a farmer who keeps a large head of poultry, and he assured me that he found the keeping of fowls to be a paying proposition. Now, if the farmer can make it pay, should it not be easier for the small poultry keeper whose birds, beside being more sheltered, usually get better attention than hens kept extensively?

Then here's another question fired at me by a friend who lives in the country. "Can you tell me how to breed fowls that foxes will not eat?" Well, as a matter of fact, I can. Birds that foxes will not eat must be adequately protected. One method of doing this is to enclose the area in which the stock is being kept with a fence of wire-netting five or six feet in height. Use good strong stakes for the purpose and see that the netting is well pegged down, or dogs will be able to creep underneath, leaving holes through which fowls may escape.

Another method is to adopt the folding system, a system which I would earnestly advise our friend to study. One of the

many advantages of the fold unit is that it is fox-proof. Although, regarding the system from the small poultry keeper's point of view, in a recent article I mentioned that we were not concerned with the use of folds, it may interest readers to know that many people regard this as one of the great systems of the future.

We have been very much impressed by the size and colour of the eggs laid by Welsummers, and some of us would like to go in for the breed. There are very few of these birds in the Calne district, and their owners have not had them long enough to be able to say definitely that they are money-earners. Have any of our readers living outside the Calne area any experience of this breed of fowl? If so, we shall be very glad to hear from them, and the information will be incorporated in these Notes for the benefit of all interested.

It is my earnest desire to make these articles as interesting and useful as possible, and it is now in your power to help considerably. We are to be allowed to publish—one per month—any interesting photographs which may be submitted. We shall be pleased, therefore, to receive good sharp snaps of prize birds, trophies you have won with your stock, or anything you may consider to be suitable. No prize is offered, of course, but I am confident that the result of this appeal will be to add greatly to the pleasure of all who take the trouble to peruse these lines.

I should like to remind you all of our Fur and Feather Show on the 10th of this month. The members of the committee have done their best to ensure the success of the exhibition, but they realise that their efforts would be unavailing without the goodwill and practical help of their fellow poultry keepers and fanciers. So please do your very best to assist by sending in as many exhibits as you possibly can. We are looking forward to meeting you all in the show tent.

It is with great pleasure that I am able to record a definite revival of interest in our hobby. The result of this enthusiasm may be the formation of a Harris Fur and Feather Club. I will go into this matter in detail in the September issue. In the meantime, perhaps some of our readers would like to give us their views upon the subject.

Swansea Calling!

Swansea is served by three railway companies. The Midland Railway, which runs into the East side of Swansea, known as the St. Thomas; the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, popularly known as Lake, Mountain, and Sea; and, of course, the Great Western Railway. This last-named is the most popular as it serves the great Fish-guard route to Ireland and across the sea.

There are no through stations at Swansea. Each of the stations is a terminus.

The entrance of the L.M.S. to Swansea is the most beautiful, terminating as it does (after a couple of miles alongside the sea shore) close to the sea. The entrance of the two other lines is by no means through enchanting scenery; old disused factories, slag heaps, and barren mills give a most repulsive entrance; chimney stacks tumbling down and heaps of old rusting material never give a pleasing sensation. Indeed, one noted writer coming to Swansea wrote, "She was inclined at Landore to turn back," but the farther you get into Swansea and the better known it becomes completely revolutionises the first impressions, which, however, are oftentimes lasting.

The G.W.R. have during the last few years entirely re-modelled their High Street station, indeed it is now in progress, and when completed it will be more in keeping with the very progressive and up-to-date town which it serves so very well. Any part of the town can be reached quite easily from High Street station as tram terminus and bus routes are available outside.

Speaking of railways, perhaps I ought to say a word about the Mumbles Railway which connects Swansea people with that well-known health resort and suburb, Mumbles. This has been electrified for several years, and runs parallel with the main road to Mumbles. It is said to be one of the oldest railways in Britain. First, before the advent of steam, propelled by horses, then for many years by the locomotive. I remember once on a regatta day seeing it so over-loaded with passengers that it was unable to move. It eventually got to Mumbles, but long after I was there. As I am writing this on my Holidays I must now close.

(To be continued).

Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. E. F. JOHNSON.



Mr. E. F. Johnson joined the firm in 1920, after serving in the Army abroad as Sergeant-Instructor.

He has a pleasing personality and is equipped with a sense of humour which many might envy. He occupies the position at Cowcross Street of Warehouse Foreman, and is the originator of those articles appearing in the Magazine signed "Cowcross Street Cockneys."

* * *

GOOD RIDDANCE.

We will say good-bye to the town of "Yawn,"
On the banks of the river "Slow,"
Where blooms the "Wait-a-while" flower fair,
And the "Sometime-or-other" scents the air,
And the soft "Go-easys" grow.
Good-bye to the valley of "What's-the-use,"
To the province of "Let-her-slide,"
To the old "Tired-feeling" native there,
And the home of the listless "I-don't-care,"
Where the "Put-it-offs" abide.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

On Wednesday, July 3rd, we received a visit from 100 members of the Birmingham and Midland Counties' Grocers' Association. The party arrived in charabancs and cars and were entertained to luncheon before proceeding round the factory. At teatime the visitors were welcomed by Mr. Bodinnar in an address, which was greatly appreciated. A special welcome was extended to Mr. J. Shufflebotham and Mr. Howard Marsh, the grand old men of the Association. The party left at six o'clock. We were also very glad to see Mr. F. L. Edmonds and Mr. E. M. Wakefield, our Birmingham Representatives, who accompanied the party.

On Thursday, July 4th, we received the annual visit (under the auspices of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Institute) of successful students in the final examination of the Institute of Certificated Grocers. After a tour of the factories the party visited Bowood to inspect the gardens, which are particularly beautiful this year. This was followed by supper at the Landsowne Arms, at which the President of the Institute, Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, presided. The speeches were interspersed with an attractive musical programme, to which one of the visitors, Mr. A. W. Knee, of the Ministry of Agriculture, contributed to the great delight of the rest of the party.

Hearty congratulations and best wishes to Mr. A. G. Marsh, whose wedding took place in Bournemouth on the 17th July. Mr. Marsh's best man was Mr. W. H. Boden, one of our van salesmen in Bournemouth.

Our congratulations are also extended to Van Salesman J. R. Preston, of Birmingham, who will be married at the end of this month, and also to Van Salesman H. Brooke, of Bradford, whose wedding took place on the 29th June, in Bradford. We wish every happiness to all three couples.

We welcome Mr. T. E. George and Mr. A. W. Eldridge, who are making a start in Calne as relief salesmen.

We sympathise with Mr. A. K. Hopkins, of London, in the unfortunate illness which has kept him away from business for some weeks. We are glad to hear that he is making good progress and soon hopes to be able to make a start again.

It gave us great pleasure this week to hear from Mr. J. P. Cartwright, of Cardiff, for the first time since his illness of twelve months ago. Mr. Cartwright is gradually getting stronger and he has the best wishes of all of us for a complete recovery.

Many of our friends on the road will recollect the reference appearing at the top of letters for some years, /W, and we are very pleased to be able to publish a letter to give news of Miss Wells, who is now Mrs. Bayley, residing at Calcutta, India:—

"Calcutta is now at the height of the hottest time of the year and on some days the temperature has been as high as 111 degrees. I have stood this heat wonderfully well, but I was away for the worst part of it. I went up to Ranchi with some friends and stayed there for a month, as my husband was away at sea, and it was much cooler there than in Calcutta.

"My first impressions of India were not very good ones, but the voyage out was simply wonderful. I proved to be a good sailor and was therefore able to take a keen interest in all that I was seeing. My one regret was that we passed through the Suez Canal at night, but I am hoping that we shall go through by day when I return to England.

"After we left London we did not stop until we got to Port Said, and I was most interested in all that I saw here. Aden was very hot, but Madras was even hotter. Colombo was, I think, the nicest place of all

and could I have my choice as to where I should live out East I would choose Ceylon.

"Calcutta is really a beautiful city if you could blot out the Indian quarters. To me they are indescribably filthy. The natives live in tiny little shed places called godowns or busties, and about five or six natives eat, drink, sleep, live and have their being all in this one room.

"Quite a number of them have no homes at all, and coming back at night from the pictures, or from a late drive, you see dozens of natives wrapped round with a sheet fast asleep on the pavements or in the doorways of the various shops.

"I was just horrified at it all when I arrived, but I am now gradually getting used to it.

"It is a work of art to drive a car in Calcutta, and, once having done this, I imagine that it would be a more or less easy task to pass the driver's test at home! I passed my test when I arrived, and duly got my licence, but I am afraid it was some months before I used it, and I was quite sure that I should never be able to drive out here.

"Apart from the fact that it is most difficult to understand the native policeman's signals, there are so many other difficulties with which to contend. The natives amble blindly across the road, never thinking to look and see if a car is coming. Goats and dogs wander about the roads at will and the taxi-drivers overtake you on whichever side of the road they think fit.

"Added to all this there is the sacred cow. It would be far more dreadful to run into a cow out here than to knock down a native. If a cow decides to slowly cross the road in front of a car, then he has the right of way. It is no uncommon thing to see a whole line of traffic lined up in one of the busiest treets in Calcutta whilst a cow crosses the road.

"However, I gradually overcame all these difficulties and can now take the car out alone, always hoping that I shall return with both myself and the car intact.

"I am often in the stores, and never fail to pay a visit to the provision department, if only to walk through and see the Harris pig cut-out standing in a prominent position, and also to see the other show cards, the tinned goods and the hams. It used to make me feel terribly home-sick at first.

"I really don't know how to describe the market to you except to say that it is very like a many times magnified edition of Woolworths or Marks and Spencers. Everything is sold there, and each stall is run by an Indian. I am not running down this market by any means because I have made many purchases there.

"Each week I take the 'Sunday Express' and have been interested to see the Harris advertisement in this. When I see it it seems to me that I am just on a long holiday and that sooner or later I shall find myself back in the Sales Department complete with pencil, shorthand notebook, and typewriter."

* * *

ANSWERS TO "THE WRITING ON THE WALL."

(See July issue).

Name of man—MARK NOBLE.

Mark, 6/8. Noble, 13/5. 2 Crowns, 10/-

Subtract 45 from 45—

987654321

123456789

864197532

The letters on last stone:—

A RUBBING STONE FOR ASSES.

* * *

LIFE'S RACE.

We who have lost the rose of youth in life's golden race,

Might well remember what a course it is and help others to get a place.

The experience we learn in our early runs to reach the Eternal Post

Could oft be given to the youngsters before the race is lost.

But we keep it a close secret, and laugh when they have a fall,

And we forget that when we cross the Golden Line that there's only one Judge for us all.

H. V. BIRD,

(Vanboy, Van 21).

* * *

The proud owner of a new car drove up to his office, jumped out, and, as usual, threw a rug over the bonnet. The inevitable street urchin who was looking on exclaimed, "Too late, guv'nor, I saw the name!"



1st XI.

June 1st. Old Colstonians, at Lickhill.
Won by 96 runs.

Old Colstonians, 49. (I. J. Taylor, 4 for 23; B. Gough, 4 for 2).

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| K. Haines, b Stott | 12 |
| J. Archard, lbw, b Treeby | 3 |
| A. Sutton, b Stott | 5 |
| R. Swaffield, st. Hicks, b Vile | 33 |
| R. Stevens, c Vile, b Stott | 22 |
| J. Garraway, c Wear, b Taylor .. | 11 |
| S. L. Drewell, c Wear, b Taylor .. | 6 |
| B. Gough, c Hicks, b Vile | 0 |
| P. Carter, c Wear, b Ross | 8 |
| I. J. Taylor, b Taylor | 16 |
| W. Butler, not out | 1 |
| Extras | 28 |

145

June 8th, v. Wills', Swindon, at Lickhill.
Won by 4 runs.

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| K. Haines, b Salway | 29 |
| B. Gough, b Beasant | 21 |
| J. Bromham, c and b Salway | 3 |
| F. I. Nash, c and b Beasant | 2 |
| R. Stevens, b Salway | 0 |
| R. Swaffield, c and b Salway..... | 13 |
| A. Sutton, not out | 6 |
| J. Garraway, c Salway, b Buckland | 0 |
| J. Archard, c Nash, b Buckland .. | 0 |
| P. Carter, c and b Buckland | 0 |
| I. J. Taylor, b Buckland | 0 |

74

Wills' C.C. 70 (A. Sutton, 6 wickets for 7; P. Carter, 2 for 8; I. J. Taylor, 1 for 5; F. I. Nash, 1 for 21.)

June 10th, v. Garrards' C.C., at Lickhill.
Garrards won by 30 runs.

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| B. Gough, c Jowett, b Butler..... | 28 |
| W. Smith, b Hayward | 2 |
| A. Sutton, c Walters, b Butler | 22 |
| P. Carter, b Butler | 0 |
| J. Gough, run out | 4 |
| I. J. Taylor, b Butler | 0 |
| W. Butler, b Butler..... | 1 |
| E. Witchell, b Hayward | 1 |
| F. Cleverley, not out | 5 |
| A. McLean, b Hayward | 10 |
| R. B. Swaffield, b Hayward | 0 |
| Extras | 1 |

74

Garrards' C.C., 104. (J. Gough, 5 for 35; B. Gough, 4 for 25; P. Carter, 1 for 9).

June 15th, v. Chippenham C.C. Match
scratched owing to rain.

June 22nd, v. Savernake C.C., at Lickhill.
Savernake won by two wickets.

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| K. Haines, run out | 2 |
| B. Gough, b Kalangher | 11 |
| J. Bromham, lbw, b Benham | 14 |
| R. Swaffield, not out | 28 |
| F. Nash, b Benham | 4 |
| R. Stevens, b Hylton Stewart | 5 |
| J. Garraway, lbw, b Peebles | 7 |
| A. Sutton, b Peebles | 5 |
| S. L. Drewell, J. Archard, and | |
| I. J. Taylor did not bat. | |
| Extras | 9 |

85

For 7 wickets, declared ...
Savernake C.C., 87 for 8 wickets. (B. Gough, 3 for 17; S. Drewell, 3 for 21; R. Stevens, 1 for 8; F. I. Nash, 1 for 15).

June 26th and 27th, v Calne Town C.C.,
at Lickhill. Won by 13 runs.

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|-------------------------|---|
| B. Gough, b Turner..... | 7 |
|-------------------------|---|

June 15th, v. Bowden Hill, at Lickhill.
Lost by 36 runs.

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| K. Haines, c Potter, b Vowles | 11 |
| R. Heath, c Cox, b Vowles | 21 |
| B. Webb, c Potter, b Gerrish | 1 |
| F. Cleverley, b Vowles | 0 |
| E. Witchell, c Potter, b Vowles ... | 0 |
| C. Gunning, c Potter, b Vowles..... | 0 |
| H. Miller, b Vowles | 0 |
| W. Butler, b Chivers | 17 |
| P. Caaney, lbw, b Potter..... | 2 |
| G. Dean, b Vowles | 0 |
| E. Trembling, not out..... | 11 |
| Extras | 1 |

64

Bowden Hill, 100. (B. Webb, 3 for 16; H. Miller, 2 for 9; K. Haines, 2 for 4; E. Witchell, 2 for 16; F. Cleverley, 1 for 0).

June 19th, v. Derry Hill, at Lickhill.
Won by 53 runs.

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| A. Bennett, c Butler, b Nunn..... | 4 |
| W. Smith, b Nunn | 5 |
| R. Heath, b Davis | 6 |
| P. Caaney, c and b Nunn | 25 |
| B. Webb, b Holley | 7 |
| P. Carter, b Nunn | 48 |
| S. Wood, c Walker, b Nunn | 0 |
| G. Dean, b Nunn | 4 |
| F. Cleverley, not out | 4 |
| E. Witchell, not out | 1 |
| H. Millar did not bat. | |
| Extras | 7 |

For 8 wickets, declared ... 111

Derry Hill, 58. (R. Heath, 5 for 16; B. Webb, 4 for 15; E. Witchell, 1 for 13).

June 20th, v. Goatacre, at Goatacre.
Lost by 104 runs.

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| A. Bennett, b Comley..... | 9 |
| P. Caaney, not out | 10 |
| B. Webb, c Iles, b Comley | 2 |
| G. Witchell, b Iles | 2 |
| S. Wood, b Iles | 0 |
| F. Cleverley, b Iles | 0 |
| C. Gunning, b Iles | 0 |
| E. Witchell, c Comley, b Iles..... | 1 |

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| K. Haines, b Turner | 6 |
| J. Bromham, b Turner | 6 |
| J. Archard, b Parkhouse | 2 |
| R. Swaffield, b Kinsey | 26 |
| F. I. Nash, lbw, b Turner | 28 |
| R. Stevens, b Warner | 9 |
| J. Garraway, c Parkhouse, b | |
| Whieldon | 7 |
| F. Cleverley, not out | 19 |
| H. J. Cleverley, c Kinsey, b Whiel- | |
| don | 4 |
| I. J. Taylor, c Horner, b Whieldon | 10 |
| Extras | 3 |

127

Calne Town C.C., 114. (I. J. Taylor, 4 for 26; B. Gough, 3 for 28; J. Garraway, 1 for 2; R. Stevens, 1 for 7; R. Swaffield, 1 for 7).

June 29th, v. Garrards, at Swindon.
Garrards won by 31 runs.

Garrards 83. (F. I. Nash, 5 for 22; I. J. Taylor, 4 for 21; B. Gough, 1 for 13).

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|--|----|
| B. Gough, lbw, b Hayward | 3 |
| K. Haines, c Walters, b Hayward... | 17 |
| J. Archard, c Butler, b Hayward ... | 1 |
| R. Swaffield, b Jowett | 4 |
| F. I. Nash, c Simons, b Jowett ... | 1 |
| S. L. Drewell, b Hayward | 4 |
| J. Garraway, b Hayward | 1 |
| F. Cleverley, c Jowett, b Hayward | 0 |
| P. Caaney, not out | 9 |
| S. Toogood, c Jowett, b Butler ... | 11 |
| I. J. Taylor, st Garrett, b Butler ... | 0 |
| Extras | 1 |

52

2nd XI.

June 8th, v Spy Park, at Spy Park.
Won by 5 wickets.

Spy Park, 141. (R. Heath, 4 for 31, E. Witchell, 2 for 29; G. Dean, 1 for 9; B. Webb, 1 for 18).

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| J. Wiltshire, run out | 2 |
| A. Bennett, b Combridge | 11 |
| G. Dean, lbw, b Pearce | 0 |
| B. Webb, not out | 50 |
| R. Heath, b Combridge | 6 |
| F. Cleverley, c Gaisford, b Pearce | 8 |
| P. Doble, not out..... | 61 |
| E. Witchell, C. Gunning, D. Culli- | |
| ford, and G. Witchell did not bat. | |
| Extras | 5 |

143

| | |
|---------------------------------|----|
| D. Trembling, c Iles, b Comley | 0 |
| R. Bewley, c White, b Iles..... | 1 |
| D. Culliford, b Iles | 0 |
| Extras | 5 |
| | 30 |

Goatacre, 134. (B. Webb, 5 for 67; E. Witchell, 4 for 28; F. Cleverley, 1 for 5).

June 27th, v. Derry Hill, at Derry Hill. Lost by 41 runs.

| | |
|--|---|
| HARRIS C.C. | |
| W. Smith, b Nunn | 0 |
| E. Witchell, lbw, b Nunn | 2 |
| B. Webb, c Fortune, b Holley | 6 |
| A. Bennett, b Nunn | 5 |
| G. Dean, c Clifford, b Davis | 5 |
| S. Wood, b Nunn..... | 0 |
| R. Bailey, b Holley | 2 |
| R. Bewley, c Butler, b Davis | 0 |
| H. Miller, c Townsend, b Davis .. | 0 |
| D. Trembling, not out | 0 |
| D. Culliford, c Culliford, b Holley... | 0 |
| Extras | 1 |

21
Derry Hill, 62. (E. Witchell, 7 for 17; G. Dean, 1 for 5; H. Miller, 1 for 9).

June 29th, v. Castle Combe, at Lickhill. Lost by 72 runs.

| | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| HARRIS C.C. | |
| A. Bennett, c Smith, b Elgar | 13 |
| A. Sutton, b Smith | 0 |
| E. Witchell, b Elgar | 7 |
| G. Dean, b Smith | 13 |
| S. Wood, c Preedy, b Smith | 18 |
| C. Gunning, b Smith | 0 |
| H. Miller, b Smith | 0 |
| J. Lewis, b Preedy | 3 |
| R. Bewley, lbw, b Smith | 0 |
| R. Bailey, not out | 0 |
| A. Butler, b Preedy..... | 0 |
| Extras | 1 |

55
Castle Combe, 127. (E. Witchell, 4 for 42; S. Wood, 2 for 7; H. Miller, 2 for 23; J. Lewis, 1 for 6; A. Sutton, 1 for 31).



It is hoped by the time these notes appear the weather will have improved

sufficiently to permit the popular Tennis Tournaments to be organised at Lickhill and Woodlands. We hope to find some latent talent in these tournaments and watchful eyes will be there.

The 1st String lost their only match of the season, when they encountered a new Club (to us), Okus L.T.C., Swindon. We were undoubtedly outclassed and we always are pleased to bow to more skilful players.

The following is the record of our doings during the month:—

1st STRING.

June 1st, v. Corsham. Won by 8 events to 1.

Miss K. Angell and H. Smart, won 3 lost 0; Miss F. Angell and A. Dixon, won 3, lost 0; Miss M. Angell and E. Cooper, won 2, lost 1.

June 8th, v Okus (Swindon), at Woodlands. Lost by 3 events to 6.

Miss K. Angell and H. Watson, won 1, lost 2; Miss F. Angell and J. Bull, won 1, lost 2; Miss M. Angell and E. Cooper, won 1, lost 2.

June 20th, v Malmesbury, at Woodlands. Won by 7 events to 0, 2 being drawn.

Miss K. Angell and H. Smart, won 3, lost 0; Miss F. Angell and J. Bull, won 2, drawn 1; Miss M. Angell and E. Cooper, won 2, drawn 1.

June 22nd, v Marlborough, at Woodlands. Won by 10 events to 0, 2 being drawn.

Miss K. Angell and H. Smart, won 4, lost 0; Miss F. Angell and J. Bull, won 3, drawn 1; Miss M. Angell and E. Cooper, won 3, drawn 1.

June 29th, v Chippenham, at Chippenham. Won by 5 events to 4.

Miss K. Angell and H. Watson, won 3, lost 0; Miss M. Angell and E. Cooper, won 2, lost 1; Miss M. Hinton and A. Dixon, won 0, lost 3.

2nd STRING.

June 1st, v. Holt, at Woodlands. Lost by 12 events to 0, 4 being drawn.

Miss S. McLean and H. Watson, won 0, lost 2, drawn 2; Miss V. Burness and N. Potter, won 0, lost 2, drawn 2; Miss V.

Woodward and P. Doble, won 0, lost 4; Miss M. Hinton and W. Penny, won 0, lost 4.

June 8th, v. Okus (Swindon), at Swindon. Lost by 3 events to 6.

Miss S. McLean and W. Penny, won 2, lost 1; Miss V. Burness and N. Potter, won 1, lost 2; Miss V. Woodward and S. Toogood, won 0, lost 3.

June 15th, v. Garrards, at Woodlands. Lost by 4 events to 5.

Miss V. Woodward and N. Potter, won 2, lost 1; Miss M. McLean and W. Penny, won 2, lost 1; Miss M. Hinton and S. Toogood, won 0, lost 3.

June 22nd, v Wills' (Swindon), at Swindon. Won by 5 events to 4.

Miss S. McLean and H. Watson, won 3, lost 0; Miss V. Woodward and N. Potter, won 2, lost 1; Miss M. McLean and H. Brittain, won 0, lost 3.

June 29th, v. Malmesbury, at Malmesbury. Cancelled.

* * *

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL CRICKET.

This annual tournament commenced on June 13th, when the Retort, &c., met the Warehouse in a very interesting game. In all these games a time limit of 1½ hours each side is in operation. Batting first the Retort compiled 87, mainly through the help of R. King, who made 31. A Sutton 19 and J. Archard 13 also made helpful contributions. Bowling honours were shared by P. Coleman, 4 wickets for 30; A. J. Boase, 3 for 23; S. Toogood, 2 for 0; and H. J. Cleverley, 2 for 25. The Warehouse reply was 51, the double figure contributors being S. Toogood 16, H. Cleverley 12, and P. Coleman 11. B. Gough 5 wickets for 20, A. Sutton 4 for 29, W. Collis 1 for 0 were the bowlers for the winning team.

June 18th saw the Maintenance in opposition to the Office, and a rather easy win by the Office was witnessed. R. Swaffield 66 (retired), I. J. Taylor 27, and P. Gibbons 10 were the batting successes in a total of 134, whilst H. Smart 4 for 64 and R. Stevens 3 for 44 bore the brunt of the Maintenance attack. Thanks to the bowling performance by P. Gibbons, who bowled 2 overs, 5 wickets for no runs, R. Heath 3 for 10, I. J.

Taylor 2 for 9, F. I. Nash 1 for 12, the Engineers could only collect 33 runs, and thus suffered defeat by 101 runs.

The third match on June 21st between the Kitchen and Boning and Sausage A team, resulted in a win by the former by 40 runs, mainly due to G. Witchell, who batted splendidly for 50 not out (a score which included nine fours), P. Carter 24, B. Dolman 14, and W. Angell 10. 117 runs were scored by the Kitchen before time was called. Replying, the Boning opening batsmen, B. Webb and W. King, started brilliantly, and were not separated until 60 runs had been recorded. As soon as this partnership was broken a collapse occurred and the innings ended at 77. P. Carter had a wonderful spell of bowling, his last five overs were four maidens, five wickets for 1 run. His complete analysis reads, 5 for 25. B. Dolman secured 2 for 25.

Boning and Sausage B teams brought off a good win at the expense of the Printing and Slaughter on July 1st. After the first wicket had fallen at 1, R. Bowman and J. Garraway carried the score to 83 before they were separated, Bowman being run out after making 32. Garraway continued to bat well, and when the innings was declared closed at 129 he had made 78 not out. H. Miller helped to put on 30 runs, of which his contribution was 12. E. Witchell 2 for 51 and S. Wood 1 for 21 were the successful bowlers. The Slaughter and Printing's reply was 102—A. Bennett 46, W. Smith 14, and E. Witchell 14. J. Garraway 6 for 34, J. Dolman 1 for 13, and H. Miller 1 for 36 shared the wickets.

The semi-final round was opened on June 28th, when the Retort, &c., played the Office. A needle match ensued, with the Office winning by the narrow margin of 8 runs—103 to 95. For the Office K. Haines 35, S. L. Drewell 28 not out, and I. J. Taylor 14 not out, and F. I. Nash 11, made helpful scores, and A. Sutton 3 for 38, and B. Gough 1 for 59, bowled unchanged throughout the innings. For the Retort R. King 30, B. Gough 26, and L. C. Davies 16 did their little bit, but time was called when the moment was exciting—one more over and a couple of fours from R. Stanley might have seen a different result. P. Gibbons 2 for 7, F. I. Nash 2 for 27, R. Swaffield 1 for 9,

I. J. Taylor 1 for 19, and S. L. Drewell 1 for 25 were the five bowlers tried.

The other semi-final was even more exciting. Boning B got the Kitchen out for 32, and this after the first wicket had put on 18. After that J. Garraway proved devastating, for from that moment he bowled 4 overs, 2 maidens, 4 runs, and obtained 7 wickets, his complete analysis being 7 wickets for 13. H. Miller co-operated with him and obtained 2 for 12. What to most observers was an easy task—only 32 runs to get and a fairly strong side to get them—proved the reverse, and what happened goes to prove how uncertain the game of cricket is. Against G. Witchell and B. Dolman the whole side was out for only 15 runs, which left the Kitchen easy winners. G. Witchell bowled remarkably well. In five overs and two balls he secured 7 wickets for 3 runs—a meritorious performance. B. Dolman's 3 wickets cost 12 runs.

This splendid performance on the part of the Kitchen gave an added zest to the final, played on July 4th, when the same finalists as in the recent Football Tournament, met to decide the issue. The Kitchen were out for the "double," but they found the opposition the strongest yet seen in any departmental game. Batting first the Kitchen made 108 runs, of which B. Dolman made 35, G. Witchell 34, and R. Barry 19. The first-named players were the opening batsmen, and they played a part worthy of the occasion. Despite the bowling of such regular players as F. I. Nash, S. L. Drewell, and J. Wiltshire, the two batsmen named met all the attacks in a splendid manner, and it was not until P. Gibbons went on at 71 that the partnership was broken, Dolman being clean bowled by Gibbons. A double bowling change brought the innings to a speedy conclusion for at the other end to Gibbons R. Swaffield was found to be in form with the ball. These two bowlers shared the wickets, Swaffield securing 5 for 18 and Gibbons 4 for 14.

The total was considered quite a respectable one, and P. Gibbons and K. Haines opening the batting for the Office, took no chances. By careful and forceful batting when the opportunity came, they steadily wore down the bowling, and without giving a chance, they carried the score past their opponents without being separated.

As soon as this happened they retired, Haines with 77 to his credit, Gibbons with 32. Their places at the wicket were taken by R. Swaffield and J. Wiltshire, who at once commenced to flog the bowling, and when time was called were still undefeated with the former scoring 70 and the latter 51, the grand total being 239 for no wicket. This, of course, is a record total for no wicket on our ground, and certainly gave the spectators a glimpse of that brighter cricket many sigh for—239 runs in 75 minutes is "some going."

The curtain was thus run down amid fireworks and another tournament ended. Exceptional keenness was displayed throughout the games and many thrills experienced. We wish to express grateful thanks to scorers and umpires, the latter being Messrs. W. Butler, B. Gough, W. Prior, L. Read, and R. B. Swaffield.

LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"The Hundred Days," by Philip Guedalla.

An account of Napoleon's escape from Elba, and the subsequent events which culminated in his defeat at the Battle of Waterloo.

"A Mediaeval Post-Bag," edited by Laetitia Lyell.

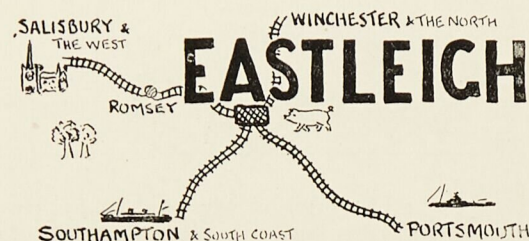
These letters will be of great interest to those who wish to know something of the way in which people lived, spoke and traded during the 15th century. The Cely letters are especially interesting because the Cely's were wool-traders, and their letters are full of references to their dealings with the producers, the packing and shipping of the wool to Calais, where it was sold to the Flemish merchants, and the arrangements for payment.

SPORTING TERMS ILLUSTRATED.



TENNIS.—"Fault."

Friends Elsewhere.



Eastleigh is the proud possessor of one of the finest Parks in Hampshire. It has the advantage of being a central ground in the county, and consequently is the venue of a number of the County Sports. The Hampshire Constabulary Athletic Sports have been held here for several years past, and we feel that a few remarks on this year's event may prove of interest. It is sufficient to say that the sports are becoming increasingly popular, and this year the attendance record was broken when nearly 7,000 people visited the Park. There were about 800 competitors participating, and one's interest was held from the beginning to the end. Tommy Green, the Olympic champion, was successful in winning the two miles open walk, despite a severe handicap. Other competitors of outstanding merit were Miss Lily Chalmers, of Portsmouth Atalanta A.C., who competed in last year's Empire Games, and W. Harvell, of Poole Wheelers, who was in the last British Olympic Games team, and who treated us on this occasion to a brilliant exhibition of cycling in the five-mile cycle championship. The tugs-of-war were, as usual, a big feature, and additional interest was created by the entry of two teams from the Royal Ulster Constabulary and a team from the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders in the open event.

The organisation of the sports was beyond reproach, and the organisers are to be heartily congratulated upon the successful arrangements. We may add that various charities all over Hampshire will benefit as a result of the sports.

EASTLEIGHAN.

* * *

In writing a patent medicine advertisement first convince the reader that he has the disease he is reading about, secondly that it is curable.



News this month will be rather brief, as our social and sporting activities are temporarily suspended, until the Flower Show and Sports, to be held on Saturday, 27th July. The Welfare Association Committee have now drawn up a splendid programme of sports and games, and, as we understand the prizes are to be in keeping with the importance which this annual event has now achieved, we feel sure that a pleasant, and to the lucky winners, a gratifying day is in store. The Committee request, through these columns, that all members will support the exhibition of fruit and vegetables to the best of their ability, as a good display gives a finish to such an event.

We know that quite a number of employees from Calne and the branches very often spend their annual vacation in the neighbourhood, and to them all, whoever they are, or from wherever they come, we extend a hearty invitation to join us on the 27th July. We assure them of a cordial welcome.

We are pleased to report that Mr. W. Slater, who has been away on the sick list for so long, is progressing slowly but steadily. His many friends are gratified to learn that he is progressing and they hope he will continue to proceed to normal health and strength.

We are sorry to say that Mr. S. Frost has been laid up for several weeks, and to him we wish speedy recovery.

Congratulations are extended to Miss D. Ware on her success in the recent short-hand examination at the local Technical Institute.

Alterations and extensions to our Factory are now proceeding apace, and we

hope, when these are completed, that we shall be able to compete with the best. While we realise that it is in our interests and very necessary that these alterations should be made, it is not without feelings of regret that we see some of the landmarks disappear. A few fine elms in the front of the Factory have had to be removed, and, as if to share our reluctance at parting, they put up a fine resistance to the felling gang. Eventually, however, the gang were successful.

TOLL BRIDGES.

The recent agitation in Parliament for the removal of the right to collection of tolls reminds us of one in our vicinity, and as quite a lot of people on their way West pass over this bridge during their holidays, it may be interesting briefly to recall the method of acquiring the toll right. The toll bridge we refer to is the one over the River Parrett, between Glastonbury and Taunton, at the little village of Boroughbridge, on the edge of Sedgemoor, famous for the battle between the peasants and yeomen supporting the Duke of Monmouth and the Crown forces. The right to collect tolls at this bridge is sold by auction yearly, the method adopted, we believe, being to have a lighted candle and the last bid as the candle splutters out secures the right for the ensuing year. One curious condition of the bidding is that unless the bid is higher than the fee paid the previous year, another auction has to be held and then the highest bidder is the purchaser, although at this second auction this need not necessarily be higher than the previous year. The value of these rights can be gauged from the fact that the auction often realises over £1,000. These customs will, no doubt, soon be relics of the past, as while they are interesting, the delays to traffic under present-day conditions are undoubtedly a hindrance and annoyance.

R.C.L.

* * *

A COOL SUBJECT.

An ice-cream merchant had been doing a roaring business and had disposed of nearly all glasses to customers. Noticing a small boy still licking his ice, and mindful of the fact that he had been there a long time, he said to him, "Nah, mah lad, hurry up there and let's have that glass back." The boy replied, "Nah, mister, does tha want me to scald misen?"



It was Dr. Johnson who said that "He who enlarges his curiosity after the work of Nature demonstrably multiplies the inlets of happiness." Little thought will remind us how true this is. I am certain we often see things without observing, and that our pleasures and activities would be amplified if we were to cultivate a more intense knowledge of the apparently simple things around us which Nature has endowed.

This theme is opportune, as we are now entering on the holiday period and we shall during the fortnight or so allotted in so many varied ways endeavour to absorb those happy impressions which our holiday environment may offer. Some of us may go into the country and will find charm in rambling through woodlands, possibly hiking, others will spend their time motoring. The advantage the hiker has over the motorist is that he, if a student of nature, will see more than his speedy companion. Others will make for hilly and rocky districts which make general appeal, and here again some knowledge and searching into the realms of geology will magnify one's pleasures ten-fold. The escarpments of a cliff will be, as it were, the opening of a book revealing the secrets of time. The strata and formations, the layers of rock and sand will have something fascinating to say.

That a lack of observation really exists was very definitely revealed to me during a holiday at the seaside last year. It was one of those uncertain days, cloudy and wet, and the boarding-house showed signs of absolute boredom. One of the junior residents who had adopted me as a near relative for the time being came to me and said "Uncle, can't you do something?" She was a charming girl full of life and fun, and we immediately went off in oileys to the shore, returning in a few minutes with a collection of wrack—such is the name given to seaweed in many parts. In itself this did not seem very exciting—the pleasure was yet to come.

A room was set aside specially for our afternoon and any visitors who liked to join in our venture were welcome. To satisfy curiosity we were by no means short of company. Our intention was to make a practical study of Algology, a big name this, but meaning the science of seaweeds. The tools required were flat pie dishes, scissors, hat pin, post-cards, blotting-paper and magnifying glass. The bundle of wrack was disentangled and immersed in water. Different varieties were separated, small branches cut away and floated in our flat dishes, and then the post cards were carefully placed under the floating specimens and lifted slowly out of the water, the hat pin guiding the diminutive branches of seaweed to their proper and effective ley. This is a most interesting way of examining seaweed.

The results of a few hours' work was truly marvellous. We had mounted and identified about twenty different species, many of them exceedingly beautiful; some looking like diminutive oaktrees, others like feathers, and others almost like human hairs, with the small ribbon varieties making contrast. The colour effect was very appealing; there were the bright greens, olive browns, purples, scarlets and blacks. The finale, which opened the eyes of many, was the application of the magnifying glass, which was able to show up the smaller details and in many cases revealing the most beautiful inflorescence of the more dainty varieties.

What had threatened earlier on to have been a wasted afternoon resolved itself into one of intense excitement, which was infectious, judged by the appearance of the juniors the next day all collecting seaweed. I shall never forget—and this brings me back to my theme—the episode of one adult visitor who after our demonstration came up to me and said, "Do tell me where you get that beautiful seaweed, I have been here a fortnight already and have never seen any."

The reference in these notes recently to Chevallier Barley was confirmed last week. I met Mr. J. B. Chevallier of Aspoll Hall, who happens to be the great grandson of the Dr. Chevallier mentioned, and was recently, he tells me, the recipient of a testimonial given by the Brewers' Association recalling and placing on record the interesting history of the origin of this type of barley. A few days later he received a letter from an elderly lady which stated that she well remembers her

grandfather telling her the tale of the ear of barley which caused him such discomfort by inserting itself in his boot.

When visiting a friend this week I found he was growing barley in the garden. Having seen an exceptional kernel in a sample he planted it. It proved a rarity by the fact that it germinated two shoots, showing that it had been double-seeded. It tillered freely, producing nineteen stems and ears. There was no evidence, however, that the grain was other than normal. Experiments of this nature cannot fail to be interesting and worth while.

Recently we were honoured by a visit to the Port of Ipswich of two of H.M. mine-sweepers, Dunoon and Halycon. Numbers of our citizens availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by going over the boats and inspecting the many unique features. Incidentally the Town gave the officers and crew a real civic welcome, which made the stay of our visitors most enjoyable. Members of the crews, if in uniform, could travel in the Corporation trolley-buses free of charge. The cinemas were open house to them, and the officers received cordial invitation to use the golf courses free of expense. Tennis and other sports were also arranged. This gesture by the inhabitants was much appreciated and is one of those little things which help to keep the name of Ipswich on the map.

This period of the year, amongst other things, is signalled by the County Agricultural Shows. There are three very strong organisations in the Eastern Counties, the Essex and Suffolk Agricultural Associations, and the Royal Norfolk. Harris (Ipswich), Ltd. were busy in attendance with stands at the Suffolk Show at Halesworth, and the Royal Norfolk, at East Dereham, where they were able to meet many of their regular clients as well as to make fresh introductions. They were complimented by many on the very instructive exhibit staged. In addition to a selection of graded sides of bacon, a chart had been prepared, showing the comparison of grading results of several of the contract deliveries over extended period. Whilst some farmers had sent in pigs 100 per cent. of which graded basic and bonus, other farmers were delivering less than 20 per cent. basic and upwards.

The fact that many had reached a very

high standard of production there was sufficient proof from the records to show that this had only been done by consistent effort; and also that good records of high grading performance can be attained by others if they will follow similar methods of breeding selection and management.

I cannot help thinking that one of the most popular features of these annual meetings is the consideration given to the agricultural workers who have proved their merit by loyal and life-long service to one employer or on one farm. It was noticed, for instance, that an award was given to two men who had worked on the same farm for 63 years each, another, a horseman, had "been to plough" for 54 years, whilst a cowman had "been milking" 50 years on the same farm. What tales these men could unfold of the disastrous harvest in the nineties, of that year when the hay was such a heavy crop in the "fudder midder" that they had to back the waggon in the field to get out the first load, of that "marster" great crop of mangel wurzel which took the cup for the biggest crop of the district. Oh, yes, and that year when the master's eldest son got married and when we had a frolic in the barn, hot roast beef, and everything you wanted—there wasn't half some beer stowed away that night.

* * *



LONDON SPENDS A DAY IN
THE COUNTRY.

Sunshine or rain our annual outing was fixed and took place on Saturday, June 15th. I think, owing to the continuous rain we were having earlier in the month, the usual enthusiasm as the day drew near was not so evident this year.

A journey was made to the Whipsnade Zoo by a circular tour. We shook off the

dust (or mud) from our shoes at Cowcross Street just after nine o'clock and entered our coach for our ride into the country.

We journeyed northward over Hampstead Heath and as we left London behind speculated on the number of hours sunshine we might expect. We passed the historic inns on the Heath of Jack Straw's Castle and the Spaniards' Inn, and curiously enough, although it may seem a little mysterious to the reader, we actually passed the Old Bull and Bush twice—merely a slight misunderstanding between the driver and some of our company. Soon we were on the Watford arterial road, which passes through pleasant country joining the old road at Hunton Bridge. There the clouds were heavy and we met just a little rain. In a short while we were off the main road and passing over Northchurch Common, property of the National Trust, with hundreds of acres of heath land with clumps of stately old trees here and there.

Soon we had reached the old-world village of Little Gaddesdon, and our coach had drawn up outside the Bridgewater Arms, where lunch had been arranged for us at twelve o'clock. During lunch a very welcome telegram was received from Mr. Bodinnar, wishing us a happy and pleasant day, which Mr. Coles read and proposed the toast of our Chief, which was drunk with gusto.

The party then took the coach to Dunstable Downs, and after contemplating the extensive views and bagging a mole which was supposed to be accidentally and lightly tapped on the head, the youthful vigour of the whole of the party was exhibited in the old game of rounders. With nearly a strenuous hour of this the seats in the coach were very welcome as once again we moved on to Whipsnade.

A leisurely walk to the lions, bears, &c., preceded tea, which we took at five o'clock in the Cloisters Tea Rooms, after which we made further acquaintance with the rest of the animals.

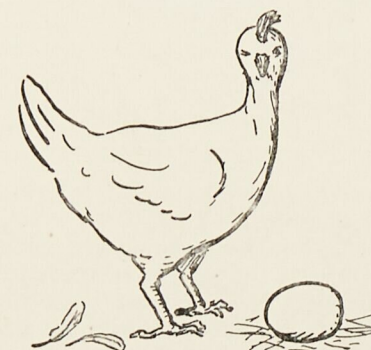
Whipsnade is a delightful spot to spend a leisurely day, but our day was very full and by 7.30 we again found the seats in our coach to be very comfortable.

The journey home was made with that complete satisfaction of happiness of a day well spent.

G.C.

THE HARRIS WHO'S ZOO

(With apologies to Debrett's "Who's Who").

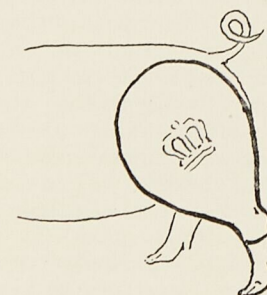


CHICKEN.—ORIGIN doubtful, probably of the French (Chic) Scotch (Ken) mixture.

BORN.—On all farms and in many backyards.

EDUCATED.—To put the heart in V.H. & E. Pies.

AMBITION.—To join "Ham" and hold the Senior Role.



HAM.—ORIGIN, designed for locomotive purposes and scratching when the occasion arises.

BORN.—To be sat on.

EDUCATED.—To stand curing and wear a Crown.

AMBITIONS.—To look pretty on any breakfast, lunch, or dinner table.

DEAR READERS,

The highbrow attitude of the Cockneys is no more. Although we still associate with the "elite," and although our attitude is very versatile, we find the strain too much and so, perhaps rather ruefully, but with a sense of relief, we revert to our natural selves.

Perhaps you might like to know how it came about. We thought we'd have a day out together at the Fair on Hampstead Heath. Everything was arranged and off we went, trying to appear as regal as we could, and with that "as good as their famous bacon" look on our faces, we duly arrived and immediately entered into the fun of the fair.

All the 'Erberts and 'Arriets of London seemed to be there, care-free and enjoying life to the utmost, and that's where the Cockneys came into their own. Bang went that highbrow attitude and with it came the spirit of the occasion. Swings, roundabouts, cokernut shies, intermingled with cream ices, teas, cockles and jellied eels. What a day! What a mixture! With but one fly in the ointment. Poor Johnse was disappointed. Although he searched high and low no donkeys were to be seen, which was just as well for the donkey, seeing that he has now passed the light-weight stage.

Well, all good things come to an end, and so at last we wended our way home, just a little weary, laden with an assortment of prizes, conscious of the fact that we had spent a happy day as our *real selves*.

THE COWCROSS COCKNEYS.

* * *



ANNUAL OUTING.

For our annual outing this year it was decided to have a trip to Newquay, and, over 50 strong, we left Totnes on June 22nd with our Sunday faces wreathed in smiles. The weather was a little dull at the start, but before we had gone far King Sol favoured us with his appearance and kept his eye on us all day. It was a lovely drive across Corn-

(continued on page 243).

**A GOOD SALAD DRESSING.**

- 1 raw egg.
- A pinch of salt.
- 1 teaspoonful dry mustard.
- 4 tablespoonfuls sugar.

Well mix together, then add slowly down the side of the basin three or four dessert-spoonfuls of vinegar, followed by 2 table-spoonfuls of cream or milk. Some prefer the yolk of hard-boiled egg instead of the raw egg, mixed the same way.

Holidays are in full swing. Naturally, months beforehand the decision has been made whether it shall be town, country, or seaside. This year, for a change, I chose an early date, so early that it couldn't possibly be termed a summer holiday. I had already drawn up my plans for that week, and they were to visit parts of Wiltshire which I had heard of but never seen. I had a desire (and still have) to know more of the history and geography of my native county.

When the time arrived, the whole of England was busy making preparations for the Royal Jubilee. People were coming from all over the world to join in those celebrations. Here was I with one whole week to do as I pleased (as others put it). What a chance! So after a lot of persuasion I packed up and went to London, too.

I stayed at Welling, a recently much-built-up place which lies at the bottom of Shooters Hill, so I had the pleasure of seeing the glories of Kent as well as the splendour of London draped in its Jubilee dress. Practically the whole of Monday was taken up in travelling, as I journeyed by road from Paddington to Welling to get a glimpse of the decorations. I got on a bus at Paddington and the route took me through Marble Arch, Hyde Park Corner, Victoria, Vauxhall, Camberwell, New Cross, Greenwich, down into Woolwich. From there I boarded a tram going through Eltham and arriving at my destination at 5.15 p.m., after leaving Paddington at 2 p.m. I will now record the

most outstanding features of this unintentional holiday.

On the Tuesday evening my brother-in-law took me to the Speedway track to see a match between Wembley and West Ham, at West Ham. To get there we took a bus to Woolwich, went over the ferry to North Woolwich, and purchased a train ticket for West Ham, but the queue was so long that the train went off and left us to wait twenty minutes for the next one. We immediately decided to walk the distance, otherwise a good many events of this thrilling match would have been missed. We walked through Silvertown, and found the atmosphere of this place very thick and choking. We arrived at West Ham Stadium just in time to see the first event. I think my attention was far more attracted by the keenness of the enormous crowd (about 8,000) than the actual match. During events, when you could scarcely see the competitors for flying cinders, they would cheer their favourites and boo the others; at times the noise was almost unbearable, and earsplitting. (I thought we had some ardent spectators at our local football matches. Their ardency would never rise to this). Everybody seemed to be in possession of scoring cards and feverishly ticking up the record of events.

On Wednesday evening I took my two nephews and little niece up to the City to see the Jubilee decorations. We travelled on the Southern Railway and stopped in London at Charing Cross. It was an overwhelming sight which met our eyes. One was almost mesmerised by the brilliance, not knowing which course to take. We spent most of our time walking up Fleet Street, hoping to find St. Paul's Cathedral floodlit, but we were a day too soon. We walked down the other side of the street, and entered Lyon's Corner House at 10 p.m. After a little refreshment we caught the 10.40 train back to Welling. (I forgot to state that by going a few days earlier we had the advantage

of seeing the decorations under far more pleasant conditions, not having the huge crowds to contend with).

Thursday afternoon and evening I spent at Balham with my sister, who is a nurse at the St. James' Hospital. Fortunately, she was off duty for a few hours, so we had tea with some dear old friends of hers. They were a remarkable old couple, and if I had space and time I could give you several reasons why. My sister was due back at the hospital at 8 p.m. for a lecture, so she left me to amuse myself in the nurses' recreation-room until nine. During that hour half-a-dozen nurses came in and sat round the fire. I gathered by their conversation that they had just been through their first examination. I was regarded by them as a new probationer, and was soon told what was expected of me. It was amusing to see their look of surprise when my sister came and took me away.

On Friday I spent nearly all day with my brother-in-law (a wholesale confectioner) on his journey from Woolwich to Gravesend delivering goods. He gave his van-boy a holiday, and I took his place. After a happy and busy day we arrived in Welling at 11 p.m.

Saturday was taken up with packing and travelling back to Calne, where I spent Jubilee Day. All through this early holiday I was rewarded with the best of weather.

We don't expect a glut of fruit this year, owing to the heavy frosts in May. If you have a chance to purchase some good fruit at a reasonable price, don't miss it, and try bottling instead of jam-making. Mrs. Ruddle, of Willowbrook Farm, has given us a good method, and here it is:—

Fill the bottles with fruit and half fill with cold water, then put lids on without

rubber band, and screw down lightly. Place the bottles on a thin piece of board in a cool oven, and when the fruit begins to crack, take out, fill up with boiling water, and screw down tightly.

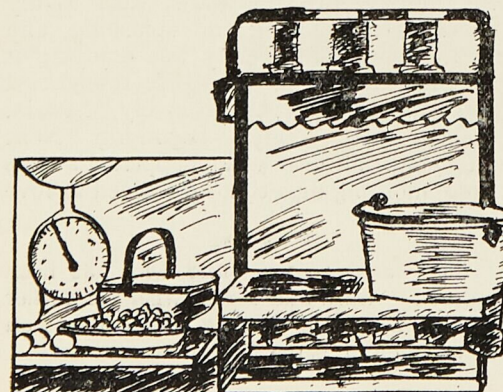
With Syrup.

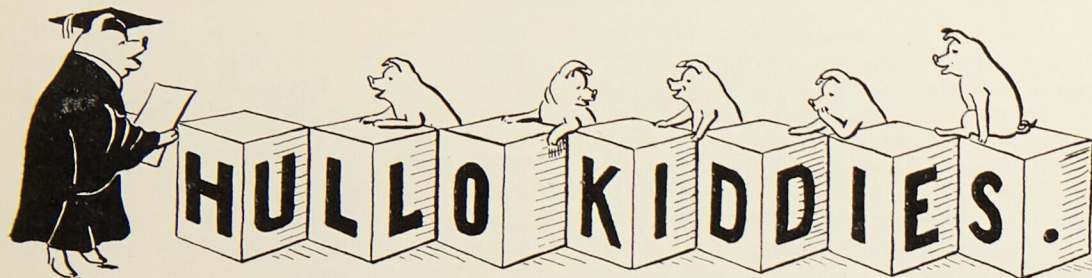
Boil sugar and water sweet enough for syrup for three minutes. When cold do the same way as with water. Always keep fruit covered with syrup or water. Core and slice apples in quarters, add a few cloves, fill up with syrup, and do as above. If large plums, cut in halves and put in a few stones. The syrup way is the best as it is always ready for use. If you don't possess proper fruit bottles pour boiling mutton fat in the tops of the ordinary jars and tie down with bladder or gummed papers. You can also do the bottled fruit in a large saucepan with water up to the neck of the bottles. Put some rags or cloth round the bottles to prevent them touching, and do slowly over a fire or stove. V.L.D.

* * *

TOTNES (*continued from page 241*). wall, through the fresh fields and thick woods, and on such a glorious day we saw the country at its best. On the outward journey we stopped for a short while at Liskeard and Bodmin and duly arrived at Newquay prompt to the scheduled time. At Hooper's Cafe we were provided with a dinner, to which all did full justice, and after the customary speeches and votes of thanks had been passed, Mr. Powney read a letter from Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, in which our Chief sent his sincere best wishes to the party for a most successful and enjoyable day. We then arose to view the charms of Cornwall's beautiful seaside resort. After a stay of four hours at Newquay we commenced the homeward journey, and returned via Launceston and Tavistock, and thence across Dartmoor to the place where fate awaited us. It was midnight on Dartmoor and, as Tom Pearce's Old Grey Mare laid down and died, so did one of our cars, which was found to be in want of a drink.

We had a wait of about an hour at Holne Chase until the other car fetched the necessary petrol, during which time the Factory anthem of "Up will go Antonio" was rendered repeatedly, so instead of arriving back home on the same day it was a case of "We didn't get home till morning," and now we are already looking forward to another real good time next year. J.M.





You will be reading this just a few days before the day of the annual Flower Show and Sports, which I am sure is a day to which you look forward almost as much as to the Christmas Carnival. I expect Mother is busy making Jam and Cakes for the Competitions and Father will be picking out his choicest beans and peas and potatoes and carrots and other garden produce in which he takes such a pride, and you are all hoping that a prize will come to your home.

Isn't it nice to feel that in all these festivities which we have at "The Firm" the children are not forgotten, and that there is a chance for them to do something as well as to have a good time? This year I am sure our Wild Flower enthusiasts will take advantage of the Wild Flower Competition (Not the Kiddies' Page Competition, but the one in connection with the Flower Show). I see there are four prizes for the best nosegays of Wild Flowers and three prizes for the best display of Garden and/or Wild Flowers. So here's your chance, Kiddies, to show what you can do. And those of you who have flowers in your garden can enter for the other Flower Competitions—you will find full particulars in last month's Magazine.

With regard to our own Wild Flower Competition, I am delighted to see the interest you are showing. Margaret Gegg and Cynthia Hart are still at the top of the list, so if any of you want to beat them you will have to hurry up. If you are going away for your holidays I shall be very pleased to have a letter from you, and you can perhaps send some flowers that you would not find in our district.

To all of you, whether you will be away or at home, I wish you a very, very happy holiday, with plenty of sunshine—out of doors and in!

With a lot of love and good wishes,
From your affectionate,
AUNT SUSIE.

THE ADVENTURES OF SALLY AND SAM.

(Continued).

The "Imps" had a morning bathe in the Little Cove just below the farm, but Mother thought they had better wait a little before Teddy joined them—in the mornings at any rate. But Teddy begged to go with them; his Mother had bought him a new bathing suit before he left London and he was very anxious to put it to use. It would be one way of showing Sam, too, he thought, that he wasn't a baby. At the moment Sam was his hero, and he badly wanted to be worthy of his notice.

So after he had promised to keep near the shore Teddy was allowed to go to the Cove for the morning dip. Sam and Sally, of course, plunged right in at once and swam as hard as they could to a "buoy" some little way from the shore and back again, almost before Teddy had got one foot into the water. That was their way of getting warm and used to the water, and they had done it ever since they learnt to swim.

"What, not in yet?" shouted Sam to Teddy when he got back. "I was just watching you," said Teddy. "I shall soon be able to do that, too." "Come along then," said Sam, who was just going to pull him into the water, when Sally whispered, "Go steadily, Sam, You take one of his hands while I take the other," and they went running into the water with Teddy between them, kicking and splashing, and after a few minutes Teddy was enjoying it tremendously. "Oh, dear, I thought I wasn't going to like it, but it's lovely," he said.

(That was Teddy's beginning. Next month you shall hear what happened at one of these morning dips that he learned to love so much).

* * *

Irish lady, to her child who has been naughty: "Sure and I just wish yer father was at home some evening to see how you behave when he is out."



BY APPOINTMENT

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 9. _____ SEPTEMBER, 1935. _____ No. 9.



During the Autumn of last year several advisory committees, meeting at Calne and the Branches, rendered remarkable service in reviving interest in the Harris Magazine. Many new subscribers were obtained, fresh contributors entered our columns, and novel ideas were introduced.

We hope that this welcome help will recur each year. The holiday season will soon be over and preparations for the autumn and winter seasons will commence, and this will be a fitting time to consider how the usefulness and general scope of the Magazine can be enlarged.

To obtain a fresh outlook we would suggest that the personnel of the committees should be changed each year at those Branches which have enough

interested people to make this possible.

Apart from the excellent help received from the Branches, we have been greatly encouraged by numerous notes and messages from our Sales Representatives and Van Salesmen. This section of our staff should continue to be a fruitful source of help and keep us in touch with the wider world upon which our livelihood depends.

We make a special appeal to any of our readers who would like to contribute features which they think will improve our pages not to hesitate, but to act at once.

In conclusion, we express our thanks to all our helpers and feel certain that this appeal at the opening of the autumn season will result in renewed efforts to make the magazine worthy of the House of Harris.

Between Ourselves.

FURTHER legislation which affects the Pig and Bacon Industries has now become effective. The Report of the Lane-Fox Commission envisaged the necessity of a co-ordinating body to act between the Pigs and Bacon Marketing Boards. These Boards submitted a Bacon Development Scheme to the Ministers concerned, and subsequently consulted their respective constituents when the necessary majorities for acceptance were obtained. The Scheme has now passed both Houses of Parliament and the appropriate Ministers have issued an Order ratifying the arrangements.

The Scheme will be operated by a Board consisting of a chairman and two other independent members nominated by the Government, four representatives of the Bacon Marketing Board, and four representatives of the Pigs Marketing Board.

The chief powers contained in the Scheme will consist of the licensing of Bacon Factories. On and after a date to be named no bacon may be made in premises that have not been licensed unless those premises are handling an amount of bacon which is under the minimum quantity defined in the Bacon Scheme. To those licenses will be attached conditions which, if broken, may entail the loss of the license.

The primary object of this Scheme is to ensure efficiency in Bacon Factories and among pig producers. There are certain other powers which the Board may obtain by the transference to it of powers already possessed by the Pigs and Bacon Marketing Boards, but it is not with these that you and I are chiefly concerned.

A regulated industry such as ours is becoming, must be, and will be based upon efficiency. Efficiency is a wide term and for our purpose must be taken as a whole as denoting the totally satisfactory performance of production methods within an individual factory.

We may write down rules and regulations designed to ensure efficiency, but without the full co-operation and use of the individual human element, it will not be obtained.

We have often said that the performance of yesterday can only, in an active life, be taken as an indication of the better achievement possible to-morrow.

The most dangerous mental state into which a single human mind can drift is easy satisfaction with the performance of any duty, no matter how small. While it is almost true to state that true perfection can never be reached, the acceptance of that statement must, to an earnest mind, be an incentive that at least to-morrow shall be better than to-day, and that steady progress towards the best is an essential quality for a life that does not desire to remain stagnant and therefore deteriorate.

The acceptance of a theory that "our goods are better than anybody else's," or "I can butcher a side of bacon as well as the next man," represents premises upon which those who wish to develop latent powers may not safely rest. Equally those concerned with the management of a business who are willing to rest upon a name, a record, or an acquired reputation will find that in the night the active competitor has crept up alongside of him and is "delivering the goods." Our factories, like all others, will, under the Scheme, have tests of efficient production placed upon them, and leadership only will not enable us to pass those tests. The individual work of every single operative will make or mar the new records which we shall attempt to set up.

My message this month, therefore, is to every single individual in all our factories, offices, and upon the road, "Do not be too satisfied with your present state of knowledge or your present methods of performing whatever duty may be yours. Overhaul your mind and your methods and test your daily performance so that, at any rate, next week, no matter how good you are now, you may be better at your job, and that in the weeks to come there will be a steady progression towards entire efficiency."

The Directors do not know to what extent the operations of this Board will affect the working policy of the business, but at least they and you ought to be prepared to put up unassailable records of efficiency to face the changing conditions of the English Bacon Trade.

Our Composite Serial.

"Up the Garden Path."

(*Instalment No. 4, by G.G.*)

Hurriedly Anderson ripped the envelope open and, drawing out a letter, read as follows:—

"MY DEAR BOY,

I am leaving this letter in the secret drawer of the desk, as when the desk is in your possession and you sit in front of it, I am sure you will remember the secret drawer and open it out of curiosity.

I am telling you a secret I have kept all my life, the secret of the Chinese vase. No doubt you, with others, have wondered what became of the original lid to it and why it has the present one.

Years ago I spent some considerable time in China, exploring a little-known part. I had a fair knowledge of the dialect of this district and went about disguised as a native. On one occasion I spent the night in a cave and, awakened by the sound of voices, discovered a number of people holding a meeting. They were seated in a circle, and in the centre was a face carved out of some translucent green substance, possibly jade, in the centre of which was a solitary eye, consisting of an enormous ruby. I suddenly realised I was at a meeting of the 'Members of the Red Eye,' whose sinister activities were feared throughout the land.

I was in a far corner, hidden behind some loose rocks, and I suppose they had no idea that anyone had the temerity to approach their Council chamber.

Eventually the meeting was over and, after ceremonially replacing the face in a secret recess, they all left. After waiting sufficiently long enough for them to be gone away, I found the face, prized the ruby out of its setting, and cleared off.

I had become the possessor of the Chinese vase a few days previous, and I conceived the idea of smashing the lid and getting a local silversmith to make the silver top. I watched him making it, and took an opportunity of helping him and slipping the ruby inside without his knowing it.

I was stopped and my baggage examined once or twice, but I explained I only

had the vase with a silver lid, and as there was no particular reason to suspect me any more than any other traveller, I managed to get away with the ruby.

I have left it in the lid all these years as I consider it as safe there as anywhere, and I had no wish to sell it. I have felt the impulse to see it again, but have resisted it. Now it will be yours to do as you like—sell or keep.

YOUR UNCLE."

Anderson went in search of Stanton and showed him this letter.

"Hm, well that accounts for the lid, any rate," said Stanton. "I've just thought of something. I suppose an account of your Uncle's life was in the papers."

"Oh, yes," replied Anderson, "all about being the first person to explore that part of China."

"Well, as I daresay you know, amongst the members of this organisation are some of the most prominent men in China. No doubt some are over here, and have seen the accounts in the papers, and connected the date of the visit of your Uncle to China with the disappearance of the ruby."

"Yes, that sounds quite possible," said Anderson, "but still I don't see that it can possibly have been taken away. No-one could have left the room, and, obviously, no-one could escape by the ventilator."

"Well," said Stanton, "in spite of the card forbidding us to try to recover the lid, I am determined to follow it up somehow. The first thing to do is to follow up that organ-grinder and get hold of him by some means. We might be able to get something out of him if we frightened him enough. But at the same time I think it is quite possible he had a confederate inside the house. The lid may be still here, concealed somewhere."

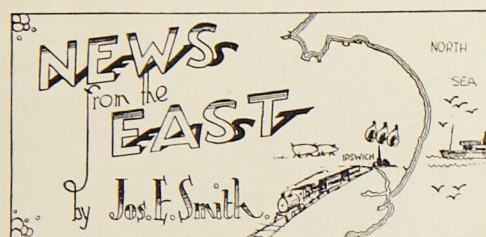
"I don't see who could be the thief, though," replied Anderson, "the servants have been here for years and I could depend on their trustworthiness. Besides, who could have entered the room in my absence?"

"Are you positive the lid was there when you left the room to answer the 'phone?" asked Stanton.

"Yes," quite sure."

"Then let us search the room and see if we can find anything in the nature of concealed cupboards or sliding panels."

(*Next Instalment by D.M.*)



The Ipswich Town Council and private individuals have contributed about £250 to investigate a most astonishing find which promises to be of extreme interest to antiquarians. The brick yard where the discovery was made has already revealed objects of considerable importance, dating back to the early Roman period, and near this site are the remains of a Roman villa. In this instance three vertical shafts in the clay have been discovered of several feet in diameter. It is thought by Mr. J. Reid Moir, the famous Archaeologist, that they are burial shafts.

Already in respect to one of these shafts excavations have been carried out to a depth of 75ft., and yet the bottom has not been reached. It is thought that these shafts were used for the burial of the most distinguished of the Roman dead, accompanied also by funeral objects. Mr. Reid Moir says that many precious and lovely things have been found in burial shafts which have been excavated in France. This is the only known existence of burial shafts in the country, and we are all interested to know what they may reveal. More anon.

I had a most unusual experience when at Weybourne a few weeks since. This is an unfrequented part of the Norfolk coast. There is a steep shelved pebbly beach at an angle of about thirty degrees. The sea is, therefore, fairly deep, even near the edge. A fisherman was seated on the beach watching for something, and this tempted me, being of an inquisitive nature, to approach him, and he informed me that mackerel were following the shoals of white bait and driving them in shore.

In the distance could be seen large numbers of Tern (black-headed gulls), constantly diving, but rapidly approaching the spot where we were standing. We could see thousands of little silvery fish jumping out of the water in sheer fright, apparently, of

the shoal of mackerel which were chasing them inland. The mackerel, too, you could easily see like diminutive porpoises as they made a dive to seize their prey; and the gulls were swooping down on the little white bait, seldom diving without reward.

The fisherman hurriedly opened his bag and took out a baited fishing line with about four hooks attached, a lead blob, and a large cork. By swinging this overhead it was possible to throw the fishing line across the shore and by drawing it rapidly in the fisherman was almost certain to get a bite and haul in a nice mackerel. He did not throw too well, however, due to an attack of Anno Domini. A lad, however, of about 14 years obtained a good haul and was able to keep pace with the rapidly-travelling shoal.

I am no fisherman myself and cannot vouch that these were actually white bait—possible baby herrings. Perhaps some of our piscatorial friends can tell us, and at the same time say if they have encountered any similar experience.

* * *

Our readers will wish a speedy recovery from her recent illness to V.L.D. of our "Just Between Ourselves" feature.

* * *

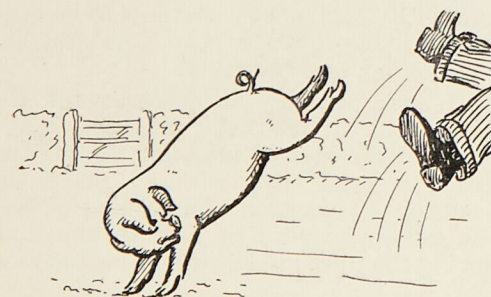
"A leisurely walk to the lions, bears, &c., preceded tea."—Extract from last month's report of the London outing.

They are a fearsome lot, these Londoners—or, maybe, they were too tough even for the "lions, bears, &c."

Even drinking toasts with "gusto" (whatever ingredient that may be) sounds exceedingly brave.

* * *

SPORTING TERMS ILLUSTRATED.



FOOTBALL.—"The Kick Off."



I heard a very good story the other day about one of our readers who kept a few fowls. The time came when it was decided to have the one cockerel in the flock for dinner, but how to kill it was the problem. Whilst our friend was away from home his wife asked the postman if he could despatch the bird. The postman said he could. When hubby returned at mid-day he was told the glad news. "But," said he, "surely that is our rooster running about the garden?" And it was. The obliging postman had killed the neighbour's bird.

Several readers have spoken to me about the formation of a Fur and Feather Club. The main object of such a club would be to assist members in the improvement of stock. Then, should exhibitions be held, members would be able to compete for the club's special prizes in addition to the ordinary prizes. Annual outings to places of interest to poultry-keepers and fanciers could be arranged. Perhaps half-yearly egg shows would be held (some clubs run monthly egg competitions). We could have lectures and smoking concerts. One thing, however, is certain, such a club would have to be self-supporting; but I am positive that it could easily pay its way, judging by the support given our recent effort on August 10th.

That little exhibition, taking all things into consideration, was a decided success. Our very best thanks are due to those enthusiasts who, between them, sent in no less than 106 entries. During the few hours the show was open to the public the tent was thronged with people who were very interested indeed, and who were kind enough to express their appreciation of the efforts of the exhibitors. Now it is up to us to improve the quality of our stock, and should we be permitted to hold another show next year we should easily be able to improve greatly upon this year's exhibition. I was bound to

admire the way in which the judges completed their difficult task, and no higher praise can be bestowed upon them than to say that not one word of complaint was heard in regard to their decisions. The Misses Smith and and Giles (Honiball Poultry Farm) and Mr. and Mrs. J. Freeth (Tossels Farm) judged the fowls, ducks, table birds, and eggs; Mr. F. Crofts (Chippenhams) judged the remainder.

I am only too sorry that I cannot give here the names of the many friends who so kindly helped to make our show such a success, but I think you will all agree that we should not forget to record our appreciation of the loan by Mr. William Winter of those lovely flowers which were so much admired by everybody.

In conclusion, I should like to congratulate all those who were "in the money," and sincerely hope that exhibitors who did not win on this occasion will not be disheartened but bear in mind the well-known lines by Hickson:—

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try, try again.
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.
Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear,
Try, try, try again.

* * *

The little terrier was barking noisily and wagging his tail at the same time. "Oh, look, mummie," cried little Lucy, "Billy's cross at one end and happy at the other."

* * *

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Omnibus conductor, after picking up something: "Anyone lost two bob?" A hurried search in handbags, then from an old lady in the corner: "I have." Omnibus conductor, blandly: "Well, here's a half penny of it, ma'am."

* * *

Roses are used for a variety of purposes, of which most people are unaware. As a hair restorer, they form the earliest recipe on record. According to Pliny, wild rose leaves, reduced into a liniment with bear's grease, make the hair grow again in a most marvellous fashion. He also recommends ashes of roses as an invaluable recipe for trimming eyebrows.

Bowls and Tiddleywinks.

FACTS AND FANCY.

I played in my last cricket match on the Saturday preceding the declaration of war. When in the spring of 1919 the clubs reformed I thought myself too old to make a fresh start. Meantime my health had broken down and I had to seek the advice of a specialist. I was X-rayed. The specialist said there was no doubt about my case. He said, "You used to take a violent form of exercise and have given it up." The remedy was to find a less violent form of exercise to replace cricket, and the specialist advised me to take up bowling.

Bowls is a game which is deep down in English history.

I suppose everyone has seen the original or a copy of that picture, which shows Admiral Sir Francis Drake playing Bowls on Plymouth Hoe, and now when we go to Plymouth we seek out the historic Hoe, and there we will find the bowling green of the Francis Drake Club. History does not tell us that Drake played tiddleywinks. History tells us how Drake played bowls and how he left the green to play another sort of keen game with the Spanish Fleet.

But all that happened a long while ago. It is well to get nearer to our own time and nearer to Wiltshire. Drake, of course, was supreme in his own line. Not more supreme in the arts of war and seamanship than was "the Champion," Dr. W. G. Grace, in the world of sport. Grace made cricket and was a first-rate athlete—world famous. But the time came when he had to retire from the cricket field and he took up bowls and became president of the English Bowling Association. I must confess that I have always been a bit of a hero worshipper, and so, when my specialist said to me, "You should play bowls," I said to myself, "What's good enough for W.G. will be good enough for R.E.," and so it was, and is.

Had I space I could go on recording the names of famous players of violent sports who, in late middle life, have taken up bowls.

This summer we have over here a company of bowlers who have come to us from South Africa. Yes, all the way from South Africa, but not—no, not on your life, to play tiddleywinks, but bowls. The trip

will cost each of them not less than £1,000—bowls is a pure amateur game. These keen-eyed Africans are doing very well indeed.

So bowls for sportsmen.

But more. What about bowls for business men who believe that a spot of sport keeps them fit and lively? Now Mayors of towns are often, indeed usually, business men. Mayors are people who have done well and are elected by their fellow citizens as men of acumen and good sense, most capable of looking after the interest of the place they live in. Is it likely that such men are going to waste their leisure hours over futilities? Well, I ask you? And at Watford we have had certainly seven (perhaps eight) Mayors all in a row, one following the others, all actual playing bowlers belonging to one or more of the many Watford clubs. The Watford Corporation puts a twelve on the green, including Pickering, the old English skip, and the borough treasurer, who belongs to the governing Bowling Association.

In writing this I am breaking old ground. But it is worth while to do so because it is not good for any of us to waste the golden hours of our too short summer in pursuit of the futile. A correspondent in our July issue suggests tiddleywinks as on the level with bowls, and his short letter is by way of a reply to an article contributed to our Magazine by Mr. Coles. I feel responsibility in this matter because Mr. Coles did as many other men have done—he took up bowls on my advice.

If by any happy chance our July correspondent could see the South Africans perform against an English county side, and if he knows sufficient of the game to understand its finer points, he will see that the game not only provides outdoor exercise, but in its higher flights is as scientific as chess playing.

I have given this article a sub-title, "Facts and Fancy." I have given a few, but I hope, sufficient facts dealing with the game. I now suggest that H.G., in putting bowls on a par with an infantile game like tiddleywinks, is drawing on fancy. There is, in fact, nothing whatever in common between the two games.

I conclude by advising men when they get to the wrong side of their cricket and rugged games to take up bowls.

R.E.H.

The Old and the New.

In this, the last article under this heading, the object to be described is a Surgeon-barber's "Cupping" or "Bleeding-bowl." In design it is of a pattern that was common during the 17th and 18th centuries, and, like some of the spoons mentioned in earlier articles, is made of latten.

There is no trade-mark on the bowl, and it is therefore impossible to say where it was made or who made it, but upon the handle there is rudely inscribed the letters, "R.F.W." Again, from the "stamped out" appearance of the handle it would appear that it was never a very expensive specimen of its kind.

Opposite to the handle the edge of the bowl has been slightly mutilated, although



probably by intention, as in such condition it would more readily fit the patient's arm and could thus be used to a better advantage.

The probable period of the specimen shown is 17th century, but beyond this nothing much can be discovered about it.

An authority to whom it was shown simply described it as a Barber's Bowl of a usual form, 17th century.

Before terminating this article a few words might be said about some of the many other objects of less interest that were also found.

To begin, there were many varieties of brass pins, ranging from $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to 4in. in length, and of many different gauges in

thickness. The "heads" of these pins also showed many forms not now in use, some of the largest being the size of a small pea, and were covered with chase-work.

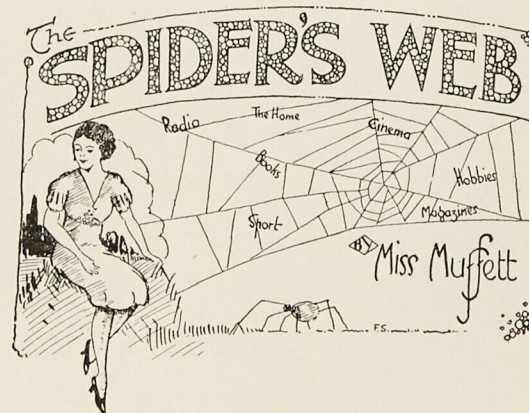
There was also an old wooden cup or vase which was made of teak. This had been partly burnt, but still retained a floral design in paint which seemed little the worse for its immersion.

A pair of brass candle-snuffers, an old brass smoker's companion set, numbers of brass buttons and buckles, and also other small objects that could not be identified.

There were also a small number of coins and trade-tokens found, but the majority of these were retained by the finders, who were at work in the river. Those few seen, however, were mostly of the later George's, and of the lower values, nearly all being made of copper. The tokens, of course, were all of brass and about the size of the present-day farthing.

A.B.

* * *



DO YOU DREAM?

If so Consult our 'Orrible' Oracle?

ILLUMINATIONS.—Riches and advancement are promised—a bright outlook.

INCOME TAX.—This dream foreshadows a plea for help, which you will be unable to resist.

JAM.—A dark man is sending you a strange gift—Ah! perhaps a straw-beret.

JELLY.—An estrangement over a trifle may lead to a parting. It might be too much sherry, so keep to jellies for a bit.

JOCKEY.—You will have a golden opportunity during the month—and I hope it comes in 100-1.

JOINT.—A family re-union is predicted. If sudden, hash and mash is easiest.

Harris Welfare Association.

FLOWER SHOW AND SPORTS.

Several hundred visitors from the Branches and Associated Companies of C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd., assembled at Calne on Saturday, August 10th, for the thirteenth annual Flower Show and Sports, held in connection with the Harris Welfare Association.

The visitors, who were the guests of the President of the Association, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P., were conducted over the factories during the morning, and were subsequently entertained to luncheon, together with the officials of the Welfare Association and Flower Show Committee.

After the loyal toast had been honoured, Mr. Bodinnar welcomed the visitors, and brief speeches in reply were made by representatives from each branch, and also from a representative of the outside selling staff.

Mr. Petherick, speaking on behalf of the Parent Factory, invited the company to drink the health of the President. The toast was received with musical honours, and in reply Mr. Bodinnar expressed the great pleasure it gave him to see so many of his friends gathered together at this function. Concluding his speech, he briefly referred to future developments in the Bacon-Curing Industry and appealed for one hundred per cent. efficiency by every employee.

The company then adjourned to the Recreation Ground for the sports programme. A happy scene there presented itself. The ground was gaily decorated with flags and bunting, together with colourful stalls, side-shows, and marquees, under a perfect summer sky, where already a large gathering was thronging the grounds.

The President of the Association, with Mrs. and Miss Bodinnar and Mr. and Mrs. Redman, were present during the afternoon and evening, and were once again renewing their acquaintance with old friends from the branches and the Calne factories.

The inter-factory tug-of-war and relay races aroused special enthusiasm. In the former contest the President's Cup was won for the first time by a branch, Eastleigh beating Dunmow in the final pull. A branch also proved successful in the inter-factory relay race, Chippenham being easy winners.

Another contest which aroused considerable interest was the bowls match between London and Calne for the Roland Harris Spoons. In this Calne, thanks to their intimate acquaintance with the lie of the green, were the fortunate recipients of the spoons.

At the conclusion of the sports Mrs. Bodinnar presented the prizes to the winners and Mr. J. F. Edwards expressed the thanks of the association for her kindness in being with them that evening, a sentiment which was received with acclamation by all present.

In spite of the abnormal season, some excellent exhibits were staged in the flower and fruit tent. It speaks well for the skill of Harris' gardening enthusiasts that such wonderful vegetables, fruit, and flowers could be shown in such a year. Mr. W. Angell gained the silver medal for achieving the highest number of points in the flower show section, and a similar award was made to Mr. G. Phelps in the vegetable section.

There were some praiseworthy entries in the arts and crafts section. This seems a department which is capable of very considerable development.

A new section, which received encouraging support, was the fur and feather tent, organised by Mr. S. J. Rymer. We can foresee a very great future for this new venture of the show Committee. The silver spoon, presented by Mr. T. W. Petherick, for the champion bird, was awarded to Mr. W. J. Turner for his Rhode Island Red hen.

The thanks of the Committee are due to Mrs. Bodinnar, Miss Bodinnar, Mrs. Redman, and Sister Gowan, who acted as judges of the arts and crafts section; to Messrs. J. Knight, J. Green, J. Harris, and S. Spink, judges of the flower and vegetable show; and to the Misses Smith and Giles, Mr. and Mrs. J. Freeth, and Mr. F. Crofts, judges of the fur and feather section.

An excellent programme of music was rendered by the Calne Town Prize Band, under the conductorship of Mr. C. E. Blackford; the band also playing for dancing later in the evening.

The organisation of this happy day was in the capable hands of a large body of helpers, Mr. T. W. Petherick being chairman, with Messrs. G. R. Ashman, A. Maclean, and R. B. Swaffield acting as joint secretaries.

This thirteenth show of the series may be truly acclaimed the most successful yet held under the auspices of the Harris Welfare Association.

FUR AND FEATHER SECTION.

Heavy breeds—Male bird (adult)—1, H. Duck; 2, C. H. Holbrow; 3, R. J. Kirton. Ditto (bred in 1935)—1, W. Hill, sen. Female bird (adult)—1 and special, W. J. Turner; 2, Walter Angell; 3, H. Woodman; vhc, A. L. Ratty. Ditto (bred 1935)—1 and 2, H. Woodman; 3, H. Burchell; vhc, W. A. Puffett. Light breeds.—Male bird (adult, bred 1935)—1, A. L. Ratty; 2, G. Dolman. Female bird (adult)—1, A. L. Ratty; 2, A. Puffett. Ditto (bred 1935)—1, G. Dolman. Bantams—1, W. Pullen; 2, M. E. Clifford; 3, W. Pullen; vhc, G. Amor. Duck or drake—1 and 2, H. Duck; 3, S. Duck. Pigeons (fancy)—1 and 2, Herbie Webb; 3, J. Burgess; vhc, J. Haines. Ditto (homers)—1 and 2 and special, W. J. Young; 3, J. Burgess; vhc, J. Drew. Cage bird—1, J. Rutherford; 2, H. W. Mennell; 3, R. Caswell. Table bird (dead)—1, W. Hill, jun.; 2, H. Woodman; 3, W. A. Puffett. Rabbit—1, S. Duck; 2, G. Amor; 3, F. Butler.

Children's pet (child 14 years or under)—1, Kenneth Slade; 2, Henry Hill; 3, F. I. Nash; vhc, J. S. Cousins. Eggs (dark)—1, H. Woodman; 2, H. V. Burchell; 3, R. J. Kirton. Ditto (white)—1, A. L. Ratty; 2, R. J. Kirton; 3, Walter Angell.

The silver-plated cake knife for the best pigeon, won by Mr. C. B. Shiers, of Highbridge, was kindly presented by Mr. F. Crofts, one of the judges. Miss Smith, another judge, gave a cockerel for competition. Another prize (10s.) was given anonymously.

Mr. R. J. Kirton won the Harris Cup for producing the highest percentage of Grade "A" and "B" pigs during the year ending 31st July, 1935.

Stranger: "Excuse me, but you must be a great age." Villager: "Yes, I be ninety-foive." "And have you lived here all your life?" "No, not yet."



Judges and Officials of the Fur and Feather Section.

(Reproduced by courtesy of the "Bath Chronicle & Herald".)

IN THE SPORTS ARENA.

The results were:—

Departmental relay (ladies)—1, Office ; 2, Kitchen ; 3, Sausage.

Ditto (men)—1, Office ; 2, Retort.

Half-mile cycle (ladies)—1, B. Randell ; 2, H. Ward ; 3, J. Randell.

Mile cycle (boys under 18)—1, J. Burgess ; 2, J. Gingell ; 3, F. Bowyer.

440 yards (men)—1, E. C. Yeates ; 2, J. Wiltshire.

Sack race (ladies)—1, B. Newis ; 2, M. Slade ; 3, M. Saye.

100 yards (boys under 18)—1, T. James ; 2, F. Cleverley.

High jump—1, K. Haines ; 2, G. Warne.

Three-legged race (ladies)—1, D. Adams ; and M. Slade ; 2, B. Newis and M. MacLean ; 3, P. and K. Kettle.

Sack race (men)—1, G. Warne ; 2, J. Mence ; 3, R. Swaffield.

100 yards (men)—1, J. Mence ; 2, G. Warne ; 3, R. Swaffield.

220 yards (boys under 18)—1, P. Caine ; 2, J. King.

100 yards (veterans with silver medals of Calne and associated factories)—1, R. Stanley ; 2, B. Shiers ; 3, E. Stevens.

Half-mile—1, E. C. Yeates ; 2, J. Wiltshire.

Long jump—1, E. C. Yeates ; 2, G. Warne.

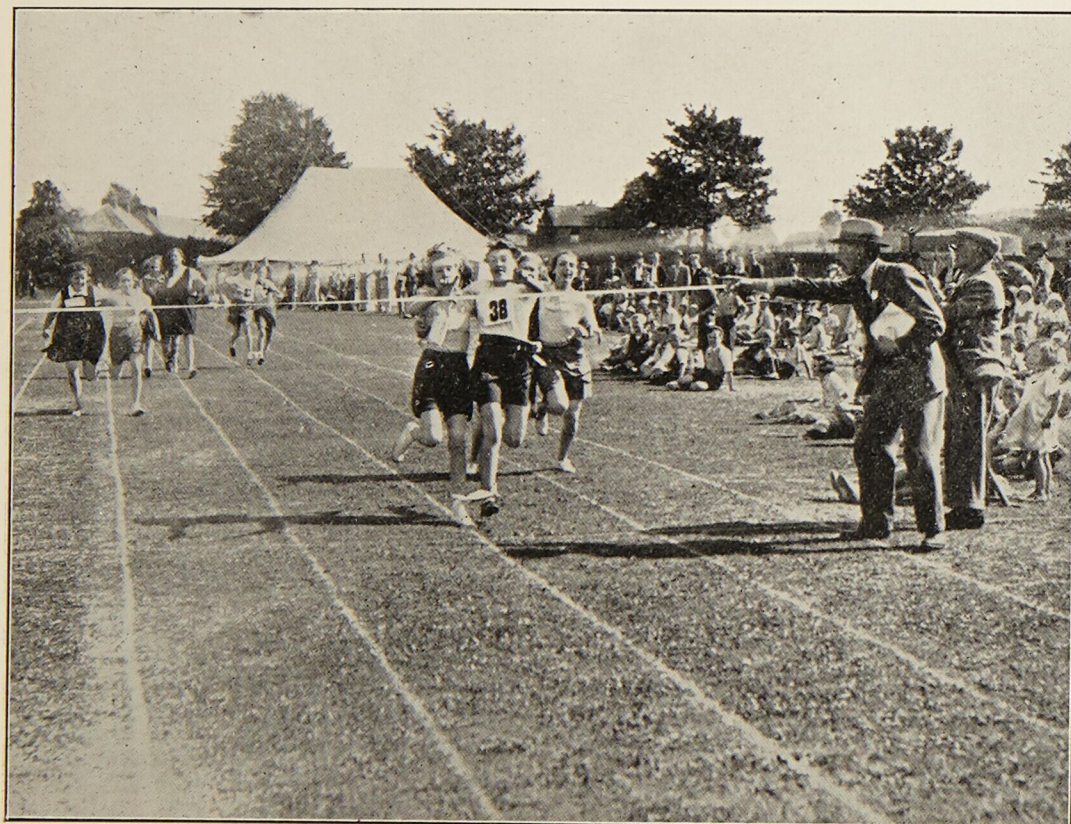
"Late to work" obstacle race (ladies)—1, M. Saye ; 2, D. Adams ; 3, J. Duck.

Mile cycle—1, G. Warne ; 2, R. Bailey ; 3, C. Haines.

Inter-factory relay—1, Chippenham.

100 yards (ladies)—1, B. Newis ; 2, M. Slade ; 3, M. Hunt.

The inter-factory tug-of-war for the President's trophy (held by Calne) was won by Eastleigh by two pulls to one over Dunmow. The President, handing the cup to the winners, said it was the first time it was



Girls Three-legged Race.

(Reproduced by courtesy of the "Bath Chronicle & Herald").

taken away from Calne. He congratulated the team on a "right good pull."

THE SHOW RESULTS.

The results were as follows:—

FRUIT SECTION.

Apples (dessert)—1, J. Ruddle ; 2, H. Hill. Ditto (cooking)—1, W. Hill ; 2, J. Ruddle ; 3, H. Hill. Gooseberries—1, W. Haines ; 2, T. G. Wiltshire ; 3, J. Ruddle. Currants—1, L. A. H. Ambrose ; 2, J. Rutherford. Any variety—1, J. Rutherford ; 2, T. G. Wiltshire.

VEGETABLE SECTION.

Collection of vegetables—1 (equal), J. Phelps and H. W. Mennell ; 3, W. J. Angell. Green peas—1, H. Woodman ; 2, J. Phelps ; 3, F. W. Summers. French beans—1, H. W. Mennell ; 2, F. Jones ; 3, A. H. Haines. Carrots (long)—1, J. Phelps ; 2, F. Butler ; 3, A. E. King. Ditto (short)—1, A. E. King ; 2, A. H. Haines ; 3, F. Butler. Potatoes (round white)—1, E. F. Partridge ; 2, L. A.

H. Ambrose ; 3, F. Jones. Ditto (excluding white)—1, F. Jones ; 2, L. A. H. Ambrose. Vegetable marrows—1, N. Marshall ; 2, E. F. Partridge ; 3, W. Hill. Cabbages (cooking)—1, W. Haines ; 2, H. Hill ; 3, F. Webb. Ditto (pickling)—1, F. Butler ; 2, R. H. Stanley. Turnips—1, F. Butler ; 2, J. Phelps ; 2, W. J. Angell. Beetroot (long)—1, H. W. Mennell ; 2, A. H. Haines ; 3, J. Phelps. Ditto (short)—1, F. W. Summers ; 2, J. Phelps ; 3, G. H. Dolman. Onions—1, A. H. Haines ; 2, H. W. Mennell ; 3, R. H. Stanley. Collection of potatoes—1, F. Butler ; 2, W. J. Angell ; 3, F. Jones. Broad or longpod beans—1, L. A. H. Ambrose ; 2, H. Lockyer ; 3, W. J. Angell. Eschalots—1, A. L. Ratty ; 2, W. Hill ; 3, J. Phelps. Parsnips—1, H. W. Mennell ; 2, W. Winter ; 3, A. E. King. Lettuce—1, T. G. Wiltshire ; 2, W. J. Angell ; 3, H. W. Mennell. Cauliflower—3, W. Winter. Rhubarb—1, W. H. Weston ; 2, A. H. Haines ; 3, W. J. Turner. Any other vegetable—1;



Some Lady Competitors.

(Reproduced by courtesy of the "Bath Chronicle & Herald").

H. Hill; 2, W. Winter; 3, J. Swayne. Potatoes (kidney, white)—1, E. F. Partridge; 2, F. Jones; 3, G. H. Dolman. Ditto (excluding white)—1, H. W. Mennell; 2, E. F. Partridge; 3, J. Phelps. Celery—1, J. Phelps; 2, W. J. Angell. Nine heaviest potatoes—1, W. Hill; 2 (equal), E. F. Partridge and F. Jones. Ridge cucumbers—1, W. J. Angell; 2, R. Freeth; 3, H. Hill. Marrow (by weight)—1, J. Phelps; 2, H. W. Mennell.

FLOWER SECTION.

Cut flowers, any variety—1, W. Winter; 2, F. W. Summers; 3, W. J. Angell. Sweet peas—1, W. J. Angell; 3, F. W. Summers. Ditto (nosegay)—1, G. R. Ashman; 2, Molly Angell. Nosegay of garden flowers—1, F. Winter; 2, J. Ruddle; 3, G. H. Hudson. Cut flowers (perennials)—1, F. W. Summers; 2, W. J. Angell; 3, G. H. Hudson. Gladioli—1, F. W. Summers; 2, T. G. Wiltshire; 3, W. Winter. Nosegay of roses—1, T. G. Wiltshire; 2, F. W. Summers; 3, G. R. Ashman. Asters—1, G. R. Ashman; 2, G. Keepence; 3, W. J. Angell. Stocks—1, W. Winter. Antirrhinums—1, G. H. Hudson; 2, W. J. Angell; 3, J. Ruddle. Specimen plant—1, W. Winter; 2, F. Winter. Table decoration (carried out by member, or wife, or daughter)—1, Mrs. Evans; 2, J. Ruddle; 3, Miss D. M. Summers. Ditto (wild flowers)—1, Miss L. G. Summers; 2, A. Johnson. Nosegay of wild flowers (children of members)—1, T. Cousins; 2, E. Cousins; 3, R. E. Summers. Display of garden and/or wild flowers—1, F. W. Summers; 2, J. Ruddle; 3, W. Winter. Dahlias—1, J. Ruddle; 2, F. W. Summers.

LADIES' SECTION.

DIVISION A (open to Lady Members).

Jam—1, Mrs. Sewell; 2, Mrs. Wilkins. Jelly—1, Mrs. Sewell; 2, Mrs. M. E. Smith; 3, Mrs. Wilkins. Marmalade—1, Mrs. Sewell; 2, Mrs. W. F. Puffett; 3, Mrs. Wilkins. Sponge sandwich—1, Miss S. McLean; 2, Mrs. Wilkins.

SECTION B (open to Wives and Mothers of Members).

Jam—1, Mrs. Ruddle; 2, Mrs. Johnson; 3, Mrs. A. E. King. Jelly—1, Mrs. W. J. Turner; 2, Mrs. Rutherford; 3, Mrs. H. Lockyer. Marmalade—1, Mrs. W. H. Weston; 2, Mrs. R. Taylor; 3, Mrs. Ruddle. Fruit cake—1, Mrs. L. A. H. Ambrose; 2, Mrs. Johnson; 3, Mrs. W. H. Weston. Dish of cooked potatoes—1, Mrs. A. E. King; 2,

Mrs. Lockyer; 3, Mrs. Webb. Window plants—1, Mrs. Winter; 2, Mrs. Saye; 3, Mrs. Turner.

INDUSTRIAL SECTION.

Hand-made garment—1, J. M. Kirton. Machine-made garment—1, Mrs. I. J. Taylor. Darned pair of stockings—1, Mrs. Sewell. Article from old garment—1, Mrs. Sewell. Cushion cover, worked in wool or silk—1, Miss Bouillon; 2, Miss S. McLean; 3, Miss M. J. Weston. Knitted jumper or pullover—1, Miss Morement. Painting—1, S. C. B. Haines; 2 and 3, E. J. Ratty. Woodwork—1 and 2, F. Cole. Wool rug—1, S. McLean; 2, J. Rutherford; 3, C. Titcombe. General class—1, Mrs. Barton; 2, Miss Strange.

The following are the names of winners of various competitions:—

Side of bacon—Messrs. R. Carter, H. Simpkin, A. Haddrell, and T. W. Marlowe.

Weight of cockerel—Mr. F. W. Culley.

Box of chocolates—Mrs. H. Lockyer.

Doll—Mr. R. G. Kirton.

Cigarettes—Mr. S. Clark.

Numbered admission ticket—Mrs. H. W. Mennell.

Lucky programme—Miss D. Biffen.

* * *

Swansea Calling!

Mumbles and the Bays.

Mumbles, which lies some six miles west of Swansea proper, has not been incorporated within the borough many years, and even now concessions are made to the ratepayers through the incorporation. It is reached by road or by the Mumbles Electric Railway, which forms a crescent and partially encircles Swansea Bay, and claims to be one of the oldest lines in existence. It was first opened in 1807, remaining horse-drawn until steam power displaced horses in 1877.

The scenery between Swansea and Mumbles is one of great beauty, an unbroken line of beach unsurpassed for safe bathing, backed by magnificent Swansea Bay on the one side, whilst on the other the rocky, wooded hills, dotted with tree-embordered houses stretching back into an hinterland of gorse and heather-clad hills and common. Miles of delectable country and untouched by railway, offering to the tired and jaded holiday-maker an haven of peace and seclusion bearing comparison with any beauty spot in England or Wales.

Mumbles proper is a rock upon which the Mumbles lighthouse is fixed and can, at low water, be reached by crossing a strip of land. But generally there is a mile race with the sea rushing hither and thither around the case of the lighthouse, from which as soon as evening falls the intermittent light signals the dangerous shoals. The name, however, is now generally applied to the whole of the suburb. Oystermouth is the original name of a large portion of the place. Here is a ruined and ivy-clad late thirteenth, or early fourteenth, century castle, one amongst so many which Wales is famed for. The chapel in the keep is still with two rooms in a good state of preservation, whilst a path runs around the top of the outer wall.

The Castle belongs now to the corporation of Swansea, being given by the Duke of Beaufort. There is also an old Church, of Norman origin, with a font dated 1251. Thomas Bowdler, of Bath (who will be remembered as "Bowdlerizing" the works of Shakespeare and Gibbon), is buried in the churchyard.

Now for the bays. The whole of the Gower coast line is indented with bays, or inlets, all of which are accessible and afford in some cases a lovely and lonely retreat, whilst at others, of which perhaps Caswell is the most popular, the Corporation have gone to a great deal of expense to provide comforts and amusements in the way of bathing cubicles and refreshment rooms. From the headlands of each and every bay there is a lovely outlook of blue water, whilst the air is tempered even in winter with softness, and in the summer the heat is quite bearable by cooling breezes off the sea. Away across the wide stretch of sea the Devon coast, when visibility is good, is seen quite plainly; sometimes the outline of the fields and hills are discernible.

Bathing in these bays, however, is not so safe as at the sands of Swansea, but as the Corporation has an official on the spot and a red flag is hoisted when bathing is dangerous, no-one need come to any harm, and, of course, thousands of people bathe here every year in perfect safety and enjoyment.

(To be continued).

* * *

Owing to pressure on our space "A Tour on the Downs" by "A" will appear in our next issue.

Photographic Notes.

BEAUTY OF SHADOWS IN PICTURES.

STUDIES THAT TEST THE AMATEUR'S SKILL WITH A CAMERA

The beauty of a sunny day, it has been said, lies chiefly in its shadows. Their presence often transforms a dull, uninteresting scene into one of original beauty and interest which every camera-owner would wish to photograph.

It is this ever-changing beauty of Nature's moods that makes amateur photography such a fascinating hobby, for with every variation of sun or shadow familiar scenes take on different aspects.

Keep the Camera Handy.

This type of subject can often be found among the most prosaic surroundings; so, on walks both in town and country, it is a wise plan to keep one's camera handy.

At most photographic exhibitions there are excellent examples of shadow photography. Shadows of such everyday objects as a tall crane, the angle of a warehouse, a bridge and the hull of a ship, frequently form the most interesting pictures in the exhibitions.

The search for composition studies of light and shade such as these is an excellent test of the amateur's skill with a camera, and of his artistic discrimination.

Striking Results.

The actual photography should not be difficult, and the owner of a single lens camera, such as a box Brownie, will often obtain excellent results. One point which the photographer should bear in mind, is that he must expose for the shadows and let the high-lights take care of themselves. Sometimes a short-time exposure should be allowed in order to record the full gradation of sunlight and shadow, and in these cases a small stop should be used.

There are two methods of taking these shadow pictures—either by including both the shadow and the object from which it falls, or by photographing the shadow alone. This last method is perhaps the more effective, and any number of original and striking results can be obtained, such as a picture taken at a corner of a street showing the shadow of an approaching pedestrian, although he is not actually included in the picture.

A HOLIDAY A-WHEEL.

DIARY OF A TANDEM TOUR
(Continued).

Tuesday, 21st.

The sun was shining brilliantly next morning, the wind had changed and was blowing in our backs, but before leaving St. Columb for Newquay we sent off home our heavier clothes, deciding to stay in shorts as the weather had broken up.

Newquay is a very fashionable seaside resort and is flanked on either side by bold and rugged cliffs. We were sorry to leave here; but at last we did and headed for Redruth, or, as the natives call it, Readruth. Just before entering Redruth we noticed some disused mine shafts, so we dismounted and amused ourselves throwing bricks down and counting the seconds before we heard the splash.

Carrying on straight through Redruth (what a main street!), we came to Camborne, where dinner was the order of the moment. On the way there the West of England Bacon Co. lorry passed us. The driver gave us a good look, as everyone seemed to. Cycling isn't very popular down that part of the world. I wonder if he will remember us when he reads this?

Between Redruth and Camborne is Carn Brea Castle, an ancient camp which is 740ft. high. I should have liked to have climbed up there if we had had time. I expect the view would have compensated us for the effort.

Missing out Portreath for another time, we came to Hayle. There was nothing much of interest here, although there was some fairly decent scenery each side of the town, so we didn't stop, but went on to St. Ives. St. Ives is a queer little place. I am talking about the older part of the town now, with its narrow, twisty, and cobbled-stoned streets.

We stopped here for well over an hour, exploring all the nooks and crannies we could find, and in one case came very nearly to being lost. Leaving here, we took the lower and better road to Penzance and made straight for the General Post Office, where we met our friend. We just stopped long enough to have tea and arrange to meet him in Truro on the next day, and pushed on to Land's End, our objective.

Here we had our first disappointment.

We had wished to stay at the First and Last Hotel in England, but the roof was blown off in some rough weather, so we had to come back inland a little way and compromised by stopping at what must have been the First and Last Boarding House in England. So here we were at Land's End



LAND'S END—First and Last House.

with a view of the sea from three sides of the house. This made 61 miles for the day and 276 miles from home, and the last thing I remembered before dropping off to sleep was the red light of the Longships lighthouse winking out at sea.

Wednesday, 22nd.

Before we started out in the morning we gave the bike a good clean and an oiling, and then went back to Land's End to take some photographs and buy souvenirs. We didn't leave Land's End until ten o'clock, and now came our second disappointment. In the guide book I had it described Sennen Cove and Botallack mine, and said that they should be visited. Well Sennen Cove came first, and it was well worth it. I have never seen such fine and whiter sand anywhere. Next came Botallack Mine, thinking that we could go down it, but when we got there we found only ruins, and learned that it had been closed down following a disaster twenty years ago.

Well, we went down to the cliff's edge and walked along through the ruins of numerous mines and then discovered we were lost. It was a proper maze of tumbled-down walls and lanes.

There was only one thing to be done. We should have only got ourselves in a worse plight trying to find the lane we came down by, so we just walked away from the sea.

After a while we could see some houses, so we headed for these and landed in somebody's back garden. We apologised, and told them where we had left our bike, and they put us on the straight and narrow path once again.

All this climbing and walking about had whetted our appetites, so we hurried straight on across country back to Penzance, where we surprised the cafe proprietor by eating two Cornish pasties of immense length apiece.

We didn't care for Penzance too much. Couldn't make head or tail of it, so we just stopped long enough to collect some pebbles to have made into brooches, cuff links, &c.

Close by are Newlyn, Paul, and Mousehole, which will have to be visited on another tour. Leaving here, we headed for Helston, passing quite close to St. Michael's Mount, a rocky island with a castle at the top.

After Helston we headed for Penryn, about ten miles over the long downs, and it was over this stretch of ground that we suffered a bit from the wind, which was still east.

Penryn is about two miles from Falmouth, which we did not visit, but we had a splendid view of the harbour and its two castles mounting guard, and also of the Bristol Channel.

Turning to our left, now we rode over a hilly but good-surfaced road to Truro. On our travels in Cornwall up to now we had seen in every town and village a Red Lion Hotel, but it took us quite a quarter of an hour to find the Barley Sheaf Hotel, and after much asking and going back over our ground we found it tucked away behind the Cathedral, and Red Lion. Can any Redruth reader explain why there are so many Red Lions in Cornwall?

The day had been a comparatively short one—54 miles—and fairly easy country, excepting the last 10, so out we went to meet Dick and take him back to the digs, as he was now going to stop with us for the rest of the week.

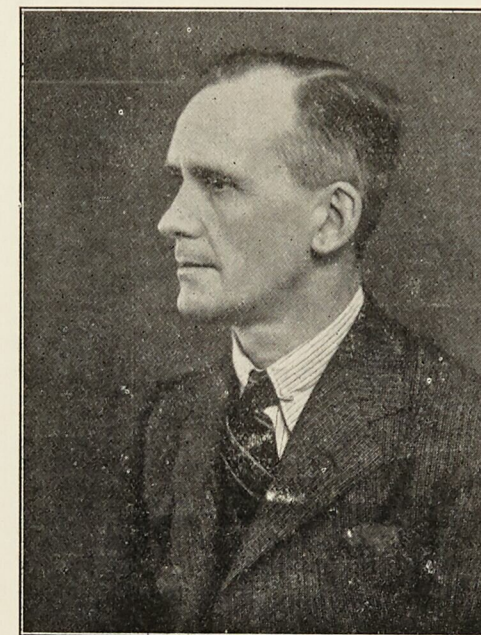
It was whilst we were having supper and I was relating to Dick about the mine that we were overheard and told that we ought to try the so-and-so mine, and gave me the address and name of the mine captain.

So, ordering breakfast for seven o'clock next morning, we went to bed, impatient to be up and heading back towards Redruth, which we had only passed through the day before.

(To be continued). G.H.

Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. H. H. HANNEY.



Our photograph this month is of Mr. H. H. Hanney, our trusted representative for Swansea and West Wales.

Mr. Hanney joined us in 1919, after serving in the Army throughout the War.

After a short time on the road Mr. Hanney was in the Calne Sales Office for a period before returning to take over the Swansea territory.

Mr. Hanney was born in Bristol and has been in the Food Trade most of his life. He took an active part in the management of the Burry Port Garden Suburb for a number of years, and is at present churchwarden of St. Gabriel's, Swansea.

* * *

ALL THE SAME.

A lady went into the provision store and asked for a nice ham similar to the last. The shopman reached one down for her, saying that it was similar to the last. The lady wanted a smaller one. The shopman, pointing to the shop rail where hung about a score of hams, then said, "Yes, ma'm, you can have one of them, they are all off the same pig."

THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

On Wednesday, July 24th, we received a visit from some sixty members of the Sydenham Grocers' Association. The party arrived in two charabancs and were entertained to lunch at the Lansdowne Arms Hotel before proceeding round the factory. After tea Mr. Petherick, who was in the chair, welcomed the visitors and expressed regret that Mr. Bodinnar's absence in London made it impossible for him to be present. This was particularly regretted by the company present in view of the fact that there was a large proportion of the visitors who were members of the Institute of Certificated Grocers. The party left at 5.15 and were supplied with picnic boxes for consumption on the way home. We were glad to see Mr. J. C. K. Perkins in Calne with our Sydenham friends.

It is with extreme regret that we have to record the death on July 29th of Mr. I. Lammiman, of Hull. Mr. Lammiman had been ill for a long time; an illness which he had borne heroically. We are quite sure that it would be the wish of all our friends on the road to convey this message of heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Lammiman and her family.

Mr. F. R. Merchant, of Wolverhampton, and Mr. E. M. Wakefield, of Birmingham, are attending hospital this month for slight operations, and we hope that they will make speedy recoveries with the minimum of personal inconvenience.

We are glad to welcome back Mr. A. K. Hopkins after an absence of some weeks and are glad to say that he is now fully restored to health.

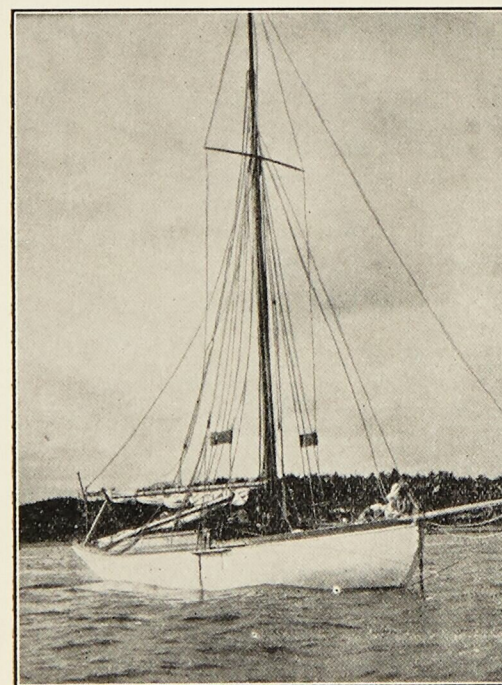
We congratulate Mr. W. W. Moss on his marriage, which took place in London on Saturday, August 3rd. Mr. Moss will be taking over the Hull territory.

SOME IMPRESSIONS

A visit to Calne! Quickly thoughts turn to the question "What for?" But the invitation is clear, "Come down and see us," so we set off. It is blazing hot, and when you live at an altitude of a thousand feet you feel it. Some hurried 'phone calls, a hurried round of calls, and a long run in the Bristol express through the busy Midlands—busier-looking than Yorkshire—to Birmingham, where we wire off orders and post letters, and get a tea tray. As we emerge from the tunnel we pass Bournville, all white and green, and Blackwell (with memories of war-time kindnesses from Mrs. Cadbury and many more friends), nestling amid its glorious orchards and leafy loveliness, out into the sun-baked plains, and on to our western capital. Yorkshire, or rather its grey towns, all smoky, to the glowing beauty of Bath, Chippenham, and Calne, provide the complete contrast. As we step into the Lansdowne, a big hearty welcome, "How do! I'm Park, of Hereford. Campbell, isn't it? Glad to see you." So, in the quiet evening coolness, we stroll in the field paths and dream among the fine old houses and buildings, the venerable church, drop in at the bowling green, and enjoy the peaceful rest from the clamour of great cities. Next morning, with sunshine around us, we enter the vast, solid giant blocks of building, and the atmosphere of friendly greeting we receive from colleagues in all departments makes us feel there is still plenty of sentiment in business, and that goodwill moves great concerns. No need to place on record the wonder of contact with big things here, as we tour this great hive of industry and are received by the capable heads and the friendly smiles of those who labour to produce the goods we offer and praise and sell in distant places. Suffice it to record our disappointment at missing the pleasure of a handshake and blessing from our esteemed friend, Mr. Bodinnar, but we had the benefit of a welcome from Mr. Redman and his under-

standing insight and knowledge of our particular job. So, in the train, on our way back to duty, in our little corner we jot down impressions. Well, what about some flower beds round the buildings, or tubs of geraniums at the office entrance and on the stairs—and even flower-boxes in some of the windows? The alterations in the office and its general brightness were noted, and the new arrangement of departments, and an air of efficiency and genial co-operation. The marvel of the bacon factory and tiled cellars, cool and clean, causes one to wish that more of our customers and the general public could have their education completed by a visit. The orderly efficiency apparent in all departments and the tidy, healthy, and smart appearance of the employees, and the unfailing courtesy to visitors. And so, back through the clean, yellow and white stations of the G.W.R. to Sheffield chimneys and Bradford mills, and to grocer customers, and "What may we have the pleasure of sending you this week up from Wiltshire?" G.S.C. (Leeds).

Mr. W. H. Boden, of Bournemouth, sends us a photograph of Commander R. D. Graham's cutter, "Emmanuel," lying off Bolson's yard, Poole. This cutter, measuring



only 34ft. overall, has recently completed a double trip across the Atlantic, and it is claimed that she is the smallest craft to have accomplished the feat. It is interesting to record that Van Salesman Boden supplied a quantity of Harris' Tinned Goods for this voyage, which, no doubt, played their part in the success of the enterprise.

* * *

CORRECTION.

Answers to the writing on the wall, which appeared in our August issue, should read:—

Name of man—Mark Noble.

Mark, 6/8; Noble, 13/4; 2 Crowns, 10s.

* * *

NOT SO BLIND.

A noted character in Sheffield was a blind man who went under the name of Blind Charlie. He was very good at repartee. One day a man, thinking to take a rise out of Charlie, said, "Lend's a bob till I see thee ageen." The blind man instantly replied, "Mah lad, that means till ah see thee."

* * *

ON THE CHEAP.

A young urchin was gazing into the cookshop window, evidently hungry. At length he plucked up courage to enter the shop. He enquired, "How much is your Yorkshire pudding a square?" The shopman replied, "2d. a square, mah lad." The boy then said, "How much do you charge for t' gravy?" "Oh," said the man, "We give you t'gravy in for nowt." "Oh, then," instantly replied the lad, "I'll have two plates o' gravy then, if you please."

* * *

STICKY.

A traveller went into a local grocer's shop and on the proprietor coming forward commenced to tell his tale about his wares, which consisted of a sticky substance. To example his wares he picked up several things off the counter to show off how they stuck together. The buyer looked on unimpressed, at which the traveller said, "I guarantee this tube, sir, will stick anything." The buyer replied, "I know of one thing it won't stick." The traveller waxed indignant. "It will stick anything, and you can't show me anything that it won't stick." "Ah, well, mah lad," he replied, "I'll tell thee what, it waant stick a pig." Collapse of the traveller.

Wedding Bells.

At Calne Parish Church, on July 27th, Miss Dorothy Hillier was married to Mr. Ervine Angell, of Eastleigh factory.

The bride was given away by her brother and wore a white satin gown, wreath, and veil, and white satin shoes, and carried a sheaf of Madonna lilies. The bride was attended by five bridesmaids; four wore powder-blue crepe suede dresses, and head-dresses of silver leaves; the other was dressed in pink crepe and wreath of silver leaves and white shoes. All the bridesmaids carried bouquets of pink sweet peas and pink carnations; one small page boy was in the retinue dressed in white satin jumper and long blue satin trousers and black shoes. Miss Hillier was in the Slaughter Department for seven years and was presented with an oak sideboard.

On July 27th, at Calne Parish Church, Miss Hester Russ was married to Mr. Fred Fiddler, of Rowde.

The bride wore a delphinium blue georgette frock with wreath of silver leaves and blue veil and blue shoes, and flesh-coloured stockings, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Two bridesmaids attended the bride, dressed in pink ankle-length crepe frocks and pale blue hats, blue shoes, and flesh-coloured stockings, and blue gloves. Their bouquets were of sweet peas. Miss Russ was eighteen years in the Kitchen, and was the recipient of an eight-day striking clock.

At the Parish Church on July 27th, Miss Eva Read was married to Mr. Fred Brewer, of the Sausage Department.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, was unattended, and wore a Jubilee blue ankle-length frock with floral bodice and blue picture hat, with black suede shoes and gun metal stockings, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations and maiden hair fern. Miss Read was six years in the Sausage Department. The combined wedding present from the Factory was an oval mirror and box curb.

The marriage took place on July 31st, at the Chittoe Methodist Chapel, of Miss Ena Knott and Mr. Ernest Pearce.

The bride was given away by her mother, and wore a powder-blue elephant crepe frock, with hat to match, and blue

shoes and stockings to tone. She carried a sheaf of pink gladioli. Two bridesmaids attended the bride, dressed in pink crepe de chine, with head-dresses of silver leaves, and wore black patent shoes and flesh-coloured stockings. Both bridesmaids carried posies of pink sweet peas. The bride's mother wore a frock of Royal Blue, with fawn hat, fawn shoes, and stockings to tone. Miss Knott was six years in the Sausage Department, and was the recipient of a mirror from the Factory staff and a set of pictures from her girl friends in the department.

At Calne Parish Church on August 3rd, Miss Margarite Bridgeman was married to Mr. G. F. Hinder, of Chippenham.

The bride was given away by her father and was dressed in a white satin gown and wore a veil with wreath of orange blossom and white satin shoes. Her bouquet was of cream roses and fern. Three bridesmaids attended the bride, one in a pale green crepe suede ankle-length frock and head-dress of silver leaves, and wore silver shoes and carried a bouquet of lemon carnations; the other two smaller bridesmaids wore ankle-length frocks of pink crepe suede and wreaths of rose buds on their heads, and wore pink shoes and carried bouquets of pink carnations.

Miss Bridgeman was seven years in the Kitchen, and was the recipient of a mirror from the glazing department and a box curb from the Factory staff.

On August 5th, at Calne Parish Church, Mr. Tom Burton, groundsman, was married to Mrs. L. Gabb, of North End, Calne.

The bride was given away by her brother and Mr. J. Green was groomsman. Mr. Burton was the recipient of a wedding present from the H.W.A.

The wedding took place at the Calne Parish Church, on Tuesday, August 6th, of Miss P. Wait and Mr. R. Pavy.

The bride was given away by her father and wore a gown of dull taffetta, with orange blossom trimmings. She also wore a wreath of orange blossom and veil, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. The bridesmaid, her sister, wore a floral georgette dress, with hat to tone, and carried a bouquet of pink and white carnations.

Miss Wait was a member of the Costs Office for several years, and was the recipient of an oak sideboard from the Office staff.



TENNIS.

1ST STRING.

July 6th, v Trowbridge (Westbourne), at Trowbridge. Won by 6 events to 4.

Miss K. Angell and H. Smart, won 3, lost 0. Miss F. Angell and A. E. Bull, won 2, lost 1. Miss M. Angell and E. Cooper, won 1, lost 2.

July 13th, v Bath (Southdown), at Bath. Won 4, lost 4, unfinished 1:—

Miss K. Angell and H. Watson, won 2, lost 1. Miss M. Angell and E. Cooper, won 2, lost 0, unfinished 1. Miss S. McLean and W. Penny, won 0, lost 3.

July 20th, v. Calne, at Woodlands. Won by 6 events to 3:—

Miss K. Angell and H. Smart, won 3, lost 0. Miss M. Angell and E. Cooper, won 3, lost 0. Miss M. Hinton and W. Penny, won 0, lost 3.

July 23rd, v. Calne L.T.C., at Calne. Won by 8 events to 1:—

Miss K. Angell and H. Smart, won 3, lost 0. Miss M. Angell and E. Cooper, won 3, lost 0. Miss S. McLean and H. Watson, won 2, lost 1.

July 27th, v. Marlborough, at Marlborough. Won by 5 events to 4:—

Miss M. Angell and H. Watson, won 2, lost 1. Miss S. McLean and A. E. Bull, won 2, lost 1. Miss K. Angell and W. Penny, won 1, lost 2.

2ND STRING.

July 6th, v. Garrards (Swindon), at Swindon. Won by 6 events to 3:—

Miss S. McLean and H. Watson, won 3, lost 0. Miss V. Burness and N. Potter, won 3, lost 0. Miss M. McLean and W. Penny, won 0, lost 3.

July 13th, v. Bath (Southdown), at Woodlands. Won by 6 events to 3:—

Miss V. Burness and N. Potter, won 3, lost 0. Miss V. Woodward and S. Toogood,

won 2, lost 1. Miss M. McLean and C. Gunning, won 1, lost 2.

July 20th, v. Holt, at Holt. Lost by 9 events:—

Miss V. Burness and N. Potter, won 0, lost 3; Miss M. McLean and H. Watson, won 0, lost 3. Miss S. McLean and C. Gunning, won 0, lost 3.

July 27th, v. Wills' (Swindon), at Woodlands. Won by 5 events to 4:—

Miss V. Burness and N. Potter, won 3, lost 0. Miss M. McLean and S. Toogood, won 2, lost 1. Miss J. Ellery and C. Gunning, won 0, lost 3.

CRICKET.

1st XI.

July 6th, v. Lacock, at Lickhill. Won by 26 runs.

Lacock, 75 (R. Swaffield 5 wickets for 23, B. Gough 3 for 43, J. Garraway 1 for 1, S. L. Drewell 1 for 3).

| | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| B. Gough, c Ball, b Banks | 20 |
| K. Haines, b Banks | 33 |
| J. Bromham, lbw, b Stevens | 0 |
| R. Swaffield, c Hemmings, b Banks | 2 |
| F. Cleverley, b Banks | 23 |
| S. L. Drewell, c Thurgood, b Banks | 0 |
| J. Archard, lbw, b Banks | 0 |
| J. Garraway, b Banks | 14 |
| S. Toogood, b Banks | 0 |
| A. McLean, not out | 6 |
| R. B. Swaffield, b Banks | 2 |
| Extras | 1 |

101

July 10th, v. Calne Town C.C., at Lickhill. Won by 68 runs.

| | |
|-------------------------------|----|
| B. Gough, b Turner | 5 |
| K. Haines, lbw, b Parkhouse | 8 |
| J. Archard, c Horner b Turner | 22 |
| R. Swaffield, b Warner | 12 |
| F. Cleverley, run out | 15 |
| J. Bromham, c Horner b Kinsey | 81 |
| R. Stevens, b Parkhouse | 6 |
| A. Sutton, b Whieldon | 0 |
| J. Wiltshire, b Turner | 0 |
| S. Toogood, b Parkhouse | 26 |
| P. Caaney, not out | 1 |
| Extras | 12 |

188

Calne Town C.C., 120 (B. Gough 4 wickets for 29, A. Sutton 3 for 35, R. Stevens 2 for 23, F. Cleverley 1 for 3.)

July 13th, v. Lacock, at Lacock. Won by 36 runs.

| HARRIS C.C. | |
|----------------------------------|----|
| K. Haines, b Banks | 14 |
| B. Gough, b Banks | 0 |
| J. Archard, b Banks | 9 |
| R. Swaffield, b May | 27 |
| R. Stevens, b May | 8 |
| J. Garraway, b Banks | 1 |
| F. Cleverley, c Stevens, b Banks | 6 |
| A. Sutton, c Banks, b May | 12 |
| P. Carter, c Stevens, b Banks | 20 |
| I. J. Taylor, not out | 7 |
| A. McLean, b Stevens | 0 |
| Extras | 3 |

107

Lacock, 71 (I. J. Taylor 3 wickets for 15, P. Carter 3 for 17, B. Gough 2 for 3, A. Sutton 2 for 12).

July 20th, v. Avon Sports C.C., at Melksham. Drawn game.

Avon Sports, 188 for 5 wickets, declared (R. Stevens 2 for 34, P. Carter 1 for 9, R. Heath 1 for 18, B. Gough 1 for 36).

| HARRIS C.C. | |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| B. Gough, c Gee, b Comley | 9 |
| S. Toogood, b Comley | 7 |
| R. Swaffield, c Longdon, b Peters | 0 |
| R. Stevens, c Dudley, b Mead | 58 |
| P. Carter, c Dudley, b Comley | 8 |
| F. Cleverley, c Dudley, b Haddrell | 5 |
| A. Sutton, b Comley | 15 |
| I. J. Taylor, not out | 8 |
| R. Heath, not out | 1 |
| W. Butler and A. McLean to bat | ... |
| Extras | 9 |

120

July 27th, v. Wills' C.C. (Swindon), at Swindon. Result, a tie.

| HARRIS C.C. | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| R. Swaffield, c and b Eaton | 29 |
| P. Caaney, b Smith | 3 |
| R. Stevens, b Eaton | 0 |
| F. Cleverley, b Salway | 20 |
| J. Garraway, c Grees, b Beasant | 0 |
| P. Carter, c Beasant, b Salway | 2 |
| R. Heath, st Nash, b Eaton | 13 |
| H. J. Cleverley, st Nash, b Salway | 50 |
| I. J. Taylor, b Eaton | 1 |
| W. Butler, b Salway | 2 |
| A. McLean, not out | 4 |
| Extras | 4 |

128

Wills' C.C., 128 (R. Swaffield 3 wickets for 23, P. Carter 3 for 43, R. Stevens 1 for 15, I. J. Taylor 1 for 28).

July 31st, v. Calne Town C.C., at Lickhill. Won by 44 runs.

Calne Town C.C., 123 (R. Stevens 4 for 33, P. Carter 3 for 43, I. J. Taylor 2 for 12).

| HARRIS C.C. | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| R. Swaffield, b Parkhouse | 4 |
| J. Archard, c Horner, b Parkhouse | 12 |
| A. Sutton, b Whieldon | 7 |
| F. Cleverley, c Angell, b Whieldon | 0 |
| A. Bennett, retired | 37 |

| | |
|--------------------------------|----|
| R. Stevens, b Parkhouse | 0 |
| J. Bromham, retired | 45 |
| P. Caaney, st Horner, b Kinsey | 3 |
| J. Garraway, not out | 22 |
| S. Toogood, c Warner, b Kinsey | 0 |
| I. J. Taylor, b Cleverley | 10 |
| Extras | 27 |
| 167 | |

2nd XI.

July 6th, v. Lacock, at Lacock. Lost by 63 runs.

| HARRIS C.C. | |
|---------------------------|----|
| P. Caaney, b Fidler | 6 |
| W. Smith, b Fidler | 0 |
| G. Dean, run out | 0 |
| A. Bennett, b White | 10 |
| J. Wiltshire, run out | 0 |
| E. Witchell, b White | 4 |
| S. Wood, b White | 0 |
| R. Bewley, b Fidler | 0 |
| C. Gunning, not out | 0 |
| D. Culliford, b Fidler | 0 |
| A. Butler, c and b Fidler | 0 |
| Extras | 6 |

26

Lacock, 89 (E. Witchell 5 wickets for 22, J. Wiltshire 3 for 27, S. Wood 1 for 18, G. Dean 1 for 20).

July 20th, v. West Lavington, at Lickhill. Game drawn.

West Lavington, 150 for 7 declared (J. Wiltshire 4 wickets for 43, E. Witchell 3 for 47).

| HARRIS C.C. | |
|--|-----|
| A. Bennett, not out | 41 |
| G. W. Witchell, ht wkt, b Draper | 2 |
| P. Caaney, lbw b Wells | 6 |
| G. Dean, c Witt, b Lye | 0 |
| J. Wiltshire, lbw, b Lye | 0 |
| B. Webb, b Perry | 0 |
| E. Witchell, lbw, b Perry | 11 |
| W. Smith, not out | 8 |
| J. Lewis, D. Culliford, and A. Butler did not bat. | ... |
| Extras | 2 |
| 70 | |

July 27th, v Shaw and Whitley, at Lickhill. Lost by 5 runs.

Shaw and Whitley, 87 (E. Witchell 4 wickets for 28, J. Wiltshire 3 for 16, B. Webb 2 for 12, G. Witchell 1 for 13).

| HARRIS C.C. | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| B. Webb, lbw, b Bollen | 0 |
| G. Witchell, run out | 8 |
| W. Smith, ht wkt, b Abrams | 24 |
| S. Wood, b Chamberlain | 2 |
| J. Lewis, lbw b Chamberlain | 0 |
| G. Dean, c Franklin, b Chamberlain | 5 |
| J. Wiltshire, b Abrams | 15 |
| E. Witchell, b Chamberlain | 17 |
| R. Bewley, b Baker | 6 |
| A. Butler, b Abrams | 0 |
| D. Haddrell, not out | 0 |
| Extras | 5 |
| 82 | |

Friends Elsewhere.



Saturday, July 13th, 1935, was the day arranged for this annual event, and a large number of our employees left Chippenham station at 7.5 a.m. in glorious weather en route for Portsmouth and Southsea.

A reserved compartment made the train journey most pleasant, and after passing through Eastleigh, where we had a fleeting glance at our associated factory, we arrived at Portsmouth at 10.45 a.m.

No definite programme was arranged and the party broke into sections and pursued different ways of whiling away time. We were somewhat fortunate in choosing this particular day, as owing to the Jubilee review on the following Tuesday we found Portsmouth with its tramcars and shops gaily decorated.

The majority of us took advantage of inspecting the Fleet, which was assembled at Spithead. Others made a boat trip to the Isle of Wight, which also afforded them an opportunity of viewing the Navy.

Always on these occasions the time passes too quickly, and we were soon back in Chippenham, having had one of the most enjoyable outings on record.

We thank our Managing Director for his kindness in making this outing possible by allowing us the morning off, and also Mr. W. V. Long for making the necessary arrangements.

G.H. & J.B.

13TH ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW.

It would be interesting to know if the above figures caused the organisers any anxiety as to the ultimate success of this year's event. If so, no doubt in the future they may regard 13 as lucky and not

otherwise, for it was indeed one of the best shows we, at Chippenham, have been privileged to attend. Chippenham was in form and returned home with a good percentage of spoils.

Unfortunately we were unable to accomplish our desire—that of winning the President's cup for the tug-of-war. We were well beaten by a better team in Dunmow.

For the second year we have won the inter-factory relay race, and we hope another year there will be more competitors against us.

In the sports we did remarkably well, as the following summary will show:—

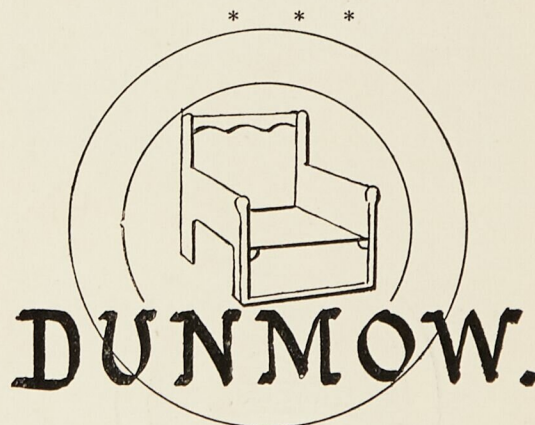
E. Yeates—1st 440 yards race, 1st half-mile race, 1st long jump.

G. Warne—2nd high jump, 1st sack race, 2nd 100 yards race, 2nd long jump, 1st mile cycle race.

We were not so successful in the flower show this season, owing to fewer exhibitors, but those who did show came away with several awards, and our lady members did quite well in their section.

Once again we offer to the organisers our congratulations and thanks in giving us such a splendid afternoon and evening's enjoyment, and we wish them the best of luck in their future efforts.

W.H.W.



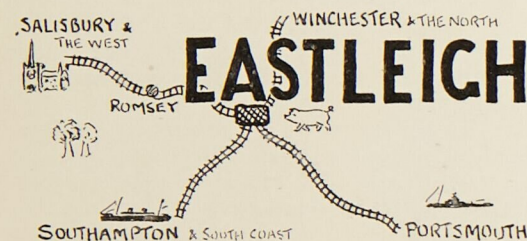
Mr. T. Johnston, who has done two terms as producers' appointed agent at Dunmow, is leaving that post finally on the 10th August, and will be taking up duties with the House of Harris immediately after that date.

We hope that this will be the beginning of a long and happy run for him and for all.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Ribbens, the wife of Mr. C. W. Ribbens, under very painful circumstances.

The sympathy of all at Dunmow goes out to Mr. Ribbens.

Mrs. Ribbens died on 29th July, and was buried on the 1st August, the funeral taking place at Thaxted Church.



On Saturday, July 27th, Mr. Ervine Angell, our popular foreman, was married to Miss Dorothy Hillier, at the Calne Parish Church. Our very best wishes are conveyed to this couple for their future happiness.

At the time of writing we are making plans for the trip to the annual flower show, at Calne, on August 10th. This event is looked forward to with great interest, both by those who were able to visit Calne last year and also the newcomers, who are very anxious to see some of the activities of the parent company. Our tug-of-war team is going into strict training, and great hopes are held for a successful time. At all events we hope to make a good fight, and are looking forward to some strenuous struggles against the other competitors.

EASTLEIGHAN.



The annual flower and vegetable show and sports was held in the factory grounds on Saturday, 27th July, 1935. We were again favoured with wonderful weather, a very real

necessity for an event of this sort. It was with very great regret that those present learned that we were not to have the pleasure of Mr. Bodinnar's company, as last year, but at the same time everyone realised we could not expect a visit at the moment.

The exhibits this year were very good, and were only seven short in number of those last year. Considering the very dry season we have had this is particularly gratifying, so we may hope that in a more favourable season heavier entries may be expected in the vegetable section. The flower section was, of course, the best, and the judge, Mr. Day, of Berrow, to whom our thanks are due, was very pleased with the general standard of the exhibits. Mr. E. Cann was the principal prize-winner.

Mrs. Frampton and Mrs. Wade judged the cake and jam classes, and to these ladies our thanks are also given.

During the afternoon and evening various games and sports were enjoyed, and altogether a very pleasant time was spent by those who attended, the proceedings ending about 7.30 p.m. after Mrs. Kidley had very kindly presented the prizes to the lucky winners.

We cannot let the occasion pass without once more referring to the very great help rendered by Mrs. Walter Young, in the very necessary refreshment department. It is with sincere appreciation that we say, "Thank you." To Mr. H. C. Marsh also, who worked so hard, and to the Committee who supported him, our thanks are due for giving us a very pleasant afternoon and evening.

Since our last issue one of our visitors from Calne, assisting in the work at the factory, sustained a rather nasty accident. We refer to Mr. G. Hall, who was injured in a collision when cycling along the Bristol road, and had to spend several days in hospital. We are very pleased to report, however, that he has now recovered and has returned to duty.

Mr. S. F. Chedzoy also was thrown from his bicycle in collision with a car, but fortunately, though severely shaken, was not seriously injured. His cycle, however, was smashed beyond repair.

We are pleased to welcome Mr. S.

Frost back to work after his long illness, and hope he will continue in good health.

News has just come to hand that Mr. W. Slater, who was progressing so nicely, has had a set-back. Apparently he went to Torquay for a few days change, and whilst there he was subject to a heart attack and had to return to his home. It is with sincere regret we learn this, and we hope he will soon recover and proceed to more normal health.

We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. R. P. Redman during the month.

R.C.L.

Schedule of prize-winners at the Fruit and Vegetable Show:—

Kidney potatoes—1, E. Cann, 2, R. A. Hand; 3, W. J. Young.

Round potatoes—1, E. Cann; 2, E. W. Mason; 3, W. J. Young.

Parsnips—1, T. Burchell; 3, A. Holley.

Short Carrots—2, H. D. Smith; 3, E. W. Mason.

Long carrots—1, R. G. Slocombe; 2, E. W. Mason; 3, T. Burchell.

Eschalots—1, E. Cann; 2, E. J. Llewellyn; 3, A. Holley and W. J. Young, equal.

Spring onions—1, E. W. Mason; 2, E. Cann; 3, W. J. Young.

Green Peas—1, T. Burchell; 2, E. J. Llewellyn; 3, Mrs. A. G. Kidley.

Runner beans—1, E. Cann.

Short Beet—1, R. C. Lynham; 2, R. Gibbs; 3, R. A. Hand and Mrs. Kidley, equal.

Cabbage—1, A. Holley; 2, E. Cann; 3, T. Burchell.

Heaviest potatoes—2, E. Cann; 3, A. Holley.

Lettuce—1, E. Cann; 2, R. J. Slocombe; 3, E. W. Mason.

Red gooseberries—2, E. Cann.

Green gooseberries—1, E. J. Llewellyn; 2, W. J. Young; 3, E. Cann.

Dessert apples—2, W. J. Young; 3, A. Holley.

Cooking apples—2, W. J. Young; 3, A. Holley.

Red currants—2, E. Cann.

Three vases cut flowers—1, R. A. Hand; 2, E. Cann; 3, W. J. Young.

Three vases sweet peas—1, E. W. Mason; 2, E. Cann; 3, R. A. Hand.

Three stocks—1, R. C. Lynham; 2, E. Cann;

Flowering plant—1, E. Cann.

Aspidistra or fern—1, R. A. Hand; 2, E. W. Mason.

Antirrhinums—1, R. C. Lynham; 2, W. J. Young; 3, C. B. Shier.

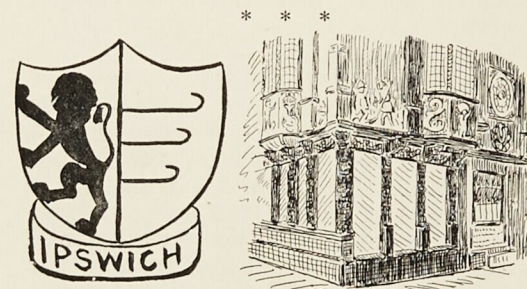
Arranged bowl flowers—1, Mrs. Kidley.

Pot of jam—1, Mrs. Major; 2, Mrs. Lynham; 3, Miss M. Sansom.

Cake—1, Mrs. Holley; 2, Mrs. Hand; 3, Mrs. Bevan.

Cooked potatoes—1, Mrs. Holley.

Miniature garden.—1, Mrs. Kidley.



Great strides have been made in the sports section at Ipswich, and we are very grateful to the Directors for their help, which has enabled us to lease a seven acre field for all kinds of sport.

A cricket pitch was the most urgent matter. Volunteers came forward to prepare this, and we are now playing matches on it at the rate of two per week. Matches were arranged to enable more members of the staff to participate, besides matches with outside teams. On the 4th July we had a game, Past v. Present. All the members of the past team, with one exception, are still at the factory, and an enjoyable game resulted in the "has beens" being beaten by the small margin of two runs. Bert Grimsey was the hero that day, making the useful score of 15 and taking six wickets for 17 runs. On July 10th the Factory beat the Office by 19 runs. Mr. A. Storey was the chief run-getter in this match. On the 20th July the poor old married men played the single men. The former scored 60 all out and the latter 44 for 9 wickets. Messrs. Offord and Bowman saved the married men by knocking up 33 runs between them. In this match we were caught in a violent thunderstorm, and as we had no shelter on the ground, we had a showerbath we did not relish. A break was made for tea, and some thirty of us sat down to a nice cup of tea in Messrs. Reavells' Sports Pavilion near by.

Monday evening, the 22nd July, the ladies were pitted against the Factory team. Sixteen ladies made a score of 24 runs, against a score of 97 by the men. The latter were handicapped by bowling right under-arm, catching, batting, and throwing-in with the left hand. This proved a very enjoyable evening, and there was plenty of fun. The Ladies' team consisted of 5 Factory ladies, 8 Office, and the 3 Shop cashiers. Miss Beazley proved a very efficient wicket-keeper, and Miss Brooks (Factory) and Miss Charlton (Office) were the most effective bowlers.

FOOTBALL.

This is now being freely discussed, and we held a well-attended meeting in the canteen on Tuesday evening, the 22nd July. If the enthusiasm shown at this meeting is maintained throughout the season, then we shall have a successful time. As we have 32 names down to play we are running two teams, one in the local League and one in friendly fixtures. We have also decided to enter for two cups. The secretary, treasurer, and committee have been appointed, and practice matches will be arranged in due course.

TENNIS.

This section has on the whole been blessed with very nice weather, and many a game has been enjoyed on the splendid hard court midst pleasant surroundings.

By next summer we hope to have a Putting Green ready on our sports field.

* * *



The morning of July 27th had arrived. For days we heard vague statements about buckets and spades, &c., but the occasion was too exciting for anyone to get cross. Punctual at seven o'clock had been the order given out the evening before, and many kinds of tortures were to be meted out to

anyone delaying the start. Even these sinister threats were not enough to prevent one member holding us up for five minutes. Billy's helpings at meal-times are renowned for their size on ordinary occasions, and we might have guessed that this day of days would demand a few helpings extra, but time and tide wait for no man, and, hurry though he did through the last helping, Billy was late.

Reaching Oxford, we picked up another of our party, and left the city behind us with many less fortunate than ourselves just hurrying off to work.

By this time the sun was making its warmth felt, and we were blessed with its smiling face for almost the rest of the day.

We passed through Newbury and then on to the pretty little village of Litchfield, with its charming church, the approach of which is through gardens of flowers. Then across the hills to Winchester. Here we had our first halt, and some visited the Lido for their morning's swim.

Leaving Winchester, we were soon approaching Southampton, which was to be our stopping place until lunch time. Arrangements had been made for a visit over the "Majestic" at 10.30, and punctual to time we boarded this magnificent boat. The inspection was made even more interesting by our opportune arrival on the top deck in time to see the tugs turning the German boat, "Europa," and later to see her start on her trip to America.

The tour having been completed by a smell of the wine-room, we wended our way back to a restaurant, where lunch had been prepared for us. Needless to say, we all did full justice to this part of the programme, which ended by Mr. Gale reading a message from Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, who had sent his best wishes to the party for a very successful and enjoyable day. The party then split up, ten o'clock being voted the best time to re-assemble for the homeward journey. Most of the party went over to Cowes, and the trip down the Solent was greatly enjoyed. The wind was blowing strong enough to upset two sailing boats, and with the surface rather choppy, well, the sight of Cowes' landing stage was a welcome sight for one or two.

The rest made the direct trip to Ryde, where one was seen to challenge a lone player on the bowling green there to a game, only to discover that he was challenging an

ex-champion of England. The Minister of Transport might have had something to say had he seen the speed of our friend making his get away.

A word of praise is warranted, I think, for we can report that punctual to the agreed time we commenced our homeward journey, Kidlington being reached soon after midnight after a very enjoyable day.

Saturday, July 27th, being the occasion of our first outing at Kidlington, we thought it would be fitting to present to Mr. and Mrs. Gale something which would be useful and a reminder of our appreciation of Mr. Gale's helpful advice and understanding in our work and recreation. It was in the form of a lemonade service, with tray to match, coloured with black and orange, the latter being Mrs. Gale's favourite colour.

We also wish to take the opportunity of wishing them both a care-free and ideal holiday, although only memories will remain when this is published.

FROM ALL THE STAFF AT KIDLINGTON.

* * *



I have been reading with very great interest the articles appearing under the heading of "Health Hints," and have been trying to find just one article of food that would make the perfect meal. I am afraid I must confess that I was unsuccessful, but the nearest I got was one of our veal, ham, and egg pies. For in these we have proteins, calories, carbohydrates, and calcium, although I am inclined to think the advertising of such would not be beneficial to our sales.

While it is true that the body requires all these things, I doubt if any of us give it a thought whether we are favouring the calories or the proteins. There is something, call it instinct if you like, that suggests to us what we ought to eat. I am told, for instance, that I ought to eat cabbage and greens, but I don't like it, and if I don't like it it cannot

do me any good. I am told that nuts are bad to eat, but I can almost make a meal off them. I may want more carbohydrates and less calories, I don't know, but I do think that in the matter of diet the suggestion comes to one what you should eat and what you should leave alone.

We all want health, and without any doubt it is the most valuable possession we have, but even with a perfect diet it is impossible to be in perfect health unless we are happy in our surroundings and are able to face the world with a cheerful and easy mind. Just picture the man who is unhappy at his job, his outlook doubtful, his life must become one continual worry. Such a person cannot reflect health, even on the most perfect diet. Now, just watch the man who is happy at his job, his work made congenial for him, a sense of certainty behind it, his sports and pastimes supported by his firm, the Harris Welfare Association and the Calne Flower Show, surely it is here you may expect to find health. Some time ago a photograph of six employees of Harris appeared in our Magazine with the total of 361 years service. I am beginning to see the reason why. G.C.

BOWLS v. TIDDLEYWINKS.

I note H.G. does not agree with me over the game of bowls, and I cannot think he is putting forward his suggestion seriously, that Tiddleywinks is an alternative. I understand that R.E.H. is writing on this matter on another page. May I suggest to H.G. that I consider a far more healthier pastime than his Tiddleywinks is catching tiddlers. But, and in these affairs there always is a but, even tiddlers remind one that there exists two opinions about what Isaac Walton called "the gentle art of angling." There is the opinion of those who have really made themselves acquainted with angling and the opinion of those who, without sufficient knowledge, speak of the sport as "a worm at one end and a fool at the other." Generally speaking it all amounts to this, that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

G.C.

THE COCKNEYS GO RIDING.

The conductor on the tramcar scowled at us. "Come along 'ere, come along, we ain't got all day der do it in!" Evidently, we thought, somebody had upset him.

Along he came. "Fares, please." We

tendered the necessary. "Where yer wanna go to? The Dogs?"

"No thank you," we murmured. "We havn't the slightest inclination at the moment."

"Oh" he said, "I fought yer was going ter the races." He finished his round of the tram.

Now a real conductor must talk to somebody and our man was no exception. Back he came.

"I see they've stopped the boxing up at the 'Ring' on Sunday mornings," he said. "I dummo what fings are coming to. Yer musn't buy sweepstake tickets. Yer can't go up to the 'Ring'. Yer not allowed to go to the Dogs on Sundays. Blimey, what a pickle! Its these ere Parleyment blokes wot's doing it, yer know. Naow, I ask yer, what are yer tor do?"

"Go for a walk," ventured one gently.

Involuntarily we huddled together and awaited the worst. His eyes glared and lips twitched, but no words were uttered. After a moment speech came.

"Naow look at the wireless naow. I goes home tea time for me hour orf. As soon as I switches on there was a bloke talking abart Tinnis. (I fink thats wot its called).

All you could ear' was 'Fore 'and—back 'and, back 'and—fore 'and'."

"Gammon and Hock," interposed one softly.

"Eh?" he said suspiciously, then went on.

"Naow who wants to know abart Austin's six loves, or anybody else's? Comes ter that, I've only got one love; my old woman sees ter that."

This was really very amusing and we were sorry the end of our journey was in sight. But he wasn't finished.

"What upsets me," he said, "they got the cheek to charge yer 10/- a year for listening ter it. Why I reckon they orter pay yer for it!"

We alighted. "Never mind, old man, there's worse things happen at sea, and after all it really is the grouse season."

"Growse season!" he shouted. "Blimey! Are we going to have that on the wireless?"

We don't think he quite grasped what we meant, and perhaps it's just as well he didn't. He might have given us a "mouthful."

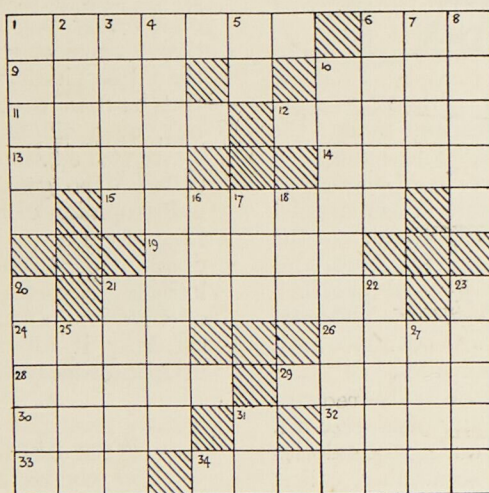
Cheerio!

THE C.C.'s.

CLUES ACROSS.

- 1.—Harris' make them.
- 6.—Corpus Christi College.
- 9.—Norwegian capital.
- 10.—Used for carrying.
- 11.—Old French coin.
- 12.—Intellect.
- 13.—Den.
- 14.—Girl's name (cur-tailed).
- 15.—God of the sea.
- 19.—Pins down.
- 21.—Endeavour.
- 24.—Against.
- 26.—Metal.
- 28.—Hinder.
- 29.—Skeleton.
- 30.—Scottish Highlander.
- 32.—A member of the Cabinet.
- 33.—Before.
- 34.—Gift.

OUR CROSSWORD (No. 6.)

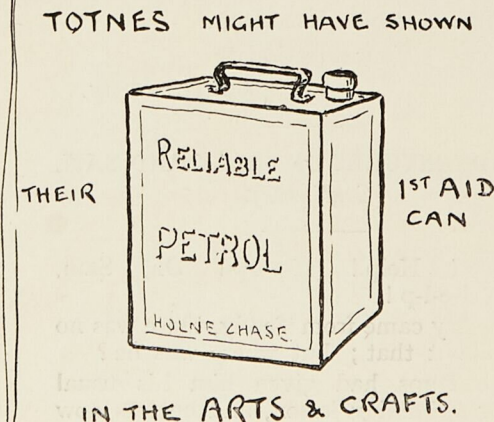
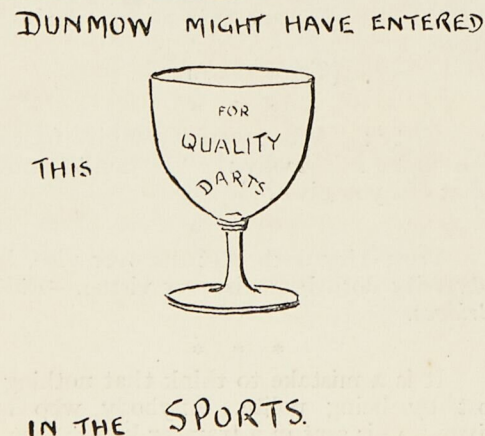
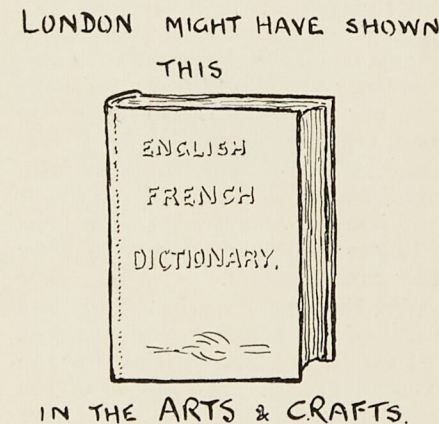
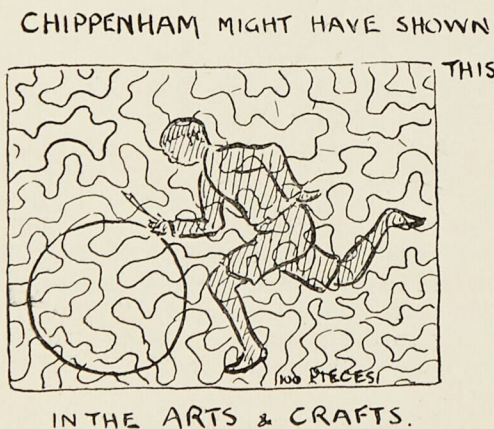
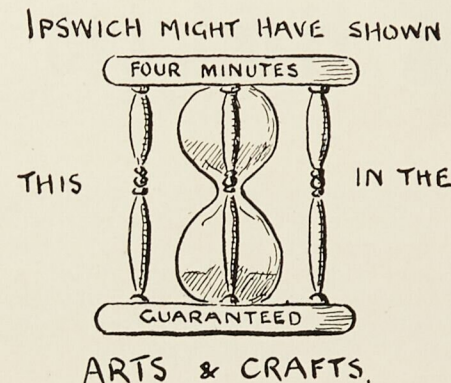
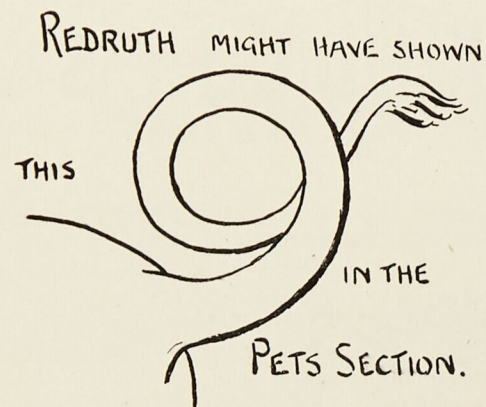


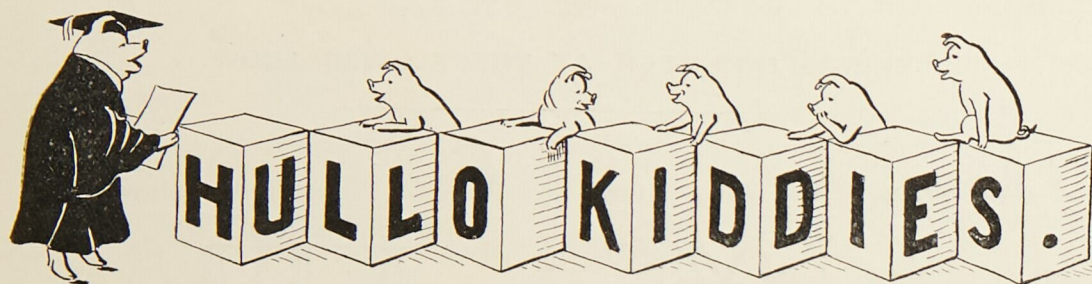
The solution will appear next month.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1.—Parrots are often called this.
- 2.—Continent.
- 3.—Killed.
- 4.—Heavy downpour.
- 5.—Prefix signifying late.
- 6.—Large bird.
- 7.—Abel's brother.
- 8.—Austere.
- 10.—Comes to light.
- 16.—Strike gently.
- 17.—Unite.
- 18.—Australian airman.
- 20.—Beg.
- 21.—Well-known M.P.
- 22.—Commerce.
- 23.—Concerning.
- 25.—Close.
- 27.—Sign.
- 31.—Instead of.

THINGS NOT SEEN AT THE FLOWER SHOW.





Holidays will be almost at an end when you read this, and I expect most of you will be quite ready to get back to school. Much as we enjoy holidays I don't think any of us would like it *always* to be playtime, although a little play, and what grown-up's call "relaxation," are very necessary for us all to make us better fit for the tasks that fall to each one of us. I hope you have all had a very jolly time and that you have managed to get some stillness and quiet strength as well as a good time. We all want to be our best selves, don't we? And if we can make the most of our playtimes it will help us to do our work cheerfully and well.

And now here's to a happy and successful "new term," and when things seem difficult and trying, just try to think of some particularly bright spot during your holiday time and let that help you.

The Wild Flower Competition will close with the end of the holidays, which means that there should be no more entries after the issue of this Magazine. The names of the prize-winner will be published in next month's edition.

With all good wishes from
Your affectionate

AUNTIE SUSIE.

THE ADVENTURES OF SALLY AND SAM. (Continued).

Help! Help! H-e-l-p! Oh, Sam, Sally. H-e-l-p!

The cry came from Teddy, there was no doubt about that; but where was he?

The Imps had given him his usual morning swimming lesson, and he was now able to swim about ten strokes on his own,

but he had never attempted it unless Sam or Sally was somewhere near.

That morning the Imps had badly wanted to try to swim to the next Cove, and Teddy said he would just play about until they returned, but the water looked so tempting and he was so thrilled that he could swim that it was so terribly hard to keep on the shore. Then he had an idea. "Supposing I could swim round the buoy like Sam and Sally do," he thought, "wouldn't it be a surprise for them? I'll try, and if I can't manage it I can lie on my back and float for a bit and rest."

In a moment he was off, and what a big man he felt! "I can do it easily," he said to himself, "and to-morrow I can go with Sam and Sally instead of paddling about while they swim round the buoy."

He was making a splendid attempt, and didn't feel at all nervous. "Why, I'm nearly to the buoy," he thought, "only a few more strokes and I shall be on my way back."

But oh, dear, what was that? Teddy's leg became stiff, and a sharp pain shot through it; so sharp that he was unable to move.

(To be continued).

* * *

Kitty: "What would you give for hair like mine?" Dolly: "I don't know; what did you give?"

* * *

Prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—Robert Bridges.

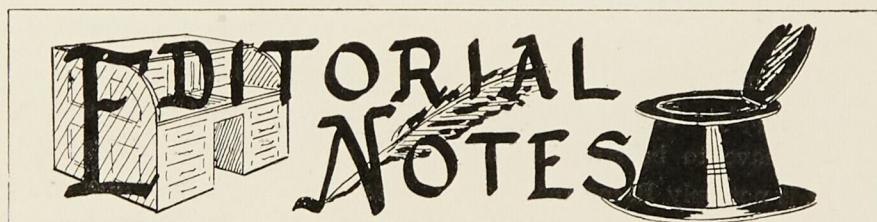
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It is a mistake to think that nothing is lost by being polite. Anybody who has given up his seat in a tramcar knows that.



HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 9. ——— OCTOBER, 1935. ——— No. 10.



WE hope that the Library Section of the Harris Welfare Association will soon announce their programme of talks and lectures for the coming season.

The success of a movement of this kind is not to be measured by the extent of numerical support, but by its proved usefulness to those attending, however small in numbers they may be. Last season's effort was a happy augury for a development of the Welfare Association's work in this direction.

At a time such as we are passing through it would be really helpful, and illuminating, to probe the immediate past and try to ascertain the various sources of the troubles, problems, and also the healthy influences which surround us to-day. For this purpose a series of talks by actual eye-witnesses of the periods covered should be more than useful and illuminating. For this purpose we suggest six surveys, each covering a decade, commencing with the period 1876 to 1885, which Mr. Joseph Carpenter

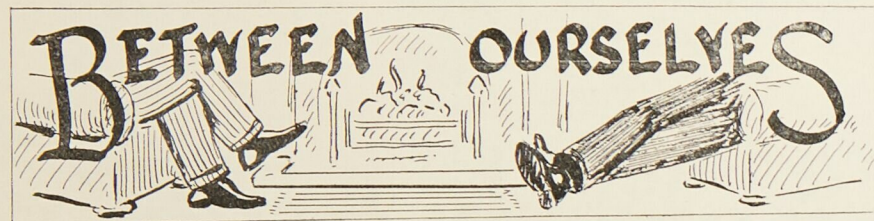
would be willing to take, provided such a programme can be arranged.

Each talk would take the form of personal reminiscences and re-actions to events which happened during the period under review, and the questions and discussions following should be lively and stimulating.

Several of the talks could be given by some of our own people, but this fact need not preclude the use of outside help when necessary.

If such a course can be arranged there will be at least a score of folk who will look forward to a very pleasant and happy evening in the Hall once each fortnight. There is no reason why several courses should not be arranged, dealing with science, technical problems connected with our work, domestic science, and many other subjects.

Last season's work was a successful experiment, and it would be a thousand pities not to exploit its satisfactory results.



HOLIDAYS are over. We have returned, as I hope, with zest to our job of work. This, in rapidly changing conditions, requires more concentration and foresight than ever before.

The Bacon Development Board is now actually in being and has held several meetings. I mention this now to link up with what I said in my last article. Pigs are in much larger supply. The basis of our distribution will have to be strained and enlarged, but it is not only Bacon that has to be sold. Our huge facilities for Small Goods demand equal effort.

The world has been thinking of war again and all eyes have been turned to Geneva. The burden upon those who lead us and who are responsible for our foreign policy is a very heavy one.

The world by covenants and instinct has shown its desire for peace. The days when conquests could be carried out for the mere sake of the addition of territory to an Empire have gone. So far the issues of peace and war between Italy and Abyssinia have not been settled and all the peoples of the world are anxious that a settlement shall be made by peaceful persuasion instead of recourse to the sword.

It seems incredible that, while the

world's wounds from the last war are still unhealed, any sensible nation could again lightly face the sacrifice of life and treasure.

But meanwhile England seems to have kept her hands free from issues that may involve us in a conflict and no real war scare has arisen in this country.

The possibility, however, of war after a League of Nations, set up to ensure peace, has been in operation for so long, and after the signing of the Kellogg Pact outlawing war was solemnly witnessed by all the nations, and that once again the bestial elements of blood and bomb and poison gas should be lightly sought is a sad prospect indeed.

We pray that even if there may be war in Africa it will not spread to Europe or affect our great Empire in which, so far, black and white have lived together in peace and are gradually reaching the ideals which are suitable for both.

The Bowling Match.

CALNE V LONDON.

This annual event (Calne v. London) was played off on the Calne green on Saturday, August 10th, and was part of the extensive programme of sports and pastimes which fill in the "doings" at the Carnival and Flower Show.

Calne was represented by Messrs. Ducksbury, Gough, Boase, and Haines (skip.)

London by Messrs. Harris (Watford), Robinson (North Middlesex), Hillier (Boston Manor), and Coles (Hornsey), skip.

The result of the match was:—Calne, 30; London, 9.

In cold print this looks a walk-over for Calne.

Coming events are said to cast shadows before and during the afternoon a match was being played off, Calne v. Chippenham. Calne won very easily.

From time to time the London players were keeping an eye on this match, and when I went to see how it was going I was told that Calne had just scored 7 at an end on the green on which London was to play. I did not know that this 7 was one of the shadows telling of the wrath to come.

Our match opened quietly, the first three ends giving Calne 2 points and London 1. Then suddenly, like a thunderstorm in a heat wave, came a deluge of points for Calne, 4, 6, 4, and we proceeded to the seventh end with the score at Calne 16, London 1. But the following 13 ends were level, Calne scoring at 7 and London at 6 of them. The final 2 ends should have gone to London, but Dame Fortune, ever a fickle jade, frowned on London and smiled on the side of the majority holders.

The very last shot was typical of these two ends. Calne laid one in with a wood on the jack with a London wood adjacent. Our skip took the last shot of the match. He did what the occasion required and just slipped in. As he came up to the jack head, amid the congratulations of the players, his wood lurched back off a bump and left the Calne wood in. That rather put the cap on it, and on that the curtain was rung down.

The game went as last year. One of

our players had been saying that our only chance of making a show was to get together as a team. But circumstances will not permit. We could only do that on Saturdays when our clubs are engaged and greens not available. Neither in my opinion would one or two trials played off on London Cumberland greens have prepared us for changed conditions. Chippenham played as club members and failed, just as we did.

The handicap is over heavy. On the one side we have the home four playing together on a local green, and on the other we have four men, in no sense a team, playing in conditions entirely different to those prevailing on their London greens. The Calne green, as a plain green, is all right, but compared to the Cumberland greens it is sluggish. Bowling demands rhythm, and a nice adjustment of strength and length. London does not find this until too late. One thing is certain, that given conditions it will, over a game of 21 ends, inevitably produce a period of big scores to the side familiar with the conditions. London, playing as individuals, never got an end score of more than 2. Calne, as a team, were playing solid, and in consequence got in the 4, 6, 4 in a lump, and two 3's.

This year we introduced Mr. Hillier into our side. I had not seen him play and was specially interested as to what he would do. Well, for the first six ends he was short, but then, finding a length, began to develop a knock-out game, which would have been devastating on his home green.

It would seem that London is bound to lose these games, unless something can be done to level the chances up. Not that the result really matters a scrap, and, speaking for the London men, I can say most confidently that all look forward very keenly to this match. We always enjoy it tremendously, and I think the same can be said for Calne. Then again, we have the true spirit of the Cockneys and will come up again smiling until, as they say, "the cows come home"—though I don't know what that saying implies. Perhaps our special correspondent, "Cowcross Street Cockneys," can tell us.

We shall hope to do a lot better next year, but we shall not play in better weather or have a more chummy game than this year's was.

R.E.H.

*Our Composite Serial.***"Up the Garden Path."***(5th Instalment, by D.M.)*

"How about having a look for that organ-grinder?" suggested Anderson.

"Well," said Stanton, "I'll stay on here and see what I can find; you can go out and enquire. There must be a register of organ-grinders somewhere. Still, I can trust you to find something."

"Right," said Anderson, and after carefully adjusting his hat, he went out.

Stanton, left alone, locked the door of the study. He did not want to be disturbed, and began his explorations. The walls were the most likely places to be examined. They were of exquisite oak panels, each about a foot square, and each exactly alike. He began carefully to tap them. Some were hollow behind, but most were solid enough. Knowing that panels were often placed over slight depressions in the wall so that damp might not harm them, he was not surprised. On one panel, however, he was surprised to see a small horizontal scratch; this was certainly luck. It was obvious to him that he had almost solved his problem.

He concentrated on this scratched panel, and in a few minutes, to his delight, it opened, revealing a dark aperture. He had no torch, but he thought he might discern something if he looked closely, so, fetching a stool, he climbed on to it, and, on tiptoe, thrust his head into the hole. Instantly there was a sharp click, and his head and face were gripped as in a vice.

He could not but admire the trap in which he was caught. It consisted of a kind of steel mask, which effectively prevented him from making any sound, and a shaped piece at the back which pressed tightly on his head. For an instant he did not realise the full seriousness of his predicament. Then he noticed that his breathing was very difficult. How long would he be able to stand there on tip-toe? How long before he must lower himself and tighten the pressure of that mask on his mouth and nose. He could not help smiling inwardly at the simple way he had fallen into it all. Then again a stab of panic shot through him. His legs were already aching; he could hold out a few minutes longer, and then—he shuddered and moved slightly, an intolerable ache in all his body.

* * *

Anderson, strolling along in the sunlight, hardly knew where to begin. Then he remembered an old lady who lived a little further away, and who had been bed-ridden for many years. She lay near her window and little happened in the street that she did not see. He had occasionally sent her flowers, so that he knew she would be only too pleased to tell him anything she knew.

He went whistling up the stairs and greeted the invalid in his usual cheerful way. For a while they talked of all kinds of things, then he led the conversation on to what he wanted.

Oh, yes, she remembered the organ-grinder. He was not a real one, he was a horrid Chinaman, and the monkey, well, the monkey acted in a most suspicious way. It climbed all over the houses, and actually came and looked in her own window and grinned at her. She wouldn't trust a Chinaman, anyway, but one with a nasty little monkey like that—well, you really weren't safe anywhere these days, were you?

Anderson thanked her, and politely took his leave. He walked on, called at a florists, and ordered some roses for the old invalid. He then took a taxi to Scotland Yard. The officer in the waiting-room was very obliging. Yes, they issued all licences to street musicians, and he would see if one had been issued very recently. He came back smiling to say that they had issued one several months ago to one, Fung Si, of 372, Rochester Street, Dalston, E.7.

Anderson thanked him and made his way into Dalston, E.7. He soon found Rochester Street, but the last number was 235, and there were no more Rochester Streets.

He returned to the main street in a thoughtful frame of mind, and presently boarded a bus.

* * *

Stanton was sinking fast when a bright light shone upon him, and the awful pressure suddenly lifted. He was dragged, half dazed, through the aperture, and carried a short distance and placed carefully in a chair. He looked around him—the room was bare. Cobwebs festooned the walls, and the window was dirty. The only other occupant of the room was a tall old Mandarin, who was regarding him almost benevolently.

"So you," he said, "are the man who would have stolen our ruby?"

Stanton gaped at him, his head aching and ringing.

"For stealing the eye of the Idol of the Gate of Heaven there is one penalty, and one only. To-morrow, when the sun rises, you will be killed by fire. May the Idol have pity on you in your sufferings, for they will be many and varied."

He smiled kindly at Stanton and withdrew.

Two little men ran in and tied him carefully to the chair. They, too, went away and he was alone.

* * *

Anderson let himself in and made for the study. The door was locked, but he knocked and waited. No sound came from within. He called "Stanton!" no answer came. He knocked again and again, and suddenly went cold. What on earth had happened?

(The final instalment by J.S., who wrote the 1st Chapter, will appear in our November issue).

* * *

HOWLERS BY PANEL PATIENTS.**QUEER PROBLEMS FOR DOCTORS**

Schoolboys are not the only people responsible for howlers.

Here are a few from grown-up panel patients, collected by a doctor and quoted in the Modern Languages Association Journal.

"I want the congratulate money for the death of my husband."

"Will you tell me how I can become engaged to a doctor?"

"This is my eighth child—what are you going to do about it?"

"Will you kindly make inquiries about my money which is due, as I was sick on Lloyd George for ten or eleven days through no fault of my own?"

EYE OUT OF ACTION

"I am writing on behalf of Miss ——. One eye is lost and the other is unable to be employed."

"I am forwarding my two children, one of which is a mistake, as you will see."

"While in the Solent my husband found a submarine torpedo, since when he has never been the same."

"You have changed my little girl into a little boy; will it make any difference?"

**OCTOBER NOTES.**

FLOWER GARDEN.—Spring flowering bulbs can be planted this month, including Daffodils, Hyacinths, Crocuses, Snowdrops, Lilies, Grape-Hyacinths. Bush Roses, if planted in deeply-dug and well-manured soil will give better results than those planted in the spring. Biennials, such as Wallflowers and Forget-me-nots, should be planted out in their permanent positions, if possible. Sow Sweet Peas for early flowering. Dig and manure ground intended for Sweet Peas and don't forget to leave the ground rough, so that the weather can get into the soil. Cuttings of Penstemons, Calceolarias, Periwinkles, Phloxes, and Salvias can now be struck. New turf can now be laid. Finish mowing for the season and top-dress lawns with fine soil and decayed manure.

VEGETABLE GARDEN.—Earth up Celery and Leeks. Lift and store all roots except Parsnips and Jerusalem Artichokes. Beet should have the leaves twisted *not* cut off. Store Carrots in sand. Top-dress Asparagus beds with 6ins. of well-rotted manure. Plant out Cabbage seedlings, drawing a little soil round the stems to protect them.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Gooseberry and Currant cuttings can be planted at any time now in sheltered positions. Apricots, Cherries, Currants, and Gooseberries should be pruned this month. Loganberry stems which have borne fruit should be cut to ground level. Strawberry runners should be removed from the plants.

GARDENER.

* * *

OVERHEARD IN THE KITCHEN DEPARTMENT.

Young Boy: Who's the visitor?

Young Lady: Oh, he's a poet. You know, one of those fellows that go round with a blackboard and easel.

A Trip to Egypt.

THE CHANGING OF THE SHEIKHS

This is an important annual affair, and takes place in the summer. Wherever you find a Mosque so also is there a Sheikh, whose duties are too numerous to mention in detail. But sufficient to say, he spends his time worshipping and living in the mosque; teaching the people of his parish and calling them to prayer are among his duties. The changing of one I am directly concerned with, and this any visitor to Egypt can witness.

About a week previous to the ceremony taking place the "Sacred Wood" is placed near, but outside the mosque (during the year this is kept inside). It is a pole 20 to 30 feet in height and coloured green; the base is made sufficiently wide so that it stands. At night it is suitably "lit up" and men dance round it playing their "tom-toms," finishing up by praying around the base. It is believed that whosoever kisses the "Sacred Wood" and wishes something will have it come true.

The ceremony of erecting this pole is accompanied by the singing of hymns. I can't tell you the words just now, but will sing them to you over the ether one of these days!!

People come from afar to be at this ceremony, and it is a day of rejoicing and feast-making in the streets. The procession commences in the early evening and is headed by a party carrying sacred flags. Next comes a band of mixed instruments and noises. The old and new sheikhs are praying as they walk along in the rear, but are preceded by old men banging on their huge "tom-toms," and a number of men who are supposed to be possessed of the devil accompany them, uttering peculiar nasal and guttural noises to such an extent that they foam at the mouth. This is punishment to them, and the making of these noises makes the devil fed-up with them and so leaves them when they have received the blessing from their prophet, Mohammed. I can't really say enough as to what extent these people suffer in being freed from this curse. Another body of men, more cheerful than these poor creatures, proceed singing and dancing with their big sticks that each one carries.

The noise that the whole crowd makes

is terrific and most deadening to the casual observer, such as I was. This procession goes around the district served by this one Sheikh, and when it becomes dark, which is about 6 p.m., the new Sheikh takes over the mosque from the retiring one. Baptisms are then carried out and dancing and merry-making continued by the aid of wax torches and lamps, the whole area being thus lit up by green, white, and red lamps. An affair like this is most interesting and one never to be forgotten, although one could forget it very quickly if one didn't keep out of the way when such an affair was in progress. They all get so very excited, and the European is not made too much fuss of in their degree of hospitality.

With this article I close down for the summer vacation. Saeedah.

LESSA.

* * *

Swansea Calling!

The outstanding events of the past month have been the local Carnival, in aid of the Swansea Eye and General Hospital, and the National Eisteddfod. Both are annual events of the first importance in the life of the community, and also of the nation. By a coincidence both of these events are held simultaneously during the week following the August Bank-holiday.

The great day of the Carnival is on Saturday. There was, this year, a most pleasing display during the mile-long procession, witnessed, it is estimated, by 100,000 people.

The ultimate goal of this vast throng was Singleton Park, where innumerable amusements were in progress and the judging for the best turnout and displays took place. The climax came with a grand display of fireworks, at 9.30, which, in itself, was well worth the price of admission to the field.

Passing the river at Ystradglynlais a fortnight ago, it looked as if a big load of coal had capsized, but on making enquiries I was informed that the crowd of men were actually cutting coal from the river bed, the river having dried so as to show the seam of coal protruding. This was confirmed a day or two later by a photograph in a London daily.

Flower Show Sports.

It is the easiest thing in the world to criticise, and I should like to say at the beginning of this note that criticism is the last thing I wish to offer.

An enjoyable afternoon's sport was seen at the Flower Show, but how few were the entries! When one considers the numbers employed at Calne and the Associated Factories, it must be disheartening to those responsible to see the small number of competitors.

I feel sure that those who did enter would rather have run with more competitors than with just the few. It is remarkable, perhaps, but track men get a real joy in a keenly-contested race, and the smaller the distance between them at the finish the greater their joy. Prizes and rewards, however necessary, are secondary to the keenness of the race.

When J. Lovelock won that wonderful mile in America recently, the losers were first to enthusiastically congratulate their conqueror, and Gunther (America's great runner) was heard to remark that "Jack was the greatest miler and could beat him (Gunther) four times out of five." Yet, with this knowledge, Gunther will still strive and, incidentally, enjoy further contests with this wonderful New Zealander.

May I put it to all those who can, and are not afflicted with Anno Domini, to make up their minds to enter next year. They will enjoy themselves immensely and give a deal of pleasure to those looking on.

Incidentally, to those looking on I would say, please do not let these events be run in silence. A cheer and words of encouragement are wonderful stimulants to the contestants.

I would now suggest to those responsible for the events to bear in mind that these sports play a great part in our Flower Show event. No effort should be spared to obtain a large number of entries and to this end I would suggest that the publication of the events is not enough. We should get right down amongst the likely people and use our powers of persuasion to get them to come along.

Here is my suggestion. Calne Factory is divided into groups, and there is also the Associated Factories. One or even two enthusiastic people should be asked to

undertake the canvass and persuasion of their particular group.

Each group should be easily identifiable, either by the colour of their number or being given an initial to their numbers. Pinned on the front could be the number and the letter or group number on the back.

Each successful competitor should score points for their groups, and on the field should be a board showing, after each event, the growing total of points.

Perhaps a shield or some annual trophy may be awarded, but this is not so important.

The principal thing is to encourage the competitive spirit between the groups and to have *enthusiastic canvassers in each group*, to swell the numbers.

May I, in conclusion, hope that next year we shall see greater enthusiasm and larger numbers. Q.

* * *

HOLIDAY ADDRESSES.

Many of our readers have spent their holidays at the seaside. If the addresses where they stayed were comfortable we should be glad to have same, so that our register may be brought up-to-date. Now is the time to send the address whilst it is fresh in your mind.

Your address will benefit someone else next year, and someone else's will benefit you, so do not fail.



"Mac" takes a busman's holiday.

A HOLIDAY A-WHEEL.

DIARY OF A TANDEM TOUR.

(Continued)

THURSDAY.

Thursday morning came with a slight mist which promised another hot day, so after an early breakfast we lost no time in going back to Camborne via Redruth.

Arriving at the mine, I enquired for the Mine Captain, and was taken to his office.

He immediately gave his consent, and after signing a paper stating that we were going down on our own accord and did not hold the company responsible for any accidents, a woman came in and took charge of Partner.

Dick and I were marched off later and were taken into a dressing-room. Here we were told to strip and put on flannel vests, pants, socks, rubber Wellingtons, a cloth skull cap, and what appeared to be a tin helmet like soldiers wear.

Into the cage we stepped, one hand gripping a rail and in the other our lamps, which were, by the way, naked acetelyne lights.

The gates were shut and then we started to move, very slowly at first, and then the bottom of the cage seemed to drop away from us.



We were now rushing down through darkness; only the swish of the air as the cage forced it out of the way gave us any idea of the rate we were travelling.

After what seemed a long time we flashed by a row of lights—1,200ft. level, then followed quickly the 1,300, 1,400, 1,500, and then the cage started to slow up, slowly at first, and then more quickly, finally coming to a rest. We were now 1,600ft. below the surface.

Here was a large cavern, with electric lights, and all round were black holes indicating tunnels or, as they call them down there, *roads*.

We went along one of the tunnels for about 50 yards and got into another cage and descended another 100ft.

This was a comparatively new part, and as the forced air service was more or less temporary the heat was almost unbearable, our clothes were steaming on us, and we were wading through several inches of hot, brown water, which was coming from the walls in gushes and dropping from the roof like rain.

Now we could hear rock drills in the distance and, after walking for about five minutes, we came to the end of the tunnel.

The men here were stripped to the waist, with their lamps fixed in their helmets, and although it was interesting I was not sorry to turn back, because the air-pipe finished about ten yards behind us, and the heat here was worse than anywhere.

Going back the way we came, we ascended again to the 1,600 level and went up one of the other tunnels.

By now we had seen all there was to be seen below surface and so we turned back and began our three-quarter mile walk, back stooping now and again, falling over the rails, and getting wetter and wetter, but enjoying ourselves immensely.

We had to wait a few minutes for the cage and then in we got and shot skywards.

Now came a pleasant surprise—there was a hot shower bath waiting and a cup of cocoa for each of us, and even our shoes had been cleaned. Just an old Cornish custom.

When we had changed we took leave of the Captain, who had some work to do, and at his suggestion we walked into the Engine Room. Here the Chief Engineer showed us round, explaining the air compressors and letting us watch the engine which operated the cages, the man just sitting on a stool

with his eyes glued on two dials with a hand rotating as the cages go up and down.

After dinner we proceeded to St. Austell, a quaint old place of very narrow, crooked streets, famous for its china clay works. Then St. Blazey, situated on an inlet of Par harbour, and so to Fowey. We had tea at Fowey, which is one of those harbours where the sea comes in and forks out between the hills with thick woods growing right down to the water's edge.

Taking the ferry here, we crossed to Polruan, and then did a spot of mountaineering in order to get out of it.

Following the coast by a very narrow and twisty lane, getting lovely scenery all the way, we shot like a bolt from the blue down into Polperro. I could write for hours about this place. Men were sat about in groups, some chattering, others mending



their nets and lobster pots, and others just sitting. We couldn't stop long here as it was getting late and so, after taking snaps and buying souvenirs, we climbed out and proceeded along the top of the cliffs to Looe. Here we had another two miles to go down, winding through woods and crossing the harbour, this time by a bridge.

As it was by now the time we usually finished for the day, we couldn't stop here, so once we had got up to the top we headed for Tor Point, riding—like "Jehu, the son of Nimshi"—furiously.

We managed to catch the 9.45 p.m. ferry across to Plymouth, having come down from the heights in one long, mad rush through some more woods, and we were very thankful to see the lights of Plymouth across the water.

So finished Thursday. The best part

of the holiday over and the best scenery behind, having done 72 miles that day—63 of them since dinner and over hard country. We were not long in dropping off to sleep.

FRIDAY.

After breakfast we spent a short while on the Hoe before leaving Plymouth.

We were now in Devon again, and the surrounding country was fairly flat compared with what we had negotiated the previous few days.

The only thing worth mentioning about the ride from Plymouth to Totnes was what appeared to be hundred of tents in the distance, but what turned out to be pyramids of china clay that was being excavated.

As we were going down the hill in Totnes I recognised the picture heading the Totnes news in these pages and pointed it out to Partner, who up till then hadn't noticed it.

We called round at the Factory and had a few words with one of our "dear departed," and also discovered there was another keen tandemist looking forward to her holiday during the following week.

At Totnes we had intended to board the river steamer and go down the river to Dartmouth, but we had missed it owing to the tide being out.

So on we went to Paignton and then wandered along the Pier, but workmen had taken possession of it, so picking our way over planks and dismantled slot machines, we came out and departed for Torquay.

This had been our shortest day, only 35 miles, and so we didn't mind stopping up swapping experiences with another fellow cyclist who was also boarding at the same place.

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY.

Leaving Torquay, we followed the coast via a hilly road to Teignmouth, passing over the Toll Bridge, and then on to Dawlish. We stopped at neither of these places owing to the rain, but followed the river Exe along to Exeter.

By the time we had arrived in Exeter the rain had stopped, and as we were well ahead of schedule, owing to not stopping anywhere, we decided to push on to High-bridge.

There was a strong headwind against us now, but soon Cullompton dropped behind and then Tiverton Junction, which we just

skirted, and so to Wellington, Taunton, and Bridgwater.

Another seven miles brought us to Highbridge, and so finished Saturday. Not very eventful, but adding another 75 miles to the total.

We didn't start away until after dinner on the Sunday morning, having done this particular ride several times before, and knowing just how long it would take us. Instead of coming home via Cheddar we decided to come Bristol way as there was still a strong wind blowing, but after we had crossed the flats and passed Axbridge, the hills sheltered us and we were able to keep up a good pace.

It was a grand day, and we saw more traffic that Sunday between Highbridge and Bristol than we had seen all the week, as most of our travelling had been done on country lanes, free from traffic and petrol fumes.

After four hours we arrived home, 53 miles, making the total mileage for the week 565.

Of that 565 miles 450 of them were over strange ground and amongst strange people, and that is the essence of a good holiday. To be quite candid, the going was hard in places, but as I have said before it was worth it, and worth a second visit.

At a rough calculation we walked about 75 miles all told, but that is where the novelty of a holiday of this sort comes in. We had cycling, hiking, mountaineering, mining, and boating, and that should satisfy anyone.

I am looking forward to next year's holiday, when we will again go exploring England at its best—in May time.

* * *

OBITUARY.

We regret the death of Mr. A. E. Hillier who for many years was in charge of No. 2 Despatch. Another two years employment would have seen him the possessor of a Gold Medal for long and loyal service.

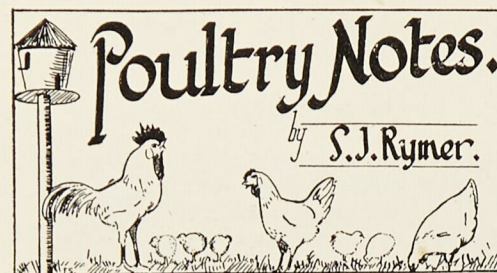
We also regret to record the death of Miss Ivy Martin of the Pie Department. Her service with the Company extended over 10 years.

To the families of these two servants we extend our sincerest sympathy.

HOCKEY FIXTURES, 1935-36.

| 1935. | MEN. |
|-----------|--------------------------------|
| Sept. 28. | —Warminster (h). |
| Oct. 12. | —Garrards (h). |
| " 19. | —Erlestone (a). |
| " 26. | —Bath 2nd XI. (h). |
| Nov. 2. | —Swindon 2nd XI. (a). |
| " 9. | —Trowbridge (h). |
| " 16. | —R.A.F., Netheravon (a). |
| " 23. | —Wootton Bassett (h). |
| " 30. | —G.W.R., Swindon (a). |
| Dec. 7. | —Christ Church, Swindon (h). |
| " 14. | —Bath 2nd XI. (a). |
| " 21. | —..... |
| " 28. | —G.W.R., Swindon (h). |
| 1936. | |
| Jan. 11. | —Trowbridge (a). |
| " 18. | —Christ Church, Swindon (a). |
| " 25. | —Erlestone (h). |
| Feb. 1. | —Warminster (a). |
| " 8. | —Swindon 2nd XI. (h). |
| " 15. | —Marlborough 2nd XI. (a). |
| " 22. | —R.A.F., Netheravon (h). |
| " 29. | —Garrards (a). |
| Mar. 7. | —Shrivenham (h). |
| " 14. | —Wills', Swindon (a). |
| " 21. | —Marlborough 2nd XI. (h). |
| " 28. | —Wootton Bassett (a). |
| April 18. | —Shrivenham (a). |
| " 22. | —Nalco, Mixed, Trowbridge (h). |
| " 25. | —Wills', Swindon (h). |

| 1935. | LADIES. |
|-----------|--------------------------------|
| Sept. 21. | —Oldfield Park, Bath (h). |
| " 28. | —G.W.R., Swindon (a). |
| Oct. 5. | —Holt (h). |
| " 12. | —Marlborough 2nd XI. (a). |
| " 19. | —Wills', Swindon (h). |
| " 26. | —Avon, Melksham (a). |
| Nov. 2. | —Purton (h). |
| " 9. | —Trowbridge (a). |
| " 16. | —Terriers, Bath (h). |
| " 23. | —Holt (a). |
| " 30. | —Devizes (h). |
| Dec. 7. | —Swindon (a). |
| " 14. | —Christ Church, Swindon (a). |
| " 28. | —Bradford-on-Avon (a). |
| 1936. | |
| Jan. 4. | —Shrivenham (h). |
| " 11. | —Stothert & Pitts, Bath (a). |
| " 18. | —Bradford-on-Avon (h). |
| " 25. | —Oldfield Park, Bath (a). |
| Feb. 1. | —Swindon (h). |
| " 8. | —Wills', Swindon (a). |
| " 15. | —Christ Church, Swindon (h). |
| " 22. | —Tetbury (a). |
| " 29. | —Trowbridge (h). |
| Mar. 7. | —Devizes (a). |
| " 14. | —Marlborough 2nd XI. (h). |
| " 21. | —Shrivenham (a). |
| " 28. | —Avon, Melksham (h). |
| April 4. | —G.W.R., Swindon (h). |
| " 11. | —Terriers, Bath (a). |
| " 18. | —Stothert & Pitts, Bath (h). |
| " 22. | —Nalco, Mixed, Trowbridge (h). |
| " 25. | —Warminster (a). |



A friend of mine once decided to purchase some day-old chicks at the local market. It was hoped that several pullets would be reared to replace certain old hens due to be sold that season. Well, everybody admired those lovely little chicks, and although the price was rather high our friend was highly delighted. But alas, out of the twenty-four chicks there were twenty-three cockerels, and the one solitary exception, now a hen ten years of age, was exhibited at our recent fur and feather show. I am told that this old fowl still lays an egg occasionally. We thought that until this season only a few Japanese experts thoroughly understood the art of sexing pure-bred day-old chicks, but from the foregoing it is very evident that someone was not exactly a novice ten years ago.

Many beginners want to know if spices put into the poultry food really do have the effect of increasing egg production. I do not suppose every reader will agree with me when I say that I would not put too much trust in spices. It is quite possible that when one commences to use spice greater care is taken in preparing the fowls' food and greater regularity observed in the feeding. This may result in an increased supply of eggs and the spice gets the credit. You must all please yourselves, but you can take my word for it that without good sound food all the spices in the world will not produce the extra eggs.

Quite a lot of people do not thoroughly understand what the "moult" means, so perhaps I had better say a few words about it. One set of feathers lasts a bird one year. The old feathers are shed and new ones grow in their place. This is called the moult and it may start any time between July and October. Fowls during the moulting season generally have poor appetites, therefore extra good food should be given. A little boiled linseed with the soft food will be beneficial.

At one time I thought that the moult was going to spoil our recent show on August 10th; it was responsible for the loss of a great many entries. Next season, all being well, we ought to have a really wonderful show, because intending exhibitors will have ample time in which to make their preparations, with the result that more young birds should be available. This year so many of the exhibits were adults and not in the best of plumage.

I am prompted to write the following by the experience of one of our fellow poultry-keepers whose adult birds were wasting away and dying in spite of everything he could think of doing to prevent this distressing state of affairs. Now this wasting away ("going light" as it is called) usually means consumption and as I told our friend there is only one way of dealing with the disease, and that is to kill all affected birds and burn the carcasses. The fowl-house should be thoroughly disinfected and the run dug up. I would not keep birds again on the same ground for at least two years.

A profitable and interesting hobby that is gaining ground is the keeping of foreign birds in aviaries. Budgerigars (or Australian grass parakeets) appear to be the most popular of these pets.

Another pastime has come to town, one which will probably become extremely popular. I refer to the keeping of aquarium fishes. I am told that an up-to-date aquarium is a very decorative addition to a room, and I can imagine that there is very real pleasure in watching the brilliant fish moving through the aquatic plants, especially in the evening when the interior of the tank is lit up by means of an electric strip light. Perhaps a friend, who is an enthusiastic aquarist, will be kind enough to tell us something about this fascinating hobby so that readers who would like to know more about the subject may find some interesting information in our next issue.

* * *

A relieving officer was taking particulars from an applicant who was slightly deaf. "Where," asked the officer, "did you marry your wife?" "I'm blest if I know, sir," said the applicant, scratching his head. "What!" exclaimed the relieving officer in surprise. "You don't know where you married?" "Oh, aye, I know where—I thought you said why!"

Bowls and Tiddleywinks.

I did not expect my remarks regarding that game which has made this wonderful land of ours what it will be to-morrow to be taken up so energetically. I refer, of course, to that extremely dangerous game of Tiddleywinks.

It is no good "G.C." trying to draw red herrings across our path, or even tiddlers. Since our household had a shortage of jam jars "tiddling" as an active sport is barred from us. Further, during August (the school holiday period) there is so much competition in this sport that us delicate nurtured people cannot hope to survive the struggle for the necessary worms.

With regard to "R.E.H.", I notice he brings in the great "W.G." Now this wonderful cricketer would never have made a name at the great game of Tiddleywinks. It would have cost him a small fortune in "Tiddleys"—and for why?—Well, a shower overnight would so affect the Tiddleywink pitch that "W.G.," instead of making a beautiful glance to leg, would slice the "tiddley" with his "wink" and same would be lost until he paid his next visit to the barbers for "perm. and trim."

"R.E.H." certainly scores when he speaks of the international aspect of bowls, and I can only say in reply that we Tiddleywinkers play entirely for the love of the game and even county honours have no appeal. There may even be professionals in our ranks, but I have not heard of them, and we certainly have no shamateurs. "The Game and no Grouse," is our motto.

It is easy for those opposed to the manly sport of Tiddleywinks to belittle our game, but have those people ever tried to get a "tiddley" nestling right close up against the cup to perform its proper function of getting into the said cup? Try it, you Bowlers, and I guarantee that Bowls will become a mere memory.

Personally, I know of no other sport where it is possible for a six-footer, weighing anything from 12 stone upwards, to be utterly routed by a diminutive opponent of 3ft. and weighing a mere number of pounds.

By the way. Speaking of thrills, have either "R.E.H." or "G.C." ever enjoyed the

thrill of "nobbing" an opponent "home" in Ludo?

H.G.

"R.E.H." also says,
 "What's good enough for W.G.
 Is good enough for R.E."
 May I point out that
 "H.G. has also heard
 That W.G. wore a beard."
 Is that also good enough for "R.E."?

* * *



DO YOU DREAM?

If so, consult our 'Orrible Orracle.

KANGAROO.—Attempts will be made to rob you—Sort of catching you on the hop.

KEY.—Wrong information will cause you serious loss of time—Then the hike will "hake."

KICK.—A slight mishap to one you love is foretold—Query, did Dad give his consent?

LAMB.—A most trustworthy man will meet you—The lamb mutton be sheep.

LANDLORD.—An act of courtesy will have astonishing results—He raised his hat, eyebrows—and rent!

LAUNDRY.—Prying eyes are trying to discover that which you wish to remain hidden—That Manx shirt for instance.

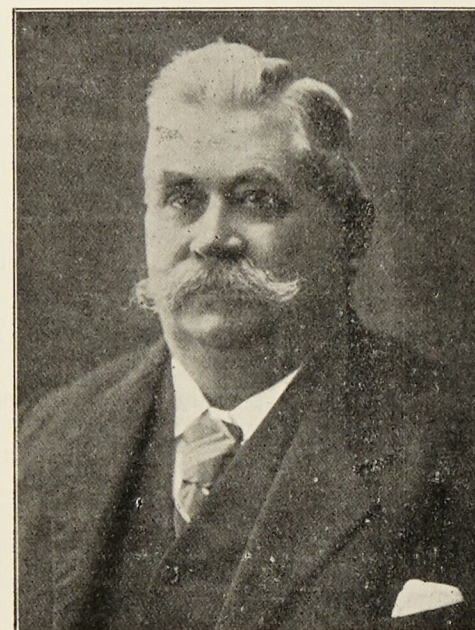
LION.—Strange adventures will befall you on fresh ground—Remember our Albert!

LOAVES.—A time of peace and plenty lies before you.—If you are well bred you can loaf!

LODGER.—Important changes will occur during the coming year—The temporary becomes permanent.

Our Portrait Gallery.

ALBERT JOSEPH GILLETT.



Albert Joseph Gillett first became interested in the old Highbridge Bacon Factory, Ltd., by applying for a job with the contractors who were building the factory.

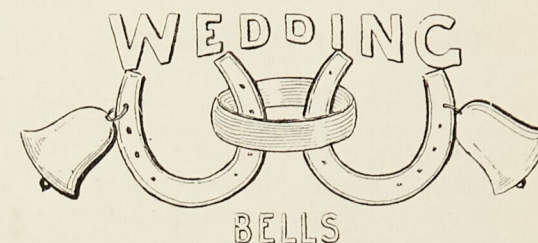
He was apparently so impressed whilst working for the builders that as soon as the factory was completed he applied for, and obtained, employment at the factory on the 21st February, 1890, and except for a break of six months, has been continuously employed since 1893, having thus completed forty-two years' service.

During the period of his employment he has served in all departments, and his imposing figure is now to be found in our Sausage Department.

Unfortunately, during late years he has not enjoyed the best health, which is a source of regret to us all.

* * *

Poet: "I propose to publish my poems under the name of John Smith." Candid Friend: "That's not playing the game. Just think of the thousands of innocent men who will be suspected."



The wedding took place on September 2nd, at Kempston Methodist Church, of Mr. Victor I. Gough and Miss Anne Lee.

The bride was given away by her father, and was attired in white satin, with wreath and veil, and carried a bouquet of red carnations. She was attended by her sister, Miss Doris Lee.

Mr. Gough has been a member of the Pig-buying Department for a number of years, and was the recipient of a canteen of cutlery and two silver serviette rings from the members of the Office Staff.

The honeymoon was spent at Worthing.

* * *

("The bacon-eating habit is disappearing through high prices." Grave disclosure made at the Pigs Marketing Scheme inquiry at the Middlesex Guildhall.)

Bacon and eggs, bacon and eggs!

Surely that witness was pulling our legs?

Or is it, then, true that our race has forsaken The Britisher's breakfast of fried eggs and bacon?

Have we turned from the fare that supported our souls?

Do we feed like a Frenchman on coffee and rolls?

Or do we, adopting Columbia's plan, Now flourish on grape-fruit and packets of bran?

The Dutch, I have heard, break their fast upon cheese;

Have the English adopted that singular wheeze?

Or do we stoke up for the duties that burgeon, A la Russe upon vodka and slices of sturgeon? I know not; but this is the point I would stress,

That England can never be England unless She holds to the faith of our fathers, i'fegs, And sticks to her breakfast of bacon and eggs. Bacon and eggs, bacon and eggs—

That takes the foreigner down a few pegs! And if that fare fails us 'cos prices are high, Then England is doomed and her glory must die.

—LUCIO, in "Manchester Guardian."

That Word "Gusto!"

It is interesting to note how over long periods of time words acquire different meanings to their root meaning.

One such word is the word "silly."

Silly is the Anglo-Saxon selig (blessed), and used to mean "happy through being innocent," whence the infant Jesus was termed the "harmless, silly babe," and sheep were called silly.

As the innocent are easily taken in by worldly cunning the word gradually shifted its meaning to gullible, or foolish.

And between the time when the change took place, here and there the word had separate local meanings. Thus, in the Eastern Counties the word got tacked on to Suffolk, and people spoke of Silly Suffolk. Well, what did they mean? I don't know, except that they did *not* mean either "Blessed or Innocent Suffolk," or "Gullible or Foolish Suffolk." Perhaps they meant cute Suffolk, or something akin. Now, who can tell us what they did mean? For the time I am assuming the word cute to fill the bill. But I am asking information on the point from our special correspondent in the Eastern Counties, who we know to be cute.

At the same time I want to ask him why the word gusto, as it is used in the description

of our London jaunt to Whipsnade, should be the occasion of comment. I read the article about the Whipsnade trip and thought it quite normal, and the use of the word gusto as being in the right place. Gusto is an old English word (not slang), and its meaning has not changed. It means "taste in various senses."

(1)—Individual liking or fondness.

(2).—Keen relish or enjoyment. *Zest.*

A word in almost every-day use. A word used by the great purists and masters of English. To mention a few:—Pepys ("He read me through with too much gusto, some little poems of his own"), Sir Walter Scott, George Eliot, and R. L. Stevenson.

When we London folk write for the Magazine we try to make our subjects live, and we like to notice evidences that our contributions are read. But, also and especially, we like our contributions to be as they say in the West of England, "All ship-shape, Bristol fashion."

R.E.H.

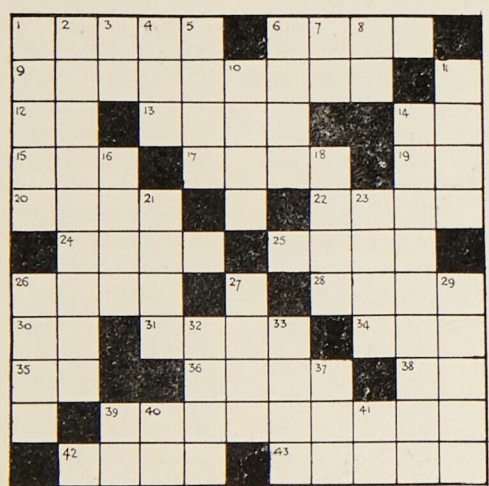
ADVERTISING AGE.

He who whispers down a well
About the wares he has to sell
Will never reap the golden dollars
Like he who climbs a tree and hollers.

ACROSS.

- 1.—Speak publicly.
- 6.—Peal.
- 9.—Kind of pie.
- 12.—Regius professor.
- 13.—Pond.
- 14.—In the direction of.
- 15.—Everyone has two.
- 17.—Side of a building.
- 19.—Royal Artillery.
- 20.—Rabbit's tail.
- 22.—A long way away.
- 24.—The — of March.
- 25.—Stupefy.
- 26.—Inhabitant of S. Africa.
- 28.—Kind of stove.
- 30.—Evangelical union.
- 31.—Pointed piece of metal.
- 34.—Health resort.
- 35.—Because.
- 36.—Mirth.
- 38.—Before.
- 39.—German town.
- 42.—Cornish village.
- 43.—Point of the compass.

(OUR CROSSWORD No. 7.)



The solution will appear next month.

DOWN.

- 1.—These appear in fairy tales.
- 2.—Greedy.
- 3.—Prefix.
- 4.—Strike lightly.
- 5.—Enough.
- 6.—Little ball of medicine.
- 7.—Indefinite article.
- 8.—Royal Engineers.
- 10.—An amphibian.
- 11.—Animal.
- 14.—Carry away.
- 16.—Impolite.
- 18.—Behindhand.
- 21.—Sea bird.
- 23.—Flurry.
- 26.—Vegetable.
- 27.—Gold.
- 29.—Soil.
- 32.—Disease.
- 33.—Allows.
- 37.—I.
- 39.—Thus.
- 40.—Same as 14 across.
- 41.—Gold (abbrev.).



Mrs. Berkshire-Berkshire: I hear you have lost your second (litter), Mrs. Large White?

Mrs. Large-White: Yes, they came and took them away yesterday. I couldn't go out to see them leave as I was busy giving my third (litter) their eleven o'clock feed.

Mrs. Berkshire-Berkshire: Well, Mrs. Large-White, I will say this, they were a credit to you. With their nice white coats so spotlessly clean and all of them so well proportioned, they were a family to be proud of. It does seem a shame that they should be taken away from you like this.

Mrs. Large-White: Well, as regards their being always so nice and clean, Mrs. Berkshire-Berkshire, who can help keeping clean now that we've got these lovely modern pig-houses with electric light and everything arranged for cleanliness and comfort? Of course, it is a bit of a wrench to lose one's children, but it's a great comfort to know that they have been bought by HARRIS of Calne. In their model factory they will be painlessly anaesthetised before they "pass over" to be made into Harris Wiltshire Bacon and Sausages. So we have much to be thankful for after all, Mrs. Berkshire-Berkshire.

A Tour of the Downs.

To some people a holiday away from home at the seaside or elsewhere is always possible, but to others not so fortunate a day spent on the Wiltshire Downs may be considered very interesting and well worth while.

Although most of us are familiar with these famous Downs, there are some who have never been upon them, their nearest approach being to pass by in a motor-coach or a car. Such persons cannot know how much pleasure they have missed.

Let us make, then, an imaginary tour of a small part of the Downs. Leaving Calne by the main London road, we turn by Quemerford Mill and pass through the Bridle road to Blacklands.

Apart from being picturesque, this road claims an interesting feature of other days, e.g., a locking post, which bars the passing of vehicles, but can be unlocked and laid over and thus allow traffic to enter the road.

Leaving the Bridle Road, we enter into Blacklands and come to the Hollow, the road leading to the foot of the Downland.

This is also a very pretty part of our tour, the banks towering high on each side of us being covered in flowers and shrubs, with the trees almost meeting overhead and making a natural cavern.

The gradient is rather steep, but after a strenuous half-hour's climb we are rewarded at the end, by a marvellous view of miles of the countryside stretching away beneath us. Looking back, we can count no less than six church towers, and many familiar landmarks, including the famous Bacon Factory of Harris, Calne, which the pure air found on the hills must penetrate.

Turning left, we enter the old Roman road, known as the Wansdyke. This is so well known that little comment is needed, but if we at this point look back we shall see across the road the part known as Kings' Play and Oliver's Castle, where many battles have been fought. Continuing in the Wansdyke, we pass the site of the North Wilts Golf Club, which many would find an attractive place for rest and refreshment.

Next we reach Morgan's Hill, and, going over, pass a heart-shaped wood, known as Horsecombe, below which can be seen

through the trees the picturesque village of Calstone. This village, of course, is noted for its water supply, being the source of many springs and also the River Marden, while the reservoir supplies the town of Calne.

A rather peculiar fact in regard to these chalk hills is that apart from the Calne supply there are two more reservoirs to be found, one at Shepherd's Store, which supplies the town of Devizes, and the other situated near the Monument, which meets the needs of Cherhill. We pass on, keeping to the left till at length we reach the Monument, which marks the highest point between London and Bath. As we stand at its base and look around we experience a feeling of awe at the majesty of nature.

Just beneath the Monument we see the White Horse, cut in the face of the hill, and perhaps the best of the five to be found in the county of Wilts. How many people travelling along the London road have marvelled at the view it presents, and wondered how it was cut, but that is another story.

Leaving the hills, we enter the village of Cherhill, and so pass into Calne, there to rest and reflect on the beauty of all we have seen, and to agree truly with the author of the words, "How wonderful creation is."

A.

* * *

THE LATE MR. TOM KNIGHT.

By the death of Tom Knight, who died at his home in Curzon Street on July 30th, at the age of 81 years, Calne loses a charming personality and C. & T. Harris a worthy servant. Before his retirement 15 years ago, Tom Knight had worked 45 years in the firm as a checking clerk and, of course, was the proud possessor of the long service Gold Medal.

Over and above his work he made his life the more useful by developing the science of campanology, and for 54 years was a member of the bell-ringers at the Parish Church until his retirement in 1928. During the whole of this period he never missed ringing the old year out and the new year in—a record any man would be proud of. Had he lived until April next Mr. and Mrs. Knight would have celebrated their Diamond Wedding. To Mrs. Knight and her family we offer our sincere condolence and sympathy.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

Mr. K. W. B. Harris, of Cardiff, has taken over Van No. 8, Cardiff.

We welcome Messrs. R. A. Bradbury and H. Borley, who have made a start in Calne as relief salesmen.

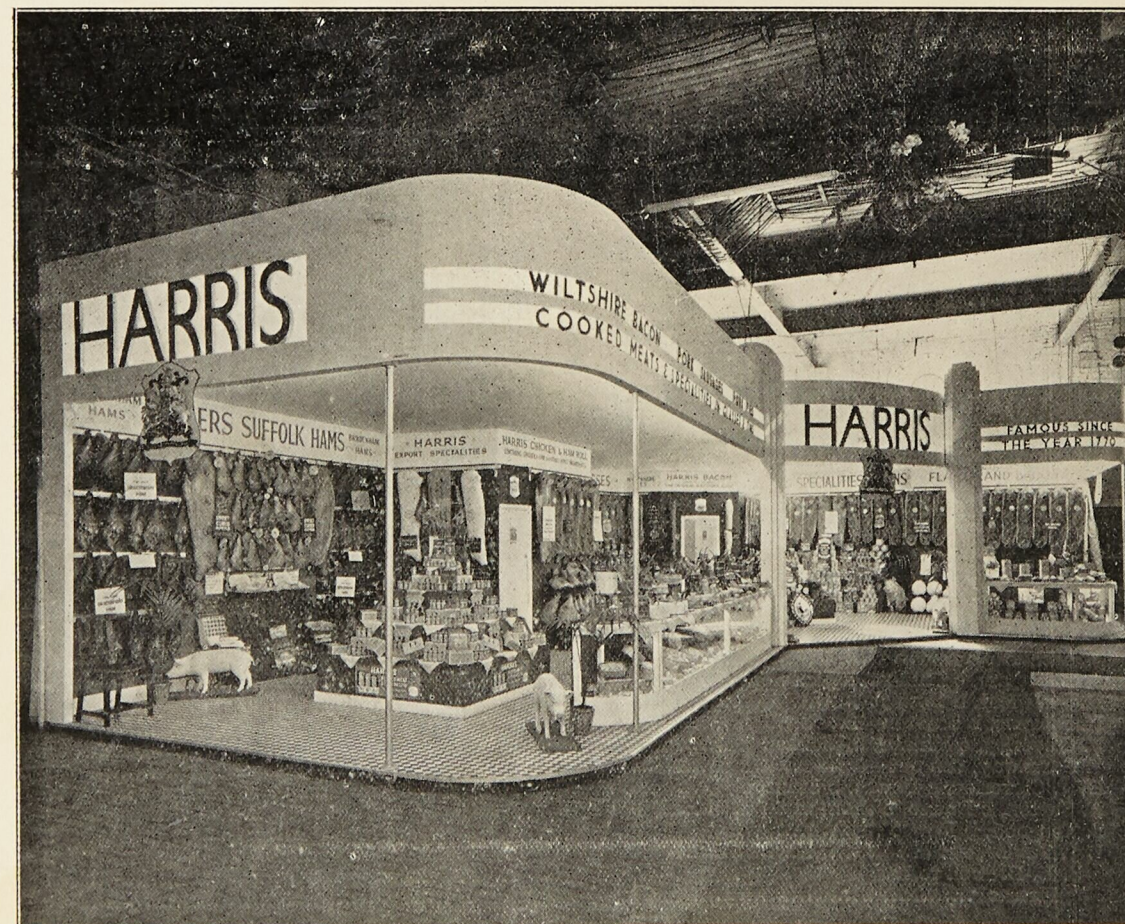
Relief Salesman T. E. George has taken over Bristol Van No. 53.

We are quite sure that all friends of Van Salesman S. H. Jones, of Swansea, will sympathise with him in the severe illness of

Mrs. Jones, and wish her a speedy recovery.

We are glad to welcome to Calne Mr. R. W. Lammiman, son of our late representative, Mr. I. Lammiman, of Hull.

All the attention of the Grocery and Provision Trade will be focussed upon the Agricultural Hall at the end of this month. We have had our Stand brought up to date, and if not too late hope to be able to publish a photograph in the October issue of the Magazine.
J.H.G.



LONDON GROCER'S EXHIBITION 1935.



LIBRARY SECTION

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER

"A Quaker Journal": Volumes I. and II., by William Lucas.

William Lucas was born in 1804, at Hitchin, where the Lucas family, as yeoman, maltsters, and brewers, had been settled for more than 300 years.

The first volume of his diary is a record of the years 1804 to 1842, and the second volume closes in January, 1861, a fortnight before his death. Besides his business and family affairs we read of his travels about England, Scotland, and Wales, by coach and the early trains, and a tour in France, Flanders, and Germany. We read of the Accession of Queen Victoria and her marriage; Chartism; the price of corn and its effects; the General Election of 1841; the trade depression; and the anti-slavery campaign. Most of the famous people of the time are mentioned—poets, politicians, authors, etc.—some of whom William Lucas had met so that he was able to record his impressions of their appearance and personalities.



HARRIS C.C. 1st XI.

August 3rd, v. G.W.R. (Swindon) 2nd XI., at Lickhill. Won by 145 runs.

G.W.R., 116 (S. L. Drewell 3 for 24, I. J. Taylor 3 for 31, R. Stevens 2 for 11, R. Swaffield 1 for 21).

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| J. Archard, b Dowse | 83 |
| J. Bromham, c Phillips, b Jones | 34 |
| R. Swaffield, b Dowse | 27 |
| R. Stevens, b Stanton | 57 |
| F. Cleverley, c Millard, b Bicknell | 2 |
| J. Garraway, run out | 21 |
| H. J. Cleverley, c Dowse, b Stanton | 6 |
| A. Sutton, c Dowse, b Stanton | 6 |
| S. Toogood, b Dowse | 0 |
| I. J. Taylor, not out | 4 |
| S. L. Drewell to bat. | |
| Extras | 21 |

261

August 5th, v. Old Colstonians, at Lickhill. Won by an innings and 108 runs.

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|----------------------------------|----|
| R. Swaffield, b Symes | 99 |
| G. Witchell, lbw, b Vile | 13 |
| R. Parkhouse, b Treeby | 34 |
| F. Flay, c Robinson, b Symes | 75 |
| F. Cleverley, b Treeby | 16 |
| D. Horner, b Treeby | 16 |
| W. Smith, c Vile, b Treeby | 0 |
| I. J. Taylor, c Cousins, b Symes | 2 |
| E. Witchell, lbw, b Symes | 4 |
| W. Butler, c Vile, b Treeby | 0 |
| R. B. Swaffield, not out | 0 |
| Extras | 24 |

283

Old Colstonians, 69 and 106 (I. J. Taylor 5 for 22, R. Parkhouse 3 for 37, R. Swaffield 2 for 8, R. B. Swaffield 4 for 34, F. Flay 2 for 16, D. Horner 2 for 33, E. Witchell 1 for 11).

August 17th, v. Marlborough College Staff, at Marlborough. Match drawn.

Marlborough College Staff, 136 (B. Gough 6 for 22, I. J. Taylor 2 for 25, R. Swaffield 2 for 33).

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|---|----|
| J. Archard, c Brown, b Peck | 2 |
| K. Haines, c Hawkins, b Brown | 8 |
| B. Gough, st. Rogers, b Milson | 39 |
| J. Bromham, c Allen, b Brown | 12 |
| R. Swaffield, st. Hawkins, b Milson | 16 |
| R. Stevens, lbw, b Milson | 15 |
| J. Garraway, not out | 23 |
| S. L. Drewell, c Brown, b Milson | 3 |
| P. Carter, not out | 1 |
| H. J. Cleverley and I. J. Taylor did not bat. | |

Extras 8

For 7 wickets ... 127

August 13th, v. Marlborough College Staff, at Lickhill. Won by 5 wickets.

Marlborough College Staff, 127 (A. Sutton 4 for 25, P. Carter 3 for 24, I. J. Taylor 2 for 23).

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|----------------------------------|----|
| J. Archard, b Watchman | 23 |
| K. Haines, lbw, b Milson | 5 |
| B. Gough, lbw, b Watchman | 1 |
| P. Carter, c Hawkins, b Watchman | 70 |
| R. Kinsey, not out | 21 |
| J. Garraway, lbw, b Allen | 8 |
| D. Davies, b Watchman | 0 |
| I. J. Taylor, not out | 1 |
| Extras | 10 |

For 6 wickets ... 139

HARRIS C.C. 2nd XI.

August 3rd, Shaw & Whitley, at Shaw. Won by 3 runs.

Shaw & Whitley, 63 (E. Witchell 5 for 12, G. Witchell 3 for 25, G. Dean 1 for 9).

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| A. Bennett, c & b Drewitt | 8 |
| G. Witchell, lbw, b Bollen | 6 |
| P. Caine, b Chamberlain | 7 |
| W. Smith, b Chamberlain | 1 |
| J. Wiltshire, c Chamberlain, b Bollen | 32 |
| G. Dean, b Chamberlain | 1 |
| E. Witchell, b Drewitt | 5 |
| J. Lewis, b Chamberlain | 0 |
| R. Bewley, c sub., b Drewitt | 1 |
| A. Butler, c Perrett, b Bollen | 0 |
| D. Culliford, not out | 0 |
| Extras | 5 |
| | 66 |

August 17th, v. 71st Field Battery R.A., at Lickhill. Won by 8 wickets.

71st Field Battery, 62 and 72 (E. Witchell 5 for 17 and 4 for 24, J. Wiltshire 3 for 29 and 2 for 9, P. Coleman 4 for 38).

HARRIS C.C.

1st Innings.

| | |
|--|----|
| A. Bennett, c Jones, b Lever | 13 |
| G. Witchell, c Buck, b Walton | 13 |
| P. Caine, c Walton, b Buck | 12 |
| J. Wiltshire, lbw, b Lever | 24 |
| W. Smith, lbw, b Lever | 3 |
| P. Coleman, c Green, b Walton | 0 |
| G. Dean, b Buck | 8 |
| F. Cleverley, c and b Wigglesworth | 7 |
| E. Witchell, b Wigglesworth | 4 |
| R. Bewley, not out | 1 |
| A. Butler, c Scroggins, b Wigglesworth | 1 |
| Extras | 2 |
| | 88 |

2nd Innings.

| | |
|-------------------------------|----|
| P. Caine, lbw, b Wigglesworth | 8 |
| R. Bewley, c Jones, b Buck | 2 |
| A. Bennett, not out | 22 |
| J. Wiltshire, b Buck | 19 |
| G. Witchell, not out | 6 |
| | 57 |

August 31st, v. Devizes 2nd XI., at Devizes. Won by 73 runs.

Devizes, 41 (J. Wiltshire 6 for 25, E. Witchell 4 for 13).

HARRIS C.C.

| | |
|-------------------------------|----|
| A. Bennett, b Reeves | 6 |
| G. Witchell, b Reeves | 7 |
| W. Smith, b Cook | 5 |
| J. Wiltshire, b Huntley | 47 |
| G. Dean, lbw, b Cook | 7 |
| R. Arrowsmith, b Cook | 2 |
| E. Witchell, lbw, b Huntley | 14 |
| F. Cleverley, not out | 17 |
| W. Butler, b Huntley | 0 |
| R. Bewley, c Carter, b Reeves | 0 |
| A. Butler, b Neate | 5 |
| Extras | 4 |

114



1st STRING.

August 3rd, v. Corsham, at Woodlands. Lost by 7 events to 2:—

Miss K. Angell and H. Watson, won 2, lost 1. Miss F. Angell and W. Penny, won 0, lost 3. Miss M. Angell and N. Potter, won 0, lost 3.

August 17th, v. Malmesbury, at Malmesbury. Won by 5 events to 3:—

Miss V. Burness and H. G. Smart, won 2, lost 0. Miss M. Angell and E. Cooper, won 2, lost 1. Miss S. McLean and H. Watson, won 1, lost 2.

September 7th, v. Saxby's, at Woodlands. Won by 8 events to 1:—

Miss K. Angell and H. Smart, won 3, lost 0. Miss F. Angell and A. E. Bull, won 3, lost 0. Miss V. Burness and E. Cooper, won 2, lost 1.

SUGGESTED NEW CONSTITUTION.

Another step forward in the welfare work is foreshadowed in the suggested new constitution of the H.W.A., which the President, in his few leisure hours, has been giving his thought and attention to during the past few months.

This suggested constitution has already been approved by the General Committee, and before these words appear in print it is hoped that the scheme will also have been approved of by the general body of members in a general meeting.

The scheme is one which is capable of fuller development as the requisite measure of support and success is provided and assured. In the science of welfare development there are two main view points generally accepted—one the esprit de firm spirit, which looks after the restricted circle of employees only; the other, the community spirit, which looks more to the welfare of the communities created by industrial development. The President in his suggestions has made provisions for a possible combining of these view points, and his constructive idea has much to commend it.

The suggested constitution starts off with one new departure. Membership of the

H.W.A. will be secured by the payment of a small general subscription, which will give the right of entry to the facilities which are being provided at the Hall. These facilities are in the form of what is generally associated with a Club House, i.e., general lounge, men's and ladies' reading and rest rooms, billiards rooms for lads and adults, a table tennis room, and an old folks room. These rooms will be furnished and upholstered with suitable furnishings, making for the comfort and recreation of members in their leisure hours.

Sectional activities will only be available to members of the association and these sections will, in future, be entirely self-supporting, apart from any grant made. One of these activities, the skittle section, will find a new home at the Woodlands this winter. A particularly fine skittle alley has been constructed in a well-appointed building, and every comfort and convenience will be found. The alley is of maple wood and the buildings heated by radiation.

All this is evidence of the President's desire to further the interests of the staff, and its promotion and even further development can only be justified by the very fullest support and constant use by the members of the Association.

* * *

Golfer (who has tipped his caddie): "That's for a drink, Mac. I do hope it will be a teetotal one." Mac (with dignity): "Mr. Br-r-own, a caddie ah may be, but ah'm no a tea-caddie!"

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 6.

| | | | | | | | |
|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| P | A | S | T | I | E | S | C |
| 9 | O | S | L | O | X | T | R |
| 11 | L | I | A | R | D | B | R |
| 13 | L | A | I | R | | A | N |
| 15 | Y | | N | E | P | T | U |
| 17 | | | N | A | I | L | S |
| 19 | C | | A | T | T | E | M |
| 21 | A | N | T | I | | I | R |
| 23 | D | E | L | A | Y | F | R |
| 25 | G | A | E | L | | O | E |
| 27 | E | R | E | | P | R | E |

Friends Elsewhere.



With the advent of autumn and the dark evenings our thoughts and activities turn once again towards our winter social programme. We have not yet laid down a definite plan, but we have every hope that the Welfare Association will provide the employees with a programme in which every individual will have an interest.

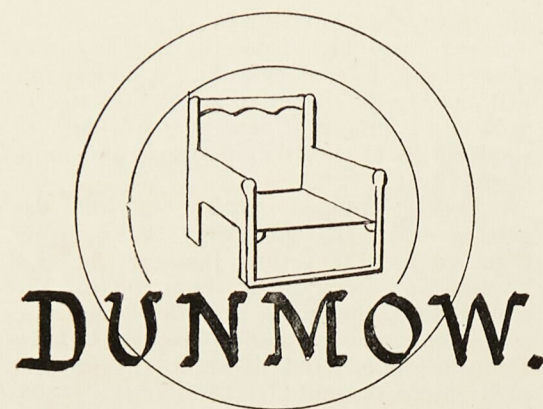
The first year of our Welfare Association is now drawing to a close and the committee must be congratulated on the progress made, and with a continuance of help and co-operation from the members the Association should start its second year full of confidence. The experience gained during the past season has been invaluable and should pave the way to future success.

The Skittle Section is fortunate in having two cups to compete for, and we have no doubt that we shall again receive the support of our friends who have always made the past seasons so interesting by their generosity in giving prizes for the various competitions.

We regret to record this month that several of our employees are on the sick list—Mr. James Bullock, Mr. F. Newman, Mr. A. Hawkins, and Mr. E. Holder. To all these we offer our sympathy and wish them a speedy return to their work.

To Miss E. Bullock we extend a very hearty welcome on her return to the factory; and also to Mr. Wiltshire, who is back at his "old job" once again.

To Mr. A. Evans we extend our very best wishes upon his retirement, and we all wish him happiness and many years of good health during his well-earned rest from work.



Calne and the Harris Flower Show was the venue of the Dunmow annual outing this year, and August 10th, the day on which it took place, was one of the best. The sun shone brilliantly and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the ride, especially that part through the lovely Wiltshire Downs.

A start was made about 5 a.m. and, after stopping at Slough for breakfast, Calne was reached at 11 a.m. There we were met by guides, who conducted us over the wonderful Harris Factories. This item in itself was, in my opinion, well worth the journey. After the tour of the Factories was over we all sat down to an excellent lunch presided over by our Managing Director, who remarked, in the course of his speech, that although representatives from every Factory were present, he still looked forward to the day when every employee from all branches would meet at Calne.

Following the lunch came the Flower Show, held in the town Recreation-ground. The flower and vegetable tent was very interesting to those of us who are keen gardeners, although I think that some of our produce at Dunmow is quite as good, perhaps (who knows?) a little better. What a pity we did not show some; we shall have to think seriously of doing so next year. Then to some of our men the Fur and Feather Section was the most interesting; anyhow, all had something to do and see.

To those of us who have lived and worked at Calne, the visit was especially interesting and enjoyable. It gave us a splendid opportunity of meeting old friends and chatting with acquaintances whom we had not seen since we left.

We, at Dunmow, were very unlucky in losing the tug-of-war, but we can console

ourselves with the Cup that Mr. Bodinnar has so kindly presented to us for winning the Darts Inter-Factory Championship for three years in succession.

All good things come to an end some time, and so did this very enjoyable day. We had a long way to come before we saw Dunmow again, and we, therefore, had to make an early start. Leaving Calne at about 7.30 p.m. Dunmow was reached at 2 a.m. Sunday morning.

Everyone agreed that it was the best outing yet, and our very grateful thanks are due to the Directors for allowing us the privilege of taking this outing, and also for the very excellent lunch provided for us. We would also like to express our best thanks to all those who helped in any way to make our visit a pleasure.

We at Dunmow are now the proud possessors of a silver cup, inscribed as follows:—

INTER-FACTORY DARTS TOURNAMENT

Presented to Dunmow,

by

J. F. BODINNAR, Esq.,

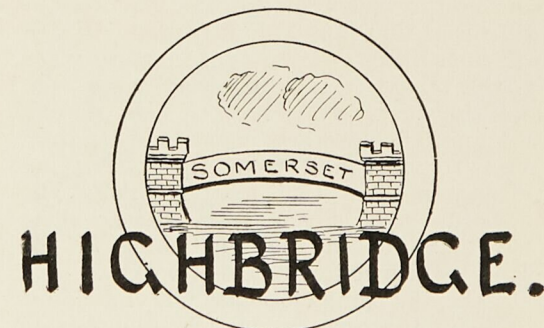
in Recognition of

Three Successive Wins.

AUGUST, 1935.

The teams who won this cup, and the Factory they represent, are very pleased indeed to place on record here their keen appreciation of Mr. Bodinnar's generosity in supplying the cup for retention.

* * *



ANNUAL OUTING TO CALNE FLOWER SHOW AND SPORTS

A party of thirty left Highbridge on Saturday, August 10th, shortly after 8 a.m., en route for Calne. Our journey lay over

the Mendips to Bristol, Keynsham, and Bath, at which latter place we arrived about 10.15 a.m., making a break for the usual refreshments and a look around, some of us visiting the beautiful Abbey and enjoying a little of the City life. One of our party, unfortunately, forgot for the moment that we were some way from our journey's end and was taking it so easily that he came strolling along about 11.15 a.m., so unconcerned, after we had all been searching for him for the past half-hour! However, we finally got going and the rest of the way lay through Box and Chippenham. We arrived at our destination just after twelve noon—rather late for looking over the famous food Factories of the celebrated House of Harris, Calne.

We found the guides in a state of anxiety, as it was whispered that the Highbridge party were lost. Perhaps they had taken the wrong turning and gone to Tidworth Tattoo! However, we did manage to make a quick inspection of the Factories and were impressed by all that we saw. By the kindness of our Directors and the Harris Welfare Association, the whole of the visitors (about 300, which included contingents from every Factory) were entertained to luncheon on the third floor of the new Factory, and we have to tender our grateful thanks to all those who contributed their help and assistance in looking after our "inner" needs.

When we had all done justice to the good things provided we were ready to hear the news our Managing Director had to convey to us with reference to the new Bacon Development Board, and we wish the new venture every success and hope that it will mean that "British Produced" Bacon will come into its own and take premier place on the breakfast table of every home here and elsewhere. It is nice to hear reports from our fellow workers in the industry from West to East and from the county of "Dumplings." "Us" must not forget the pilchards and cream from down along "we." So ended the "gathering of the clans" which unites us closer together.

The day being gloriously fine and almost made for the occasion, we all adjourned to the Recreation-ground to enjoy the sports and sideshows provided for our amusement. We are sorry we did not have the pleasure of winning the President's Cup in the tug-of-war Inter-Factory Competitions. We can only think our team was a little over trained,

but at any rate, we have to congratulate the winning team for lifting the cup from its usual place, and we think that the home team will have to go all out to get it back again. So here's hoping that next year we shall see some thrills in these competitions and more competitors.

Having enjoyed our day out, time was getting on, and our party was getting together for the return journey, the last "round up" being made about 8 p.m. We started for home, going back the same route as we came, making a short stop at Bath for a "quick one" and to enjoy the musical programme of a military band at the Abbey Gardens. Leaving Bath at 10.15 p.m., we passed through Bristol, and then we were in for a little extra excitement with which to end the day, for just outside Bristol we saw a hayrick on fire, and also a rubbish dump where stuff had been deposited from a fire that had taken place in Bristol not long since, and we witnessed the smart work of the Bristol Fire-brigade, which turned out with its engine to put the fires out.

We finally reached home about 1 a.m. Sunday morning, feeling that we had all spent a glorious day, with our very best thanks to our Directors who made it possible for the family re-union to become a reality.
C.B.S.

We are sorry to report that Messrs. B. W. F. Young, C. Turner, and R. J. Slocombe are on the sick list, and to them all we wish a speedy recovery.

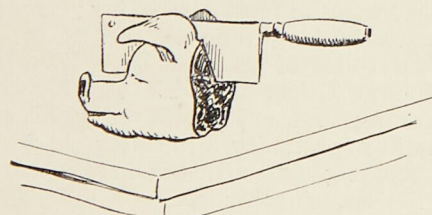
We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Redman during August.

* * *

During courtship he talks and she listens. Too often after marriage both talk and the neighbours listen.

* * *

SPORTING TERMS ILLUSTRATED.



"Sculling."



I had penned a few notes concerning the hay crop of East Anglia some weeks ago, but circumstances prevented the publication in these columns until harvest has now overshadowed the earlier activities. I trust, however, that certain features of interest will justify its inclusion in this issue.

Throughout haysel and harvest we have experienced exceptional weather conditions, and I doubt if there is any season on record which has been more favourable. The hay was secured in most excellent condition and large acreage was cleared direct from the windrows without the expense of cocking. The corn harvest, too, was never secured under better conditions. There has been no corn laid as the result of storms and, almost without exception, from commencement to finish, the corn has been cut and carted without rain. As early as August 1st harvest was well under weigh, and by the first week of that month samples of winter barley and oats were on the market. Harvest was generally completed by the end of August.

Concerning the hay crop in particular, haysel in other districts differs in many ways to that of our own. Suffolk normally has the lowest rainfall of any county in England. We do not possess the rich, lank, permanent grass lands such as are typical of the grass counties, and whose hay harvest is often prolonged to the late summer months. The fields in the Eastern Counties were mostly cleared by the middle of July. The hay crop of this area is of three principal types. First of all there is the upland mixture. The seeds, various varieties of grass and clovers, are sown together in the preceding host crop, usually barley. The young plants get established in the stubbles after harvest and make growth the following spring to yield 1½ to 2 tons per acre of mixture hay, the "olland" then being ploughed for autumn sown wheat. It is essential on most farms to lay down a small acreage of mixture

owing to the unreliability of yield of the permanent meadow land grasses.

The next to be cut is the meadow land, the yield of which, owing to low rainfall, is usually not very great, though the quality, if well secured, is most excellent. Later we come to the marsh and low-lying pastures, which in seasons such as the present give very good results. During wet seasons haysel is often delayed till the end of summer, but it is then of poor quality.

Hay is like tea, and if well harvested under ideal conditions, retains its pleasant aroma, but rain showers can soon reduce the value of a crop as the most important food values are quickly dissolved, whilst the appetising aroma indicative of good hay is also lost. I do not think I have ever noticed the smell of hay being so poignant as during this season, and have you thought that all hay does not smell alike? The scent of hay is dependent on the variety of aromatic plants it contains, and each type of soil and situation will have its own characteristic flora. The clovers remind one of the scent of tobacco. The scent of old meadow hay is especially characteristic, due mainly to one variety of grass, a somewhat insignificant plant called Sweet Vernal, which is especially aromatic, and to other herbs such as Yarrow, whilst the marsh land hay can be definitely detected from others by the presence of Wild Mint.

Incidental to the hay crop is the growing of clovers for seed, and this is considered of the utmost importance in this part of England, as being a vital cash crop and well worth catering for, though somewhat speculative. No other area can compete or produce seed in the same way—made possible by climatic conditions. The clovers, including Torfolium, Red Clover, Sanfoin, White Clover, Red Suckling, Trefoil, Wild White, and Kidney Vetch, are each grown as field crops for seed. In the case of Red Clover and Sanfoin the first cut is taken as "stover," the term being used in contradistinction to the hay crop proper. The clovers—in fact, all the Leguminosae—to my mind are amongst the most fascinating of crops, when studied botanically. It may not be generally known that none of the Leguminosae can thrive at all except in association with certain micro-organisms or bacteria. Clovers are nitrogen feeders, but are only slightly, if at all, able to make use of the nitrate of the soil themselves. They

are dependent on those organisms which live in their rootlets, their presence causing swellings, called nodules, which constitute their home, and these bacteria keep the plant supplied with foods they only are able to prepare.

When again in the fields pull up a clover plant carefully and you cannot fail to see the nodules, or for that matter dig up any bean plant in your garden, and you will find them in evidence. Red Clover is so sensitive to this assistance that it does not thrive readily if planted on soil more frequently than three years interval, due to the toxic effect of these bacteria. Frequently, too, we cannot get Lucern to thrive without first introducing the necessary bacteria to the land by carting a few loads of soil from another field which has grown the crop or by steeping the seed first in a culture containing the bacteria.

You keen gardeners might apply this knowledge when arranging for your Sweet Peas or Runner Beans for next year, bearing in mind that what is favourable to this particular bacteria is of prime importance and will result, incidentally, in stimulating your crops, and vice versa anything likely to act as a deterrent to those little organisms will hinder the growth of your plant. It is obvious that fresh soil is preferred. This bacteria does not like acid soil, therefore lime is required, and being able to make use of atmospheric nitrogen, the addition of nitrogenous manures may have an adverse effect, whilst humus and well-decayed vegetable matter, which is the happy and favourable medium for these bacteria, is essential.

In view of their interest it is opportune to mention other and more highly-developed plants which make use of the clover plant as their host, but which do not give anything in return, and are parasites, even as the mistletoe growing on the apple tree is a parasite. One of these is Dodder, a plant which can do considerable damage if it gains access to the clover crop. It is a wiry-looking plant, without leaves, and becomes quite a mat of tangled stems. It lives by sending its haustoria into the stem of the host and makes rapid growth at its expense, eventually monopolising its whole system. You may have seen it, but have never realised it was such an octopus. Then, again, examine a second crop of clover and you are almost sure to see growing alongside a

brown orchis-looking plant, without any leaf. This is the flower head of the Broom Rape, another parasitic plant living at the expense of its neighbour and host by penetrating the cuticles of its root system and maintaining itself almost entirely at the other's expense. Can you wonder, then, that the study of the clover family can be so interesting?

* * *



I notice my last two articles have brought forth some little items of comment, and being one of those fearsome Londoners, which a contributor mentions in the September issue, I am writing an article this month which probably may prove a little controversial.

I have spent my holiday on the Norfolk coast and my idea of a holiday, like many others, is to get away to the quietude of natural beauty. One now finds there is great danger of our quiet seaside resorts being invaded with hideous slot machines, and the beauty and quietude absolutely spoilt with side-shows, with the sudden reports from shooting booths, and the whirl of electrical monstrosities in the form of small motor cars known as "Dodgems." If these artificial amusements are necessary let them be put in the proper place, and before it is too late I hope some of our smaller resorts will refuse to allow their towns to be spoilt by these artificial amusements. Surely one can make one's amusement on the quiet beach or lonely cliff, and I am quite sure such is far more beneficial from a health point of view than wasting one's energy at a fun fair.

While we hear continual requests to preserve our countryside from being spoilt by ugly buildings, damage, and litter, let our seaside resorts see to it that their beauty spots are not wrecked with monstrosities of side-shows.

G.C.

St. John's Church in the Borough of Clerkenwell was the scene of an extremely pretty wedding last Sunday morning. It was the occasion of the marriage between Miss M. Ashwell and Mr. W. Johnson.

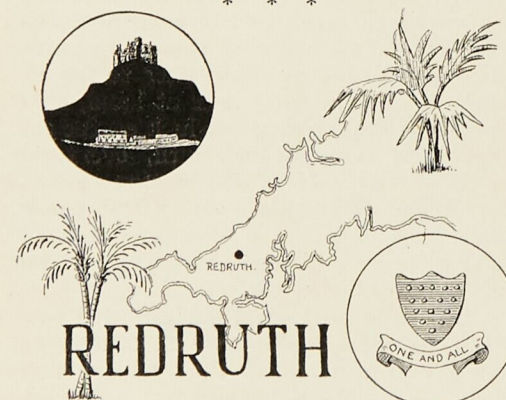
The bride was given away by her father, and wore a white satin dress with a net veil, held in place by a sprig of orange blossom, and was carrying a large bouquet of deep red roses.

There were four bridesmaids in attendance, two of whom wore dresses of blue-flowered georgette, and were carrying bouquets of pink carnations, whilst the other two wore pink-flowered georgette dresses, and were carrying tea roses. A small page boy completed the retinue, dressed in white satin blouse with blue knickers.

Everybody was in a happy mood, and as the couple left the church they were greeted with the usual shower of confetti.

Mr. Johnson has for some time been connected with the London Warehouse, and was presented with a basket of cutlery, with best wishes and congratulations from members of the Staff and Warehouse.

* * *



The brilliant sunshine of July and early August has done something more besides bringing shoals of visitors into the county. It has helped to hasten the corn harvest and to make farmers busy, while fatigued people from towns and cities revel in their annual vacations. The music of the binders and the reapers is very cheering, especially as the corn crop is reported to be above the ten years' average. The wheat yields will not quite equal earlier expectations, but with Government assistance the outlook is cheerful, especially when compared with that of a few years ago. Almost as soon as the last sheaves are gathered into the security of the

rick the weather has changed and heavy rain has commenced to fall, and the prospects of good crops of roots and potatoes are now very bright. Indeed, such an improvement in the latter has already been noticed that, we understand, some farmers are concerned lest their potatoes should be all large ones and they will then have no small ones to give the pigs.

The trip to Calne for the Flower Show, which was looked forward to with much enthusiasm, is now a very happy memory. Twenty-one men gathered on Redruth station at 9.30 p.m. on Friday, August 9th, and were not at all concerned about the all-night journey. We reached Chippenham at 5 a.m., together with our friends from Totnes, and three very nice charabancs were waiting to take us to Calne. We were able to have a wash and brush up at the Woodlands, and soon found that a breakfast had been prepared for us on a most lavish scale. Some of us had discovered from previous visits that the Calne air is conducive to a good appetite, and we all did justice to the plentiful supply of bacon, eggs, and sausages. We can all testify to the truth of the statement that "Harris sausages are as good as their famous bacon." Several took the opportunity of resting when breakfast was over, but all were on the Strand at 9.15 a.m. ready to be taken through the Factories. Two very efficient guides performed this duty, and although we had expected to see great things, the sights we saw altogether exceeded the ideas we had formed in our own minds of what the Calne Factories were like. This tour fully occupied our time until one o'clock, when we helped to make up the huge gathering over which Mr. Bodinnar presided for lunch, and his very sincere words of welcome to all those from the branches made us feel perfectly at home.

We had been seeing wonderful things all the morning, but this impressive assembly made us realise more than ever the vastness of the "House of Harris." Although we were for the most part strangers, at the same time we realised we were members of the same great family. We shall remember for a long time the address delivered by Mr. Bodinnar and can only hope that he will be given the necessary strength to carry the responsibility that is his in these difficult days.

After lunch we went to the sports field,

where the shelter of the tall trees was much appreciated, and any hopes we had of winning the tug-of-war soon began to fade away as the men from Redruth, one after the other, dropped off into slumber that was sweet (but not always low). Those of us who were able to keep awake spent a happy time watching the sports and talking to old friends.

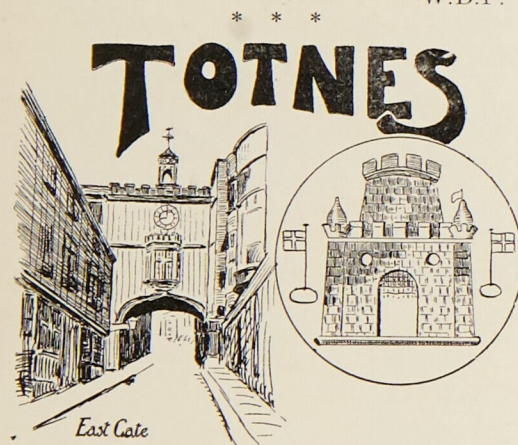
The time of our departure was twelve, midnight, and we cannot speak too highly of the hospitality and kindness of the many friends at Calne who invited us to their homes and were anxious to look after us until our train was due—and even came to the station to give us a hearty send-off.

We had a very uneventful and sleepy journey home, and reached Redruth at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday.

This was a memorable event in the history of Redruth Factory, and one we shall never forget. We are grateful to Mr. Bodinnar for giving us the opportunity to make the journey and for his interest in our travelling arrangements, which were really splendid.

Also to those friends at Calne, both old and new, who were so keen that we should have a happy time a very big THANK YOU, from "One and All at Redruth."

W.B.F.



We are pleased to report the wedding of Miss E. Vickery to Mr. K. Spurway, which took place on Saturday, the 24th of August, at St. Clement's Church, Townstal, Dartmouth.

A presentation was made by Mr. Powney of a full dinner service from the Factory and Office Staffs.

Miss Vickery was popular with all

members of the staff and we are sorry to have lost her after two years' service in our offices.
T.H.R.

A party of twenty-seven from Totnes spent a very eventful day at Calne on the occasion of their visit to the annual Flower Show and Sports. After travelling through the night we arrived at Calne at the unearthly hour of 5 a.m., and made our way to the Woodlands, where we were able to refresh ourselves, being furnished with an excellent breakfast, and after the restless night of travelling you can imagine how we fell to and ate heartily.

Feeling ourselves again, we reconnoitered the grounds of the Woodlands before finding our way down to the Factory, where we were escorted over those marvellous buildings. We were shown so much in so many departments that there was a maze in our minds of pies, tins, printing, bacon, and sausages.

At the lunch table we listened with a great deal of interest to Mr. Bodinnar and the spokesmen from the branches, after which we left for the flower show and sports. Arriving on the field I found my way to the shade of some trees, and having sat down I must admit that the next thing I remember was waking up two hours later to discover some of my colleagues near at hand, so we toured the field, trying our luck on the side-shows and competitions until, eventually, we found our way to the station footsore and weary. But one of our party, being a Calne man, must have also been arm-sore, as every time I noticed him he was shaking hands with old friends.

It was a tiring trip, but was well worth the while, for I am sure we all enjoyed ourselves, and must thank those at Calne who made so many arrangements, as well as those who issued such cordial invitations.

J.M.

TIVERTON.

At about 7.30 we left here for our trip to Calne and the Flower Show, and after a delay, due to shortage of petrol, arrived soon after mid-day, when we were conducted over the Factory.

After a very enjoyable lunch and a stay of an hour or two, we proceeded on our journey to Weston, and eventually arrived home about 12 p.m. Glorious weather prevailed throughout.
B.P.



During my two months break numberless people have asked me the same question, "Don't you get fed up and bored knocking around day after day doing nothing?" I can soon give an answer to that. First of all, why should I get fed up? If I can't take an active part, even in everyday affairs, I still have the use of my limbs, and, above all, my sight and hearing, so why steep one's self in gloom? I'm afraid I should soon find myself going rapidly downhill, instead of reaching that tower of "health and strength," for people who only look on the gloomy aspect of life in general soon find their mental vision out of focus.

I haven't been going about with my eyes closed either. By opening them a little wider, and concentrating, I've learnt some very useful ideas, and am looking forward to the time when I shall be able to put them into practice.

During my walks every day I've met some very interesting and nice people, too. I was very much impressed by the manner of an extremely poor woman a few weeks ago. Whilst passing down the street, I saw her hanging over the garden gate pleading with two little girls, but before I arrived at the spot the little girls had passed on, leaving the poor woman with a disappointed look on her face, so I called out to know if I could oblige in any way. She eagerly accepted my offer, and sent me to make a necessary purchase, stating that she couldn't possibly leave the house. After the assistant at the stores had searched for several minutes, he informed me that they had sold out of this cheapest brand. I apologised for giving him so much trouble, and bought the brand which is used by most people, paid the extra, not so much out of kindness, but to save myself the trouble of trailing around other stores. I handed it in on my return, and didn't think for one moment that it was necessary to mention what I'd done. Anyway, half-an-hour later when I passed down the same street I saw the poor woman in the distance, with hat and

coat on, trying to find out my name and whereabouts. She approached me in such a relieved manner, saying that she couldn't possibly use the stuff because she owed me some money. I begged of her to go home and use it with my compliments. Later, I found out that I had almost inflicted an injury on this poor woman, instead of rendering her a service, for she is known to go without, even if it needs the last coin to make up the amount, and to think that if she had not seen me again that day her humble mid-day meal would have been spoilt, all for the want of that "little something" which goes to make up flavour.

There's nothing like puddings for "fuel" on cold and frosty days, so just practice your hand at preparing this savoury potato pudding.

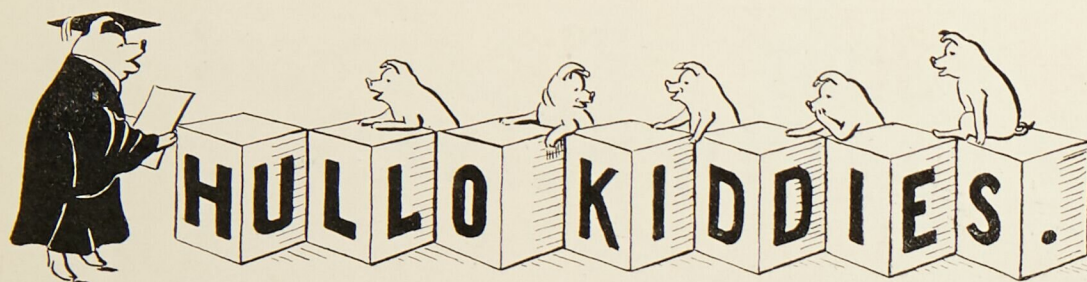
Boil 1½ lbs. of good potatoes till perfectly floury, mash them with a little boiling milk, 1 oz. butter, some minced onion, chopped parsley, pepper and salt, beat up two eggs and stir in; add ¼ pint more milk. Pour into a greased pie dish and bake one hour.

Here's another simple apple chutney:—

Core and bake six large apples, first slightly cutting through the skin round the apple half-way down (this will enable the skin to be taken off easily when the apple is cooked). Mash the pulp and colour it with beetroot juice. Peel and mince two eschalots very finely, add a tablespoonful of vinegar (Chili vinegar if you have it), a small salt-spoonful of cayenne, and some salt, and simmer very gently till the chutney is the consistency of thick cream. When cool put it into fairly small bottles and cork it down well.

V.L.D.

If Australia could be placed in the Atlantic Ocean it would fill up all the space between America and the British Isles.



By this time you will have settled in at school for the winter term, and my sincere hope is that it will be a very happy and successful term for you all. The dark and dreary days will, perhaps, come a little hard after the very beautiful holiday weather we had, but it is surprising what a difference a cheery outlook makes to even the darkest day, and, as the saying goes, "A smile will go a long, long way" to making the difficult things seem easy. I came across the following lines the other day:—

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,

But he, with a chuckle, replied,
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.

So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin

On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done, and he did it.

You will, I know, be interested to hear the result of the Wild Flower Competition. Margaret Gegg heads the list, with Cynthia Hart so very close behind that we shall, I think, have to give her a book as well. I have been delighted with the interest you have shown in this competition, and the prize-winners have certainly worked very hard. Well done, Margaret and Cynthia.

THE ADVENTURES OF SALLY AND SAM (Continued).

Teddy had never had cramp before and couldn't think what was the matter. All he knew was that he could not move his leg, and he felt sure he was going to drown. He tried to get on to his back and float, but he couldn't manage it. He was filled with a sense of loneliness and terror—he could only sink and die! But what would Mother do? Oh, dear, if only Mother were there! But

she wasn't and he must get back to her somehow.

Sam and Sally *might* hear if he called; but they were round the next bend. He must try, at any rate. But there was no reply to his calls—it was no use. He sank for the second time and, young as he was, he knew there was only once more. "Mother—Auntie—Sam and Sally"—where were they all? Breakfast would be ready at the farm and Teddy's place would be empty—it was going dark—he was blind—"Help" he could only whisper now—it was too late.

But it *wasn't* too late, for just at that very moment Sam and Sally swam up to the very spot. They had heard his cries, but could not find him. They searched as they swam, and when Teddy came up for the second time they spotted his golden curls. Without a word they splashed on and Sam just managed to grasp his costume as he was about to sink again. Teddy's form seemed lifeless, but Sam put his arm under him and was thankful that his father had taught him life saving, although Sam was only a little lad himself. "Get to the shore and tell Sinbad to bring the boat," he said to Sally, and in a moment Sally was off. Panting, and almost fainting, she reached the shore and ran to the old boat-house. Yes, Sinbad was there; he would not fail them. He had been a real sailor and always knew what to do. "Sinbad—boat—Teddy—there," she gasped, and dropped fainting to the ground. But it was enough for Sinbad. He grasped the situation in a moment, and before you could count ten he had the boat out and was on his way to the children.

(To be continued).

* * *

Rotting of wood is said to be due to the activity of low forms of plant life which nourish themselves on the wood and thus destroy it.



BY APPOINTMENT

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 9. _____ NOVEMBER, 1935. _____ No. 11.



THE writer's first acquaintance with the social life of the House of Harris was made at a lecture on flints and stones discovered in the district. This was many years ago, about twelve months after the Armistice. In addition to lectures and discussions there were also social gatherings, dances, and flourishing cricket, football, and hockey clubs.

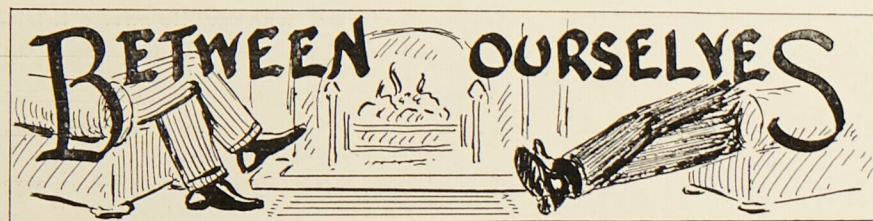
In April, 1921, at a meeting in the Picture Palace, it was decided to place the control of these movements in the hands of a central body, which, after many developments, we still have with us to-day in the form of the Harris Welfare Association.

In those early days many members of the Association looked with longing eyes at the present headquarters, and at last, what seemed then an impossible dream, has matured into something tangible.

Those of us who are married and have home ties do not need outside interests so much as the young people, but in memory of those days when we also were young, let us all support what should be a very bright spot in the young life of the House of Harris.

Under the new constitution the terms of membership bring all the facilities of the Hall within reach of even the youngest employee. Thanks to the interest of our Chief the rooms have been suitably reconstructed for all kinds of recreation, and considerable expense has been involved in the provision of billiard tables, the skittle alley, and tasteful furnishing for the lounge.

The appreciation of the members of the Association for the consideration shown them by our Chief and his colleagues is deep and sincere, but their surest expression will be in a full and harmonious use of the amenities provided.



It is quite natural to fancy, as one of our contributors this month seems to do, that heavy pig killings such as we have recently dealt with at all our factories, should mean prosperity. They do as regards work for our own people and we have been delighted to notice that an increased number of people have been employed. We have been very busy indeed in all our factories.

It must, however, not be assumed that more work in the Factory of necessity means a better time for the Company. Owing to the over-importation of foreign bacon the market fell unreasonably low. There were very heavy losses to the Bacon Curer, and at that time the additional killing of pigs became an embarrassment to the Company instead of an advantage.

The administration of the Quota regulations was not strictly observed; as a result Bacon Curers faced very heavy losses, and the Pig Producer from that cause, and that cause alone, was forced to a very low price for his pigs.

It was most unfortunate from a Pig contracting point of view that this unnecessary slide in price should have taken place when once again the Marketing Boards were endeavouring to get the Pig Producer contract-minded.

No responsibility for what has happened can be laid at the door of either Marketing Board.

The terms of the 1936 contract have been issued, and on the success of that appeal rests

the possibilities of work and expansion in 1936. The Directors who are members of the Bacon Board have had an anxious and over-full time in the matter of negotiations.

Our worst fears have been realised and Italy and Abyssinia are at war. Once again British public opinion has rallied to a point of unity and the strong lead given by England at Geneva may yet bring the unwarranted conflict to an early close. We, as a nation, have no quarrel with Italy. We are standing for the principle that a covenant must always be a covenant and that a departure from it without the consent of those who are parties to it represents a damage to the international structure of the sanctity of agreements.

The Great War was fought on the tearing up of a scrap of paper. The Great Peace was meant to inaugurate an age of sanctity of undertakings.

The stand we have taken is in support of a principle that must be recognised as necessary in every department of life, whether domestic or international.

May calm heads and clear vision be given to those who are at the moment conducting very difficult world affairs.

Our Composite Serial

"Up the Garden Path."

(Final Instalment, by J.S.)

Stepping back a few paces, he threw his weight at the door; accompanied by the splintering of the frame, it burst open. Rapidly casting his eyes over the apartment, he noticed that the chairs had been moved from their usual positions; they had been moved away from the panelling and pushed towards the centre of the room. At once he began to examine the panelling, as had Stanton an hour previously. At last he had found what he had wanted. He was about to test his discovery, he had reached out his hand to press the panel, his action was suddenly arrested; instead, however, the panel itself began slowly to open.

He immediately slithered carefully to the left and silently flattened himself against the wall, practically covering himself by the panel, which had now opened to its fullest extent. There was a slight shudder accompanied by the sound of padded feet coming into contact with the floor. Another instant and a Chinaman came into Anderson's vision, but before the man had taken another step forward he went crashing to the floor with Anderson on top of him.

"What are you doing in my room?" he shouted, while with a few deft movements he got his quarry under control.

Dragging the man into the hall, he grabbed the telephone. Things had gone about far enough for Anderson—"Double nine, double nine," he shouted into the instrument. The diaphragm vibrated as the reply came over the wire, "Hello! Hello! who's speaking?" He gave his address and requested a man to be sent round immediately, and as an incentive for speed he shouted "Murder" before replacing the receiver. Snatching a cord from a nearby curtain, he securely bound his victim's wrists behind his back and bundled him into a hall cupboard and locked the door.

He then considered the advisability of examining the other side of that panel, but concluded that he had better await the arrival of the man from the Yard. Ten minutes elapsed before the shriek of quickly-applied brakes announced the arrival of the police.

They ran up the stairs and confronted

Anderson, who rapidly gave a brief survey of what had happened, after which the elder of the two, who had introduced himself as Inspector Roberts, went to the 'phone and gave instructions for the back and front of No. 11 to be watched.

"Now we'll investigate this passage of yours, Mr. Anderson," he said. "I'll go first." His assistant followed and Anderson brought up the rear.

Switching on a powerful electric light, Roberts led, at the same time whispering to the others to make no noise. Arriving at the end of the passage, they were confronted with a very thick curtain. Extracting a small pair of scissors from his waistcoat pocket, he managed with great care to cut a small portion from the curtain on a level with his eyes, leaving a small hole through which filtered a thin beam of light, thus giving him a clear vision of the inside of the room. Tapping Anderson on the shoulder, he pointed to the hole, at the same time moving a little to one side, allowing him a view of the room. A slight gasp escaped his lips as he saw his friend securely bound to the chair in the centre of the room; bending over him was a Chinaman—at least he was dressed in Oriental trappings.

His friend was being questioned. It was extremely difficult to catch the words until the man raised his voice in anger. "You're a liar," he cried in a thin, high-pitched voice, and commenced pacing up and down in front of his prisoner, glancing every other moment at the curtain, behind which stood the three men. Drawing an automatic from one of his capacious pockets, he addressed himself to the prisoner. The words, however, were inaudible owing to the thick curtain acting as a baffle.

Roberts had gathered by this time that the absence of a confederate had over-run his scheduled time, causing the Chinaman to glance anxiously, expectantly at the curtain.

The time for action had now arrived. Roberts had formulated a plan by which he hoped to capture the man without unnecessary bloodshed. He immediately put it into operation by intimating to the others to move each to one side. They were then standing behind the wall on either side of the curtain. Carefully withdrawing both shoes, he placed them on the floor a little to the left of the centre of the curtain; another slight touch, and the toes slightly protruded on the other side. He then waited and

watched for the Chinaman to glance at the curtain again. At the precise moment he touched the curtain, making it move just sufficiently to draw attention. As he had planned, the movement had not escaped the man, as with a sharp cry he swung round, pointing a dull, heavy automatic at the curtain. "Come out of that or I'll fire," he shouted, but instead the shoes were withdrawn. There was a dull explosion—the automatic was evidently fitted with a silencer. Roberts crumpled up and fell to the floor, half of his body within the room. The Chinaman stumbled towards it to give it a closer examination. Roberts and his assistant had enacted this scene on more than one occasion, so that when the man bent over the body he and Anderson each threw themselves upon him, wresting the gun from his hand. Roberts jumped to his feet at once a very live man.

"Rather good that," he said, peering at the man before him, "new shoes you know, got a bit cramped," he continued. The man's lips assumed a thin line, not by any means enhancing its appearance. "Quite clever," he admitted between set teeth. "Mr. Harry Dale, up to your theatricals again," Roberts said, snatching away the small beard attached to his chin with one hand and with the other sweeping the pigtail from his head, exposing the sparsely-covered cranium of Mr. Harry Dale. "We want a word with you with regard to the Gordon Hodgson job, Dale, and one or two others which have taken place lately; come on."

While he had been addressing Dale, Anderson had wasted no time freeing his friend, who, although very cramped, could not help smiling at the ingenious method by which the Chinaman had been duped; as also had he by the Chinaman.

"Well," ejaculated Anderson with a laugh, "we don't seem to have got very far with the loss of my lid, do we?" "We shan't have to wait very long for that, don't you worry," his friend answered, "Roberts will get that out of Dale in a very short time."

"Do you know, Stanton, that our friend Dale used to be uncle's valet some years ago. That explains a lot, doesn't it? I recognised him immediately Roberts unmasked the blighter."

Anderson suddenly realised that he still had a surprise for his friend in the person of another son of the East, a genuine one this time.

Releasing the prisoner, they both commenced questioning him. At last they had finished, the result of their questioning being that:—(1) He was an organ-grinder; (2) That the previous evening he had been outside of the house where his monkey had escaped from its chain, as he explained it often had done; (3) That he had imagined it had made an entry to the empty house next door, and that on entering by the back door he had been taken prisoner by the aforementioned Harry Dale, who threatened to shoot him if he did not carry out his instructions, which were to procure the lid of a Chinese vase, which happened to be in Anderson's room. He had entered the room, but found there was no lid to the vase, and conveyed as much to Dale, who would not accept the fact. He then made another attempt, with quite a different result, which had led to his present predicament. Stanton then suggested that they hand him over to the local police-station.

They then trotted their prisoner round to the station, and after explaining the circumstances, were told that the organ and monkey had been taken into custody; as a matter of fact, the organ was in the yard. Stanton at once asked the Sergeant if they might see it. "Certainly," he answered, "but it's not the sort of instrument you gents. would want to buy," he laughed. They went out into the yard, not quite knowing why, and there was the monkey, sitting on top of the organ, endeavouring to extricate the monkey nuts from the lid of Anderson's vase.

* * *

We owe our thanks to J.S. for editing this serial and writing the opening and closing chapters; also to his collaborators:—B.G., C.G., G.G., and D.M.

* * *

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

The scene was Lickhill and the time was during one of the cricket matches.

One member of the fielding side was conspicuous for his many appeals to the umpire.

"Do you know," said one of the players, "there's only one person who appeals more than you."

"Oh, and who is that?" said the applier.

"Dr. Barnardo," was the quiet retort.

Imperialistic Ambitions.

HOLLAND'S ANTIDOTE.

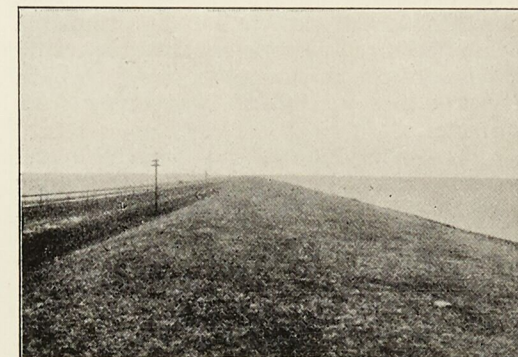
IN these days when newspapers are full of countries seeking to further their territorial ambitions which, unfortunately, are prone to develop into warfare that every sensible man must condemn, whether there be justification or no, I find it exceedingly refreshing to find a new method whereby a nation, clamouring for expansion, can satisfy that craving without resort to bloodshed.

I refer to Holland, which country I have recently been fortunate enough to visit. There the Dutch people, with very limited resources, have increased very considerably their possibilities of agricultural production by the very peaceful method of reclaiming land from the sea, instead of greedily casting an eye around to foreign territory in the hopes of finding an outlet for their increasing population.

I think it would be best if, without delving too deeply, I tried to retrace the history of Holland which directly bears upon this article so as to give you the right perspective to judge for yourself the magnitude of the task that our Dutch friends have set themselves.

If we jog our memories we remember, when we learnt our geography at school, being told that Holland was entirely flat. Perhaps few of us remember also being told that a large portion of the country was below sea level, in some areas to the extent of six feet and more. Hence we can readily understand that during the third century the populace, what there was of them, were entirely at the mercy of the elements—you will agree a not too secure existence. However, "necessity is the mother of invention," and in their rather primitive way the early Hollanders, the Anglo-Saxon race predominating as they do to-day, especially in Friesland, built what are known as Terpens, a rectangular piece of land raised some ten feet above the ground. Many of these Terpens can be seen to this day, especially in the old villages of Friesland. On these Terpens the peasants built their homes, leaving space where to house their cattle when the pastures were flooded. Under these conditions they obtained a very meagre livelihood.

Later, about the eleventh century, someone had the bright idea of building dykes as breakwaters. Eventually, some families extended the idea and built them around their farms. Later this was developed still further, until to-day the whole of the west



The commencement of the dyke, taken from Friesland.

coast of Holland and Friesland bordering on the North Sea is entirely and effectively protected by dykes some twenty feet high.

The knowledge that the Hollanders gained of dyke building must have stood them in good stead in bringing to a successful issue the bold attempt that has recently been completed, that of making the Zuider Zee an inland lake and reclaiming 550,000 acres of it. This is, incidentally, the largest slice of re-claimed land in any part of the world.

Again referring to our dim memories of geography, we remember that the west coast of Holland, along the North Sea, is not unlike a slice of bread from which a small boy has taken a bite of considerably bigger proportions than etiquette allows. The result is what looks like a gigantic lake, but differing from that, inasmuch as instead of being an inland water it is most decidedly coastal, as one would soon realise if one spent a winter on its shores. This is the Zuider Zee, or rather I should say was, because it is now separated from the North Sea by the new dyke. The rather picturesque name, Zuider Zee, which has in the past been the inspiration of more than one musical comedy composer, will be found on modern maps no more. Instead the IJsselmeer Lake.

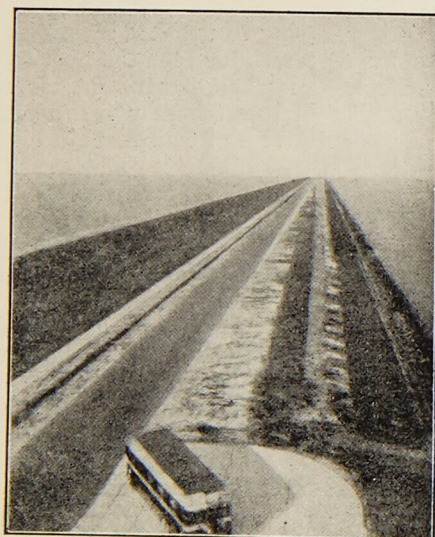
The part of this lake that has been re-claimed lies directly north-west of Northern Holland and has linked up the

island of Weirengen, making this too, a part of the mainland. But, although this land is of considerable size, it is really only a small portion of what yet remains to be re-claimed. When the full scheme of reclamation has finally been completed the IJsselmeer will be a lake of only meagre proportions. This, however, is not expected to be completed before 1950, and possibly not then, especially in view of the economic depression, which, I regret to say, Holland has yet far from surmounted.

The main dyke extends from Friesland to the island of Weirengen and then, taking a south-easterly course, joins the mainland of Holland at Medemblik. The length of the dyke from Friesland to Weirengen is 20 miles long and, completed in 1932, took eight years to build.

Built in this dam are two sets of sluice gates, designed to allow any excess of water in the IJsselmeer to be drained off at low tide into the North Sea. Each set of sluice gates, of which 11 gates comprise one set, are duplicated for extra protection.

This dyke is some 150 yards wide at the level of the water and has a good cement road about 30ft. wide, a narrow track specially reserved for cyclists, and a wide space has been levelled on which to build a double railway track. Although the ground is ready the track has not yet been begun. The motive power will most likely be electricity.



The dyke, taken from a small tower erected to commemorate the final closing of the dam.

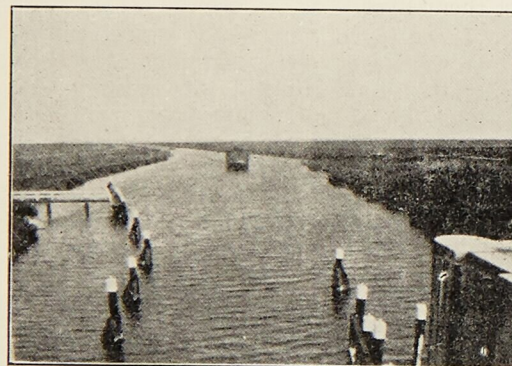
The remainder of the dyke, which encircles the new re-claimed land from Wierenger to Medemblik, has two pumping stations, one at each end. These stations are known as the Leemans and Lily respectively, so named after the two engineers who were mainly responsible for the success of the scheme.

The Lily station is operated by Diesel oil, the other by electric power, enabling one station to continue pumping in the event of a failure in the electric current.

The pumping capacity of each station is 170,000 gallons per minute. Some idea of the size of the area drained can be gained when it is realised that it took eight months continuous pumping, day and night, before the surface water was drawn off.

A most interesting point concerning this scheme is that the new land is, as is the rest of Holland, honeycombed with wide canals which were actually cut and dredged before any attempt was made to drain the soil. The canals were necessary to allow the surplus water to be carried away from the waterways on the old land where formerly they had emptied into the sea, and also to make the ground hard.

As you can imagine it would have been an almost impossible task to cut canals and



One of the many canals on the reclaimed land transport the soil as soon as the land had been drained, owing to the softness of the ground. Therefore, these were cut whilst the dyke was being built and the boulder clay that was dredged used to form that dyke.

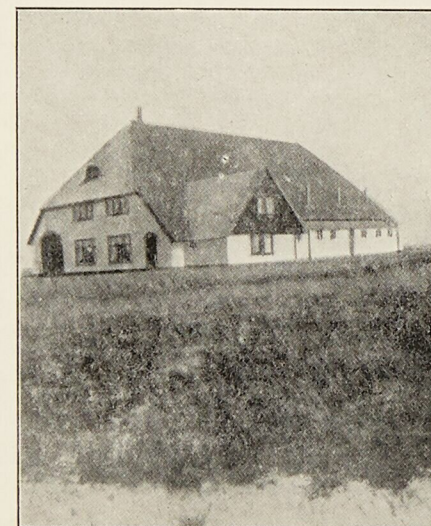
GREEN FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW.

To effectively drain the land was one problem, to make that land arable was quite

another proposition. The greatest difficulty has been the salt deposits in the soil.

Very few crops will grow on salty ground; also, although grass would grow on which to graze cattle, the difficulty arose of finding fresh water for them to drink, as, naturally, the waterways and ditches which surround the fields still contain sea water. This latter problem will eventually solve itself, as it has already done so to a great extent, as the continual drainage of the water into the sea, coupled with the high rainfall, will end in the canals becoming "fresh" instead of "salt."

With regard to the former problem, however, the Dutch Government agricultural



A 'Show' farmhouse built by the Government. One of the many erected on the new land for farmers.

experts put their heads together. By the result of their deliberations it was found that various plants, chiefly one closely resembling the English Michaelmas daisy, flourished on salty ground, and during their growth absorb large quantities of salt. These, therefore, were extensively cultivated and within two years the land became sufficiently free from salt to allow of wheat to be grown.

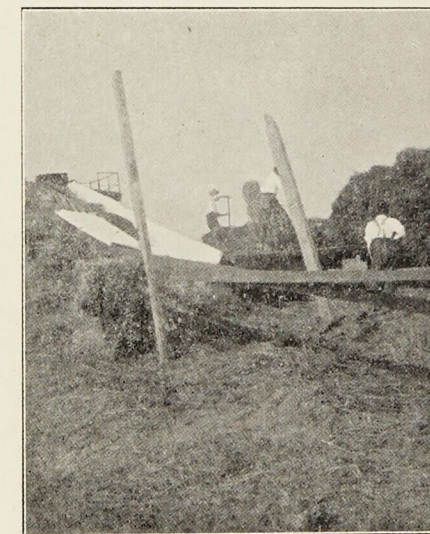
While I was there the fifth anniversary of the reclamation was celebrated, and this year's crop of wheat, which had already been cut and stacked on the fields, stretched as far as the eye could see; a really wonderful sight.

In cultivating such a large area against such unusual difficulties, it was not to be expected that private enterprise could under-

take such a task. There are but few large farmers in Holland. Mostly farming is done by the peasant class, whose acreage rarely exceeds one hundred. The Government stepped in, however, cultivating the land and when sufficiently arable, allowing farmers to rent small plots. Incidentally, the rent payable is controlled by the price of the crops grown the year previous. When wheat prices are low the rent drops accordingly, and vice versa.

The work was carried out by the unemployed, working in gangs of ten, headed by an overseer, who was allocated the work by contract. The Government built farmhouses of a very modern style, equipped with the latest appliances, at intervals of 100 acres, and supplied ploughs, threshers, tractors, &c., for use of the workers.

There are 18 threshers used by the Government in the area still under their



Threshing this year's Harvest.

control, with a capacity of 200 bags of wheat each per day. It is estimated that this year's crop will take more than three months to thresh by these machines working continuously. A great achievement you will agree.

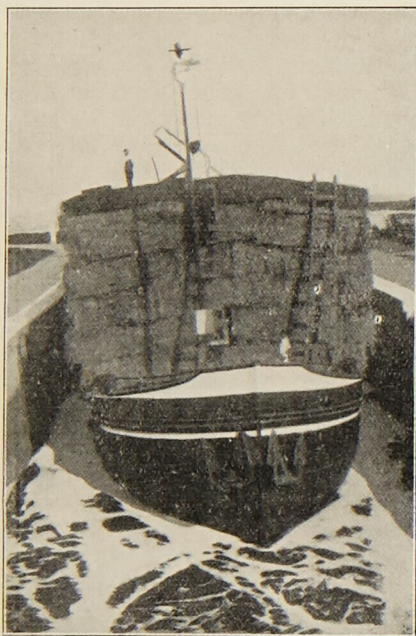
Successful experiments are being made with other crops. Clover is being cultivated extensively for honey, too.

Modern roads have been laid with bridges over the canals that can be raised by

electric power, to allow the passage of the barges and other craft.

A few villages have been built, the most notable one being Sloopdorp, meaning Ditch Village.

The success of the scheme has not been without its irony. The project was originally started because of insufficient land on which to grow agricultural produce to meet the increasing demands of a rapidly-expanding



A barge in one of the locks which enables it to continue its journey on the higher waters of the old land.

export trade. Now that the scheme is partially completed and is meeting that need, Holland finds itself in the throes of over-production, due to the decrease of exports, owing to the tariffs, quotas, embargoes, &c., raised against her, especially by Germany, who used to be her best customer, and to a lesser extent by our own country.

However, Holland will undoubtedly reap the benefits of her own endeavours in the years to come when trade restrictions are less acute.

V.M.S.

THE PASSING YEARS.

We speak in unknown tongues, the years Interpret everything aright.

Alice Meynell.

THE SOLEMN PROMISE OF H.G.

When I was young and a merry, merry thing,
I played with a rattle and a teething ring.
As older I got, with my ears all aflop,
My chief delight was an old peg top.
Marbles were next, but that's not all,
I later played cricket—also football.
Then Anno Domini gave me many thinks,
So for strenuousness next came tiddleywinks.
This I preferred to golf and its holes,
But I have my doubts about this game, bowls.
I'm told it is wonderful; it's simply divine,
And really too utterly, utter-quite fine.
(This rhyming is wicked and getting much worse,

The next time I write I'll make the verse terse).

However, I'll promise my bowling friends gay,
To consider them when I am bald or grey.
When I am too old for tiddleywinks' pace
I'll take up bowls or ludo, like Grace.

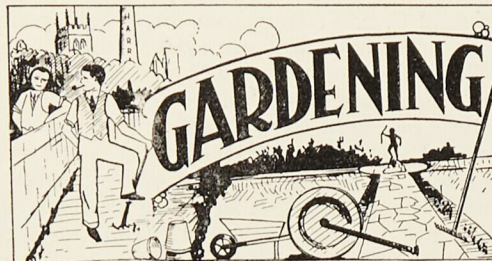
* * *

A CRICKETING STORY.

Some years ago when Yorkshire were playing Surrey, who were in a rather precarious position, Fender was batting and was playing the proper game under the circumstances and playing for time. Knowing that Fender was a hitter, the crowd waxed impatient, and at length Rhodes got his wicket amid a roar of delight and a shout from one of the spectators which could be heard all over Bramall Lane, Sheffield, "That's knocked tha' blooming fire-irons o'er."

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 7.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|
| 1 | O | 2 | R | 3 | A | 4 | T | 5 | E | 6 | P | 7 | A | 8 | R | 9 | E |
| 10 | G | 11 | A | 12 | L | 13 | A | 14 | N | 15 | T | 16 | I | 17 | N | 18 | E |
| 19 | R | 20 | P | 21 | P | 22 | O | 23 | O | 24 | L | 25 | T | 26 | O | 27 | |
| 28 | E | 29 | A | 30 | R | 31 | W | 32 | A | 33 | L | 34 | L | 35 | R | 36 | A |
| 37 | S | 38 | C | 39 | U | 40 | T | 41 | D | 42 | A | 43 | F | 44 | A | 45 | R |
| 46 | I | 47 | D | 48 | E | 49 | S | 50 | S | 51 | T | 52 | U | 53 | N | 54 | |
| 55 | B | 56 | O | 57 | E | 58 | R | 59 | G | 60 | E | 61 | S | 62 | S | 63 | E |
| 64 | E | 65 | U | 66 | N | 67 | A | 68 | I | 69 | L | 70 | S | 71 | P | 72 | A |
| 73 | A | 74 | S | 75 | Q | 76 | L | 77 | E | 78 | E | 79 | O | 80 | R | 81 | |
| 82 | N | 83 | S | 84 | T | 85 | U | 86 | T | 87 | T | 88 | C | 89 | A | 90 | R |
| 91 | L | 92 | O | 93 | O | 94 | E | 95 | S | 96 | O | 97 | U | 98 | T | 99 | H |



NOVEMBER NOTES.

Vegetable Garden.

Finish earthing up celery and leeks. Collect all fallen leaves. These are useful for hotbeds. Cut down asparagus and give mulch of stable manure over the bed.

Dig, trench, and dress the ground with fertiliser. Cover rhubarb and seakale with light litter.

Fruit Garden.

Plant currant and gooseberries now. They thrive best and give the finest results in rich, well-drained loam. Cut away old wood from the black currants, leaving stems of one season's growth only for next year's fruit.

Prune all orchard fruits as soon as possible.

Flower Garden.

Dress the soil with lime after digging. Sweet peas can be sown in pots and kept under the glass until the spring.

Lift dahlias and gladioli if not already done. Store in dry, frost-proof shed or attic. Plant tulips. Plant roses, but only when the ground is fairly dry. If the soil is too wet, heel in the new trees and await a favourable opportunity for planting.

Treatment of Pests and Diseases.

Practically every flower, fruit, and vegetable under cultivation has its own special pest or disease. In some cases they are beset by numerous enemies and it is a wonder they survive at all. Some can be dealt with by hand spraying, others only by patient hand picking. Prevention is better than any attempt to cure, and good cultivation is half the battle. If plants are strong and healthy and well cared for they will resist disease. Nurserymen and seedsmen nowadays concentrate on producing immune varieties, but weather conditions take a big hand in the game and diseases hitherto scarce in this country make their unwelcome

appearance during exceptionally hot or wet periods.

Ants.

At the first sign of serious trouble from these active little insects, their nest should be traced. This can be done by putting sugar down, and tracing the insects as they carry it away to feed their young. After a hole is made about 1ft. deep in the nest an ounce of carbon bisulphide should be poured into it and the hole stopped up immediately. The ants will be destroyed by the fumes, but the eggs and larvae are not affected, so a further dose must be given about a fortnight later to kill off any that hatch in the meantime. Where there are trees a thick, white chalk line round the trunk will prevent the ants from getting into the fruit and flowers as they cannot get a foothold on the chalk.

Apple and Pear Scab

This is one of the worst diseases. It first appears as dark spots on the leaves and then spreads to the fruit, appearing as cracked, scabby spots on the skin. Burn all fallen leaves and twigs from affected trees and spray with Bordeaux mixture immediately the fruit has set, and again about a month later.

Big Bud

Is the black currants' own pest. It is a tiny insect that buries itself in the bud, causing it to swell. Badly-affected bushes should be dug up and burnt immediately. The diseased buds, which are more round and fatter than most buds, can be picked off by hand, if not too numerous, and immediately burnt. More on this question of pests next month.

GARDENER.

* * *

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

There are said to be three bones in the body of the State: First there are the "Wish-bones," the people who are for ever wishing that things were different, either sighing for the good old days or wishing for some new advance and always discontented. Again there are the "Jawbones," whose name sufficiently indicates their form of exercise. And then come the "Backbones," the steadfast, loyal people who don't indulge in futile wishing or useless jawing, but work steadily to maintain and extend God's Kingdom.

* * *

"Lyons" is a city noted for tea.

"England is the Best Country."

THAT is my theme, and, I add at once, has the best Bacon—to wit, HARRIS.

I am writing this on the Sunday following our week at the Agricultural Hall. My impressions of the Show are that the general attendance was less than usual, but the essential people were there and I expect it will be found that the business done will show up very well. It ought to be so, because it was the best show we have given. I was much impressed by the general arrangements, and in particular the lighting was well in front of any previous effort. We had, too, the great advantage of the presence of our Lady Demonstrators, who added just that touch lacking on previous occasions. I was glad once more to meet such very old friends as our Mr. Cross and our Mr. Kington, and on my arrival at the stand was at once aware not that "Campbells were coming," but that *the* Campbell had arrived.

The week's work served to launch a campaign that is now required to put on the market the large supplies which are and will be available. An estimate was given to me a few days ago as to the English killings. I was told they are to average 60,000 per week. I do not see why these quantities should be too heavy if the quota arrangements re imported bacon are held to. I do not see what is to stand in the way of Harris' Bacon being on sale in every town and hamlet throughout the country. We shall have supplies suitable to all districts so far as quality goes. We know, of course, that there are types of Bacon favoured in one locality and unpopular in another. We can meet all requirements and, whether the selection and demand be Lean Sizeable, Sizeable, Medium, or Stout, we shall be able to say, "Yes, we have it for you," and if and when required we shall be able to add, "and the Bacon that we offer you is the best Bacon."

It is here that I am edging towards my main theme.

I am a Victorian, and it was during the Victorian period that traders were given the advantage of making use of a registered short telegraphic address. My father, who

at the time held the London agency for the original C. & T. Harris, at once, boldly and with confidence, annexed the word "Exquisite." Such words as "Cheapest" or "Moderate," or "Modest" or "Apologetic," he might have chosen. But his word was "Exquisite," and that word is still our London telegraphic address. We think it to be the right word because, as then, we have the best and must proclaim the fact. I pass now to a much wider issue, that of England and the British Empire.

My school days were roughly from 1875 to 1886. I don't remember that I was much of a pot hunter. I know I did not secure any prizes for Latin or Greek, French or German, or mathematics. To use an old doggerel, "mathematics were, to me, vexation." Such success as came my way was limited to purely English subjects, and to such things as calligraphy (an important subject at the time), and writing generally.

I remember taking a first prize for English essay. The subject was Trafalgar. Quite apart from anything I had learnt at school it happened that I knew all there was to know about Nelson and Trafalgar. In those days it was usual for English history to be taught along lines that we supposed to be patriotic. It was indeed the custom to do a bit of flag waving. Natural enough, for then the British Empire was still on the making. India was the India of Kipling. Egypt was the Egypt of Lord Cromer. Africa was being opened up and we spoke of it as the Dark Continent. The boys' books of the time were full of gruesome yarns about slave trading, witch doctors, and other fearsome things. So we thought then that as the British Empire extended influence so civilisation advanced. We spoke of the White Man's Burden—and if, indeed, it ever was a "burden," it was carried forward with no little pride.

Our national heroes were such men as Cook and Livingstone. As to the essay on Trafalgar, I am quite sure no such phrase as "England is the Best Country" ever came into it. Because in Victorian times we took that as granted. Only I wonder what would have happened to any schoolboy of the time had he written that England was *not* the best country.

I was then very startled to read about that little girl who, in writing about the Silver Jubilee, wrote "England is the Best Country." She got into a spot of trouble.

Somehow the affair leaked out and was taken up by what some people call the sensational Press.

For a time there was such an outcry that the whole question was taken up in Parliament. Then the very sober "Spectator" dealt with the matter in a leading article, and after delivering itself of many "buts and ifs," came to the conclusion that after all the little girl was right.

For myself, I do not like at all to see any symptom of hesitancy or wavering in this matter. We may admit, of course, that England is not the largest country or, of herself, the strongest. But when in these affairs we speak of England, surely we need not on these points limit ourselves to Albion. We have a right to include the British Empire. I can see no good at all coming to us as a nation if we once weaken on this point. It may be that the good wine of patriotism, so freely indulged in during the Victorian era, was a trifle heady. But this much is sure, that had it been anything other than it was, the England we know to-day would be but a shadow of what it is. Here then are things which are important to us in our business life, and in our life as British people. I know I could do it myself, that it would be easy—fatally easy, to parody all this and turn it into ribaldry.

Still, it must stand. Two things vital to our future. We are to "Tell England" and we are to "Tell the World" that we are the Best, and that we have the Best, and on the greater of two issues I don't know that I can do any better than by setting down those thrilling lines:—

Land of Hope and Glory,
Mother of the Free,
How can we extol thee,
Who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider,
Shall thy bounds be set
God, Who made thee mighty,
Make thee mightier yet.

R.E.H.



EXTRACTS FROM OUR DREAM BOOK.

MAGAZINE.—Beware of a Judas kiss—as far as our entire staff is concerned we use kiss-proof.

MANTLE.—A widow will help you to achieve your ambition—The widow's "might" was quite.

MATCHES.—A change in your place of residence is essential.—Insurance Companies say cigarette ends are as bad.

MALE.—A long silence on the part of an old friend will be followed by a complete change of mind, which will be conveyed in a letter.—How amazing!

MEADOW.—Compliments will come to you.—The grass is also green.

MILDEW.—A charming visitor will come to your house. Seal all your letters . . . when is Millie due?

MISFORTUNE.—A person of very doubtful character will be introduced to you . . . Miss Fortune.

MOSS.—You will be the recipient of an unexpected kiss.—One advantage of being a rolling stone.

MOTHER-IN-LAW.—Answer all letters promptly.—She may follow them up by a visit.

" . . . 's Dairy "—one of the best makers of Loaf Cheddars, very fat."

The personal element in this extract from a price-list strikes a new note and opens up intriguing possibilities. For instance:—"Helen's Perfume"—one of the best makers of scent, a charming blonde, with an engaging personality.

September 30th, 1935.

Examined and found correct,
R. A. C. DARE } Joint
S. C. ROGERS } Auditors.

£327 10 7

£327 10 7

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------|-----|-----|----|---|-----|----|----|
| Cash at Bank | ... | 270 | 4 | 2 | 202 | 13 | 2 |
| Cash in Hand | ... | 67 | 11 | 0 | 102 | 18 | 11 |
| | | | | | 21 | 18 | 6 |

Less Depreciation

| | | | | | | | |
|---------------------------------|-----|----|----|--|--|--|--|
| Equipment:— | | | | | | | |
| Balance at 30th September, 1934 | 226 | 14 | 4 | | | | |
| Additions during the Year... | 43 | 9 | 10 | | | | |

| | | | | | | |
|---------|---|----|----|---|----|----|
| ASSETS. | £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. |
|---------|---|----|----|---|----|----|

BALANCE SHEET AT 30th SEPTEMBER, 1935.

LIABILITIES.

£591 18 0

£591 18 0

| <i>To General Expenses:—</i> | | | | <i>£</i> | <i>s.</i> | <i>d.</i> | <i>£</i> | <i>s.</i> | <i>d.</i> |
|--|-----|-----|-----|----------|-----------|-----------|----------|-----------|-----------|
| Insurance, Printing, &c. | ... | ... | ... | 27 | 1 | 2 | | | |
| Grounds | ... | ... | ... | 302 | 6 | 10 | | | |
| Marden House | ... | ... | ... | 23 | 19 | 6 | | | |
| Depreciation... | ... | ... | ... | 26 | 2 | 8 | | | |
| | | | | | | | 379 | 10 | 2 |
| <i>To Expenses of Sections:—</i> | | | | | | | | | |
| Carnival and Flower Show | ... | ... | ... | 122 | 14 | 8 | | | |
| Cricket | ... | ... | ... | 15 | 5 | 11 | | | |
| Tennis | ... | ... | ... | 14 | 18 | 3 | | | |
| Hockey—Ladies | ... | ... | ... | 2 | 2 | 11 | | | |
| Ditto Men | ... | ... | ... | 7 | 4 | 8 | | | |
| Folk Dancing | ... | ... | ... | | | | | | |
| Orchestral | ... | ... | ... | 2 | 7 | 3 | | | |
| Net Ball | ... | ... | ... | | 4 | 4 | | | |
| Library | ... | ... | ... | 9 | 9 | 3 | | | |
| Skittles | ... | ... | ... | 5 | 19 | 11 | | | |
| Skittles, Cost of Supper (see Contra) | ... | ... | ... | 24 | 10 | 8 | | | |
| Dramatic | ... | ... | ... | | | | | | |
| Dramatic, Cost of Branch Visits (see Contra) | ... | ... | ... | 7 | 10 | 0 | | | |

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|---|--|
| By Members' Subscriptions | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 91 | 2 | 0 | |
| " Bank Interest | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1 | 3 | 7 | |
| " Hire of Equipment | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 3 | 8 | 6 | |
| " Donations (President and Vice-Presidents) | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 16 | 14 | 0 | |
| " Special Donation from President to meet cost of Skittle Supper and Transport of Concert Party to Branches | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 32 | 0 | 8 | |
| " Grant from Firm to meet net Expenses for year, excluding cost of Motor Mowers | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 447 | 9 | 3 | |

ANNUAL REPORT.

In presenting the Annual Report for the year ending September, 1935, the General Committee have pleasure in recording a great increase in the membership of the Association. The total is 767, as against 637 in 1934. This increase is most gratifying and indicates a live spirit in the Association.

As a proposal for a revised constitution is to be placed before the members at the annual meeting, the various Sections have postponed the holding of their annual meeting, that their organisation may, if the scheme is approved, be brought into line with the new constitution. Following are a few observations with reference to the Sections.

CARNIVAL AND FLOWER SHOW SECTION.—Both the Carnival and Flower Show proved successful and showed better financial results than formerly. A feature of the Flower Show was the introduction of a Fur and Feather Section. The visitors from Branches were in much larger numbers than usual.

CRICKET CLUB.—The past season has been a remarkably good one, and no season has shown better results. The 1st XI. played 23 games, won 13, drew 4 (one tied), and lost 6. The 2nd XI. played 16 games, won 6, drew 1, and lost 9. Improvement in ground conditions was again noticeable.

TENNIS CLUB.—Both at Lickhill and at the Woodlands the courts have been well used. There has been a slight falling off in the attendance of younger members at Lickhill. Of 18 matches played the 1st String won 13, lost 3, and drew 2. The 2nd String won 5 and lost 5.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.—Again a successful year is recorded and new departures taken. At the Christmas Carnival a novel form of entertainment was ventured upon and the success which the presentation of the revue attained opens up a new field for future work. The production of the full three-act play in February last fully maintained the high standard of previous productions, and the work of the Society, being now definitely out of the experimental stage, will be followed with interest.

FOLK DANCE CLUB.—A small but enthusiastic class has been quietly working under the conductorship of Miss Bodinnar. The Club is most indebted to Miss Bodinnar

for so efficiently conducting the class—no small task—continued regularly throughout a season.

LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB.—The season under review was a fairly satisfactory one, seeing that practically a new team was in evidence. Of 21 matches played, 11 were won, 9 lost, and 1 drawn. The season was a period of team building, the success of which we hope will show itself in the coming year.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.—The early promise of a good season was not fulfilled. After winning the first three matches the season passed with only two more successes added. Of 18 games played, 5 were won, 11 lost, and 2 drawn. The spirit and social success of the games is shown in the desire of our competitors to visit and receive visits from us.

ORCHESTRAL SECTION.—This Section rendered valuable services in connection with the Carnival and Dramatic Sections, and particularly in connection with the Revue presented last January. An increased membership would be welcomed.

SKITTLES SECTION.—Another successful season was experienced. The Inter-Departmental Tournament resulted in a win for the Retort and allied Group, with a splendid score of 24 points out of a possible 28. Warehouse, &c., were runners-up. An outstanding feature of the season was the match with Messrs. S. W. Wilmot & Co., of Bristol, at which Mr. Bodinnar entertained the two clubs to supper. We again won the President's Cup.

LIBRARY SECTION.—A new departure in connection with this Section has been seen during the past year. A series of Lectures on the subject, "Social Progress," was arranged, the inaugural lecture being given by Mr. Bodinnar. The Book Club, in connection with Messrs. Boots, has been well organised and supported. Other educational efforts have been the evening classes, sponsored by ourselves and arranged by the County Educational Committee.

MAGAZINE.—We are indebted to the Editors of the Magazine for their help in giving month by month interesting reports of the various activities of the Association. Their willingness and courtesy in affording full publicity has been most helpful in keeping members conversant with the progress and spirit of welfare work.

GENERAL.—To the many officials

engaged in the work of the Welfare development we wish to accord our grateful thanks. Each has contributed to the building up of an Association which bids fair to have even larger influence in the future than ever. The reward and justification of their labours is to be seen in the new developments now on the eve of starting, developments which, we trust, will lead to greater efforts and continued success. To the President and his co-Directors we once more offer our sincere thanks and trust that at all times we shall merit their help, guidance and financial support, without which we could do little.

* * *

ANOTHER CRICKETING STORY

A bowler, who was noted more for his speed than accuracy, was making sad work amongst the opposing side, the batsmen being hit all over their bodies.

At length one of them, a typical Yorkshireman, could stand it no longer and yelled out to the bowler, "Look here, mah lad, I'll tell thee summat. If tha hits me ageen with that ball I shall come and claat thee with this here bat."

EASTLEIGH TUG-OF-WAR TEAM.



Winners of the President's Cup at the Harris Flower Show, 1935.

"MUSH"-ROOMS.

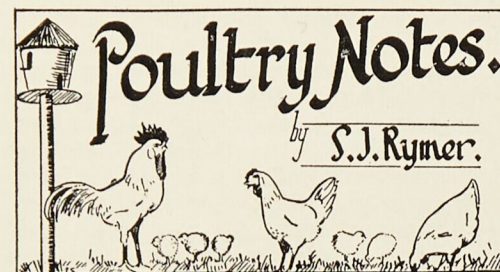
The fact that mushrooms grow to unusual dimensions was borne out by one of our employees who was mushrooming recently. Upon picking a fine specimen he was amazed to see a rabbit scamper from under same!!!

A "hare"-raising experience; or a rare bit of fun!

* * *

The other evening four inebriated gentlemen went to a certain railway-station not far from Hereford just as a train was about to depart. The station staff were able to get three of them into a carriage—the other was taken to the waiting-room, where he spent the night.

Came the dawn—and the station-master, who said to the unfortunate one: "You're in a bit of a mess, aren't you? We were able to get your three pals into the train, but there wasn't time to get you in as well . . . What are you laughing at?" "Only this," came the reply, "the other three came to see me off!"



With the approach of winter special measures will have to be taken to ensure a constant supply of eggs. To my mind the chief worry is the poultry house. Constant attention is required to keep it sweet and clean, as well as wind and rain-proof. The poultry-keeper who studies the comfort of his birds is bound to experience a feeling of satisfaction during rough weather when he reflects that his fowls, at any rate, are in a dry and warm shelter. Everything possible should be done to induce the stock to exercise, and good food is absolutely necessary. Incidentally, in regard to feeding the grain during the winter months, there is a new system in vogue, an American importation, I understand. The idea is to put the grain in a hopper, or some such receptacle, and to let the birds have as much as they can eat for the last meal. After all, there is something to be said in favour of this method. If it is necessary for the layers to have full crops at night are they able to obtain sufficient food when it is scattered in the litter, especially if the feeding is left until late in the day when the light may be none too good?

I wonder how many readers use biscuit and meat meal when mixing mash for their hens? Do you know that bran is a fine thing for your stock, besides giving the necessary bulk to the food? Always, therefore, give plenty of bran, and don't forget to boil some linseed occasionally.

Someone pointed out that I have not yet written anything about Red Mites. Later on, all being well, I will put in something about them. You should all know that if your birds are attacked by these parasites the health of the stock will be seriously affected, laying will certainly fall off, and quite possibly cease.

The system of keeping hens in laying batteries is apparently becoming popular, and readers who possess the necessary out-buildings or ground upon which to erect

decent-sized sheds would be well advised to study this method. One would think that the birds kept in these cages would become too fat for egg production, but it appears that in actual practice this is not the case. Here are some of the advantages of the laying battery:—The stock is completely under control. As the non-layers are easily spotted food need not be wasted upon such birds. The eggs are always clean. There is no broodiness to contend with, and no attention is needed during the week-end.

A great future is predicted for the battery system, both as regards laying hens and table birds.

* * *

WE OWE IT TO THE POET.

Some English words are puzzling:—take bough.

You change "b" for "c" and it becomes cough.

Does this rhyme?

We'll start once again, this time with cough, Change "c" for "pl" and this time it's plough.

Does this rhyme?

It is not "ploff," it's pronounced plough, Take away "p," you get lake—no, lough. Does this rhyme?

Keep on with "loch," but spell it lough, Change "l" for "d," you now get dough. Does this rhyme?

To get on with this we now need dough, But "r" for the "d" turns it into rough. Does this rhyme?

You row on the sea, if it's not too rough, As my cough's rough, I'm through, though. Does this rhyme?

Editorial Note:—

The author of the above was found near a farm, So mazed that "his head was tooked underneath his arm."

* * *

THE BEDSIDE MANNER

"I'm sorry the place is such a pig-sty, doctor."

"Ah, my dear lady, the sty doesn't matter if the pig's all right."—*Punch*.

WITH THE CALNE ROVER CREW AT THE SECOND WORLD ROVER SCOUT MOOT (SWEDEN, 1935).

The thought percolating through the minds of the Rover Scout Headquarters Staff at the conclusion of the First World Rover Moot, held at Kanderstag, Switzerland, in 1931, must have been, "Where shall the Second Rover Moot be held?"

Two years ago their decision to accept the offer made by Sweden to have the second World Moot in that country, was made known to Rover Scouts throughout the world.

This decision was a clarion call to the members of our Rover Crew. It was decided to leave no stone unturned in an endeavour to have a strong party in attendance at this event. Straightaway an account at the Post-office was opened. In June of this year, when places in the British contingent were to be applied for, it was found that no-one would be left behind through a lack of enthusiasm in supporting the fund. It might be added here that each Rover was responsible for the entire cost of his visit, also each Rover was to be a complete unit, taking tent, sleeping bag, billy can, &c. To pack everything into the smallest possible dimensions called for much ingenious thought and action.

Early in July it was learned that owing to illness William Drew, our Rover Second, would be unable to join the party. This was a source of great regret to everyone.

On Friday, July 26th, the day of departure, we received good wishes from our Manager, Mr. Petherick, and many of our fellow workers. At Calne station a rousing send-off by many friends, including the junior members of the Calne Troop, received added stimulus by the explosion of fog detonators placed on the line beneath the carriages. The journey to London found us thoroughly enjoying the exhilarating after-tastes. At Paddington the party was faced by a formidable array of taximen exercising their persuasive powers in an effort to put us on the road for King's Cross at 1s. per head. The knowledge that it would only cost 3d. per head by Metropolitan Railway brought a cheery debate to a close.

At this stage it was surprising that no other section of the British contingent had been sighted. 9.30 p.m. we were at King's

Cross, amid teeming hundreds of Rovers. What a bevy of enthusiasm! embracing us in the warmth of real friendship at every move. At 11 p.m. the Rovers set out for Immingham Dock, the cheers of the Londoners assembled at the station still reaching us when we were well clear of the platform. The business of settling down amid numberless kitbags, ruck sacks, &c., soon took shape. Some degree of silence and restfulness was soon apparent. Here and there an animated discussion between newly-found friends was in progress. At 1 a.m. only the efforts of our iron pilot traversing the iron road disturbed the silence of the night.

At this stage a walk through the carriages provided a wealth of interesting amusement. For instance, at one point one of our Rovers was found seated with a Jamaican Rover, heads well up, and jammed together in the soundest sleep, making weird nasal comments to each other. Stifled laughter preserved a picture that lasted well into the night.

Some time before reaching Immingham, everyone was alert and anxious to don ruck sack, &c. Leaving the trains at 4 a.m., everyone assembled in one of the large Custom sheds. Here the Rovers off the special trains from Manchester and Edinburgh joined the London section. In front of us lay the S.S. Nevasa, trim and white, and brightly illuminated. Filing up the gangways, everyone assembled at their respective emergency stations. Then fol-



lowed the issue of cocoa and biscuits, and, if required, hammocks for sleeping away the brief space of time to Reveille, at 6.30 a.m. Few could have availed themselves of this opportunity.

At 5.15 a.m., with the pilot on board

and two powerful tugs in attendance, the Nevasa, with 1,200 Rovers on her decks, weighed anchor, cheering and counter-cheering resounding across the water from many well-wishers. Soon after, at 6 a.m., to the strain of the song, "We're riding along on the crest of a wave," the pilot was dropped.

By breakfast time "it was all blue." The great adventure in the cause of world friendship had begun.

E.H., R.B., S.C., E.L.

(To be continued).

* * *



DEAR MR. EDITOR,

May I thank "R.E.H." for his delightful treatise on the word "Gusto." It has saved me from a fearful fate, as I was thinking of calling for same next time my foot rested on a rail and my elbow higher up. It was so "Selig" of me!

I am afraid words are my weakness; but still I do try and find out what words mean when they appear to be unusual. Do you know I always thought that "Ergo" meant the "other girl's turn," and that the word "Elf" was one used at convivial gatherings.

WELIG, Wilts.

P.S.—I don't know if my *nom de plume* is correct, but it is based on the assumption that if Selig is Silly, then Welig must be Willy. Who knows, even this may, in time, creep into our language, and mothers call their offsprings Weligs.

DEAR SIR,

If you have space I should be very glad if you would publish this letter in the "Harris Magazine."

Those of us who have not travelled much outside Great Britain know that many of our countrymen and women are isolated in outposts of our far-flung Empire, many miles from the next white man. In these instances the visit of anyone of their own nationality or colour is a most welcome

event and becomes a red-letter day in an otherwise often monotonous life.

A similar happening occurred to me last week-end in the wilds of Kirby Muxloe. Mr. Nash, from Calne, was passing through my district while on holiday, and wrote me to that effect. The result was a very pleasant week-end for my wife and self.

Knowledge is understanding, and to understand those with whom we work, especially at a distance, is three-quarters of the battle of life. Many of our travellers living a fair distance from Calne only get into personal touch with the rest of the Harris family once every two years, yet we are all inter-dependent one on the other for the success of the firm and the individual. Also, we read of the many social events you have, in which we can take no actual part. Hearing about them is much better than reading about them.

My reason for writing this letter is that I am sure I am only echoing the wishes of my colleagues on the road when I say that should anyone at Calne be in the vicinity of any one of us, and having the time to spare, let him write that individual, when a very warm welcome will be assured him.

Thanking you, in anticipation, for the space you will find me,

I am, yours sincerely,

G. WARD WILLIS.

* * *

MERE THOUGHTS.

Which one of us does not sometimes pine for more luxuries? But there is at least one which is for both the rich and the poor, and which is not always appreciated as such.

When one is dead tired, to be able at last to switch off the light, slip between he sheets, and so sink into blissful slumber; or if one is not tired or weary, to relax one's body and just build castles in the air—it is not advisable to do the latter too often. Last of all, how nice it is at the end of the day to join in the fancies of one's favourite author. This also is notably a bad habit. But which one of us does not indulge in some bad habit?

So, when one is longing for things which cannot be, just ponder on one's blessings and count bed as not one of the least.

W.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

We congratulate Mr. C. W. Channell, whose wedding took place on Saturday, 26th October. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Channell all happiness in the future.

It may interest some of your readers, also the younger representatives who are now on the road, to read about the somewhat rigid conditions which had to be observed with customers in the past.

Many changes in this respect have taken place since the war, and things are now done with impunity which would not have been tolerated then. If, for instance, a representative went into a good class shop, smoking, there would be a furious row, and he would have been told to walk out. But now it is done frequently, and sometimes it is the customer who suggests it. This does not mean that less business is being done, but we are not so punctilious.

The old type of family grocer was particularly rigid with his customers, and did not grant many favours outside his routine of business, and they had to submit to his rules.

Extreme competition has altered all this. In dealing with grocers and traders of this type representatives of wholesale houses had to be careful how they behaved. A trader with a good high-class family trade insisted on the wholesale house and its representative giving a dignified attention to his commands. He did not always get his own way, of course, as the wholesale house also had well-defined rules from which there was no departure.

A grocer in a South Coast town told me just before he retired from business, being then 80 years of age, that he in his early career went to London once a month by coach to buy his goods. He did business with one of the principal firms, and for a period of six months paid cash when ordering. He asked for a monthly account, and one of the principals examined the account and refused, remarking, "This does not justify us giving you a monthly account."

After further trading they gave him a monthly account.

On one of his visits he bought a hogshead of Demerara sugar (an expensive package), and it was omitted from his monthly account. He mentioned the matter when next in London, and the indignant principal told him, "We never make mistakes here, sir." Several months elapsed and the omission was discovered. He received a demand for immediate payment, with interest. How would this do in 1935?

There were a few customers who were rightly regarded as "Characters," and the easier conditions of business enabled them to indulge in their jokes, and, having created a reputation, they were expected to keep it up.

Two representatives arrived at an hotel on the South Coast one evening. One was a regular visitor, the other strange to the town. The latter asked his friend if he could help him by way of introduction to any customers. He said, "Yes, call on Mr. Jones," giving him the address. "You can mention my name. I am going away early in the morning and you can tell me how you fared when I return in the evening." In the evening they met. The stranger said, "I called on your man, but he was not in. I saw his manager, and he told me the governor had gone hunting, and I remarked that few grocers could afford to hunt. He said, 'No, and I do not think my governor will be able to do it much longer. He cannot afford it, and if you take my advice you had better not trust him.' Of course, I thanked him, and asked him to come out for some refreshment, but he said he could not do it as the governor was away." Our regular friend became suspicious, as he knew his man. He asked his friend what sort of man he saw, and his description proved it was Mr. Jones himself who had "gone hunting" at the expense of the unsuspecting traveller.

Our Chief is kindly interested in the improvement of the grocer's assistant, and giving him a better technical education,

which will make him a more capable man behind the counter, which means a better future employer. I think it is more satisfactory to do business with a man who really understands his trade. Whatever conditions may be in front of us there is one thing which will always be necessary to business, and that is the cordial relations between buyer and seller, unless legislation creates a robot position.

J. F. KINGTON (Reading).

* * *

Photographic Notes.

NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY IS NOT DIFFICULT.

HOW TO TAKE AN UNUSUAL PICTURE OF YOUR HOME

There is a fascination about night photography which no amateur should miss. One of the greatest attractions of winter-time photography is that there is such a wide range of unusual subjects which can be photographed at night with an ordinary folding Kodak.

There is no need to go far afield for subjects. One original photograph I saw recently showed the outside of the photographer's house, with the windows and porch illuminated. The moon and a street-lamp afforded illumination, and by turning on all the lights in rooms with windows facing the camera he was able to secure a really effective picture. The camera was rested on a solid support and the exposure was half an hour at f.8.

Shadows of tree branches across the house give an unusual aspect to a more or less commonplace subject. A picture taken with the front-door open as though in welcome would make a charming study.

Exposure.

Nearly every amateur can be successful in this type of night photography. It is difficult to state exactly what exposure should be used, for so much depends upon the general lighting, and whether it is a dark or moonlit night. However, over-exposure need not be feared, and it must be remembered that a large aperture should always be used.

During the time of exposure figures moving in front of the lens will not affect the film, but the light from a car will make a white line across the print, so that it is

advisable to shade the lens with a hat or handkerchief while a vehicle is passing.

Some Photographic Terms

SPOTTING.—The filling-in of spots or imperfections in a negative or print by means of Indian ink or colour with a fine brush.

UNDER-EXPOSURE.—Too short an exposure for correct results.

OVER-EXPOSURE.—Too long an exposure of the sensitive surface.

ABERRATIONS.—The defects of a lens.

* * *

GIVE ME—

Dear Lord, in the battle that goes on through life,

A courage to strive and to dare;
And if I should win, let it be by the code,
With my faith and my honour held high;
And if I should lose, let me stand by the road
And cheer as the winners go by.

* * *

SUNK HIM.

Mr. Hawkins, the wealthy business man, was in conversation with his office boy "And don't you ever forget this, my lad," he said, "I was only an office boy when I started work. I had to start right at the bottom." He paused, and added: "Everything in life's the same. It doesn't matter what you want to be, you must start at the bottom."

The lad shook his head. "You're a bit wrong there, sir," he said.

"Wrong!" snapped the business man. "Can you tell me a single job where you don't have to start at the bottom?"

"Yes, sir," said the youth. "Learning to swim."

SPORTING TERMS ILLUSTRATED.



FOOTBALL—"Over the Line."

Our Portrait Gallery.

CAPTAIN CYRIL HERBERT SMITH.



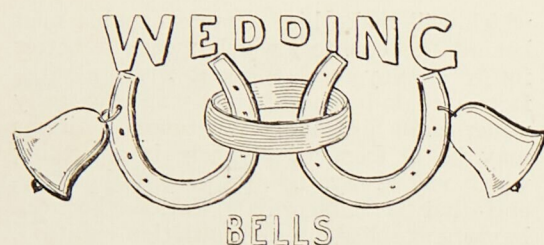
Captain Cyril Herbert Smith, whose father, Henry Herbert Smith, was the first managing director of and who was instrumental in the start of the Chippenham Bacon Factory in 1891, which later purchased the Highbridge Bacon Company in 1898, became director of these two companies in the year 1906. He so continued for the Chippenham factory until the linking up of that Company with Messrs. C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd., in 1920. In 1913, on the death of his father, he was appointed Managing Director for the Highbridge Bacon Company, but owing to the War, when he was re-called to his regiment (the Gloucesters), he was not able to take up active duties in that sphere. The Highbridge Bacon Company came in with Messrs. Harris in 1920.

Since that time Captain Smith has acted as the local representative for these two Companies.

* * *

THE HIGHEST HAPPINESS.

Is there any happiness in the world like the happiness of a disposition made happy by the happiness of others?—*F. W. Faber.*



At Derry Hill Church, on September 14th, Miss Ethel May Paradise was married to Mr. Reginald John Kirton. The bride, given away by her father, was attired in a white crepe de chine gown, with veil and halo of orange blossom. She carried a white prayer-book, the gift of her mother.

Three bridesmaids attended the bride. They wore dresses of floral green crepe suede, with head-dresses of green leaves, and carried ivory Prayer-books, the gifts of the bridegroom.

Both the bride and the bridegroom were employed in the Printing Department and were presented by their fellow employees in that department with a frameless mirror and palm stand. They were also the recipients of a present from the Factory employees. Miss Paradise was over eleven years in the Company's service, and was Works Council representative for the Printing Department.

* * *

At Shrewton, on September 28th, Mr. George Amor, of No. 2 Despatch, was married to Miss R. Kilford, of Shrewton. The officiating clergy were the Vicar of Shrewton and the Rev. E. Matthews, of Calstone. The bride wore an ankle-length crepe de chine dress, with wreath and veil, and carried a sheaf of lillies. Four bridesmaids attended the bride.

The wedding presents from No. 2 Factory were a drawing-room clock and a canteen of cutlery. The honeymoon was spent in Weymouth.

* * *

OVERHEARD IN THE FACTORY BY "THE EAVESDROPPER."

Q: How did you get on at the football supper last night?

A: Had a fine time, thanks.

Q: Have plenty to eat?

A: Yes, I had as much as I wanted; in fact, I could have had more than I wanted, if I'd wanted it.



LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER

"One Woman's Story," by Mary Britnieva.

Madame Britnieva was born in Russia, of English parents, and married a Russian surgeon. This is the story of her personal experiences of the War and revolution.

The first few chapters describe her work as a hospital nurse to the Russian Army during the War. The remainder of the book tells of the hardships and privations endured by Madame Britnieva and her family during the years 1918 to 1930. In 1930 her husband was executed in spite of the fact that he had been far too busy with his work to participate in any counter revolutionary activities.

There are two eye-witness accounts of the murder of Captain Cromie when the British Consulate was raided in 1918; and there is also an interesting account of a meeting with the aged philosopher, Koni, who died in 1927.



1st STRING.

Sept 14th, v. Westbourne (Trowbridge), at Woodlands. Match drawn.

Miss F. Angell and E. Cooper, won 2, lost 1, 1 being drawn. Miss K. Angell and H. Smart, won 3, 1 being drawn. Miss O. Wallis and N. Potter, lost 4.

September 21st, v. Okus (Swindon), at Swindon. Lost by 4 events to 2, 3 being drawn.

Miss K. Angell and H. Smart won 2, 1 being drawn. Miss F. Angell and E. Cooper, lost 1, 2 being drawn. Miss S. McLean and S. Toogood, lost 3.

2nd STRING.

September 21st, v. Okus (Swindon), at Woodlands. Lost by 9 events to nil.

Miss M. McLean and N. Potter, lost 3. Miss V. Woodward and W. Penny, lost 3. Miss M. Hinton and W. Smith, lost 3.

The past season has proved most successful despite the absence of regular strings playing together as teams. It was no uncommon experience to pull players from the 2nd String to fill vacancies in the 1st.

Despite this handicap, of 18 games played we won 13, lost 3, and drew 2. The 2nd String won 5 matches and lost 5—quite a satisfactory result in the circumstances named above.

The Club is greatly indebted to those players who, at the eleventh hour, kindly filled a vacancy in a team, and so enabled us to carry out our programme. Without their sporting actions many matches would have had to be scratched.

HOCKEY.

The hockey season has opened inauspiciously. Owing to many changes the personnel of the teams has altered considerably, and it will be some time before the clubs will be in their right stride. The Ladies' Club are the more fortunate of the two, inasmuch as they have quite a few players coming on to fill the gaps. With the men the situation is more difficult; but even here one or two new players have stepped in to save the club from dissolution. We will be glad to welcome others who can come along.

MENS' CLUB.

The season opened on September 28th, when the men met Warminster, at home. The first half of the match saw our opponents well in the ascendant—four goals coming without any response from us. The second half was more equal, and we held our own

by sharing six goals. A. Bennett scored twice and G. Heath obtained the other.

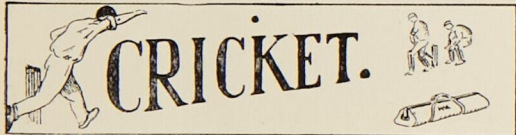
The match on October 12th was scratched owing to our inability to raise a team.

MIXED HOCKEY.

On October 5th we welcomed Holt Mixed Hockey Club to our ground, and, with our strongest players available, we had no difficulty in winning easily by 10 goals to 3. Irene Hunt played at centre-forward and scored 3 goals. K. Angell, in an unusual position as a forward, also scored, whilst W. Smith (4) and R. Swaffield (2) obtained the other goals.

LADIES' CLUB.

We have to record two defeats in our opening matches. September 28th, when we visited G.W.R., Swindon, we lost by 9 goals to 1, Irene Hunt being our scorer. On October 12th, at Marlborough, we lost by 4 goals to 1, Irene Hunt again being our goal-getter.



REVIEW OF THE PAST SEASON.

With the 1st XI.

It is very pleasing to look back over one of the most successful seasons in the history of the Club. The number of matches won has never been exceeded in any previous year and the members of the team have every reason to feel proud of their record. The results are summarised as follows:—

No. of Matches played, 23 ; won, 13 ; lost, 6 ; drawn, 4 (1 tied).



The general standard of play throughout the season has shown marked improvement, especially the fielding. The batting average of 14.08 runs per wicket is also good, and it may be added that the score of 283 made by the Harris XI. on August Bank-holiday constitutes a record for the Club.

Mr. John Bromham heads the batting averages, and it is regrettable that he has not found it possible to play often enough to qualify for the President's Cup. We hope to see more of him next season.

We offer our heartiest congratulation to Mr. R. Swaffield, who has won the trophy, and who was also successful in making the highest individual score of the season. The Bowling Cup has been won by Mr. B. Gough, and we congratulate him on his success.

With the Second XI.

It is not possible to report on such a successful season with the 2nd XI., although their record, under the circumstances, is good. The chief difficulty has been the shortage of players, and this is most regrettable. We have plenty of talent amongst our employees, as evidenced by the Inter-Departmental matches. Furthermore, we have an excellent ground at our disposal and we appeal to those who are at present outside the Club to come in and join us next season.

The results of the past season are summarised as follows:—

Matches played, 16 ; won, 6 ; lost, 9 ; drawn, 1.

We congratulate Mr. J. Wiltshire on heading the batting averages.

Mr. E. Witchell deserves special mention in heading the bowling averages. His record of 66 wickets for 6.27 runs apiece is most commendable.

September 7th, v. Chippenham 2nd XI., at Lickhill. Won by 80 runs.
Chippenham, 52 (B. Gough 6 for 18, R. Stevens 2 for 6, I. J. Taylor 2 for 10).

| HARRIS C.C. | |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| J. Archard, lbw, b Bassett | 7 |
| K. Haines, b Couzens | 3 |
| B. Gough, c Bassett, b Couzens | 32 |
| P. Carter, c Bassett, b Platts | 29 |
| R. Stevens, hit wkt., b Gibbons | 40 |
| R. Heath, b Couzens | 0 |
| A. Sutton, c Price, b Couzens | 3 |
| I. J. Taylor, b Couzens | 7 |
| E. Witchell, lbw, b Gibbons | 3 |
| J. Lewis, not out | 3 |
| W. Butler, b Gibbons | 3 |
| Extras | 2 |

September 14th, v. Devizes, at Lickhill.
Lost by 11 runs.

Devizes, 90 (R. Stevens 4 for 21, A. Sutton 2 for 7, B. Gough 2 for 10, E. Witchell 1 for 9, I. J. Taylor 1 for 10).

| HARRIS C.C. | |
|--|----|
| K. Haines, b Ellis | 27 |
| J. Archard, b Moncrieff | 1 |
| B. Gough, lbw, b Jenkins | 10 |
| R. Swaffield, b Jenkins | 0 |
| A. Bennett, c Jotcham, b Moncrieff | 15 |
| R. Stevens, b Ellis | 1 |
| A. Whieldon, b Jenkins | 7 |
| A. Sutton, b Ellis | 0 |
| I. J. Taylor, b Jenkins | 0 |
| E. Witchell, b Ellis | 4 |
| R. B. Swaffield, not out | 0 |
| Extras | 14 |

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September 21st, v. Chipping Sudbury, at Lickhill. Lost by 8 wickets.

Chipping Sudbury, 147 for 3 wickets. (I. J. Taylor 2 for 24, F. Flay 1 for 25).

| HARRIS C.C. | |
|--|----|
| K. Haines, c Tranter, b Waters | 20 |
| J. Archard, run out | 3 |
| B. Gough, run out | 5 |
| F. Flay, b Waters | 4 |
| R. Swaffield, c Jones, b Doncurley | 14 |
| R. Stevens, b Savory | 14 |
| A. Sutton, c Tranter, b Waters | 3 |
| A. Bennett, not out | 3 |
| D. Horner, c Lewis, b Savory | 0 |
| I. J. Taylor, c Waters, b Savory | 0 |
| E. Witchell, run out | 0 |
| Extras | 15 |

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CRICKET SECTION BATTING AND BOWLING AVERAGES FOR 1935.

1st XI.

Matches played, 23 ; won, 13 ; drawn, 4 (1 tied) ; lost, 6.

Harris scored 2,916 runs for 207 wickets. Average, 14.08 runs per wicket.

Opponents scored 2,396 runs for 216 wickets. Average, 11.09 runs per wicket.

BATTING.

| | Matches Possible. | Matches Playd. | Ings. Playd. | Times Nt. | Most Ot. | Ings. | Total Runs. | Avg. |
|---------------------|----------------------|-------------------|-----------------|--------------|-------------|-------|----------------|------|
| J. E. Bromham..... | 23 | 11 | 11 | 1 | 81 | 265 | 26.50 | |
| R. Swaffield | 23 | 20 | 20 | 1 | 99 | 374 | 19.68 | |
| R. Stevens | 23 | 17 | 17 | 1 | 58 | 277 | 17.31 | |
| P. Carter | 23 | 13 | 12 | 1 | 70 | 168 | 15.27 | |
| B. A. Gough | 23 | 19 | 19 | 0 | 39 | 267 | 14.05 | |
| K. Haines | 23 | 17 | 17 | 0 | 33 | 234 | 13.76 | |
| F. Cleverley | 23 | 11 | 11 | 2 | 23 | 111 | 12.33 | |
| J. Garraway | 23 | 12 | 12 | 2 | 23 | 115 | 11.50 | |
| J. Archard | 23 | 19 | 18 | 0 | 83 | 171 | 9.50 | |
| A. Sutton | 23 | 13 | 12 | 1 | 22 | 84 | 7.63 | |
| F. I. Nash | 23 | 8 | 8 | 1 | 28 | 46 | 6.57 | |
| I. J. Taylor | 23 | 21 | 18 | 6 | 16 | 75 | 6.25 | |
| S. L. Drewell | 23 | 8 | 5 | 0 | 7 | 20 | 4.00 | |

Qualification for President's Cup Competition, 14 matches. Winner of trophy—R. Swaffield.

BOWLING.

| | Overs. | Maidens. | Runs. | Wickets. | Average. |
|---------------------|--------|----------|-------|----------|----------|
| B. A. Gough | 156 | 32 | 357 | 48 | 7.43 |
| F. I. Nash | 73 | 21 | 158 | 18 | 8.77 |
| I. J. Taylor | 181 | 53 | 352 | 39 | 9.02 |
| J. Garraway | 7 | 2 | 19 | 2 | 9.50 |
| S. L. Drewell | 18 | 0 | 68 | 7 | 9.71 |
| A. Sutton | 56 | 13 | 187 | 17 | 11.00 |
| R. Swaffield | 37 | 4 | 167 | 14 | 11.92 |
| R. Stevens | 88 | 17 | 264 | 20 | 13.20 |
| P. Carter | 115 | 24 | 282 | 21 | 13.42 |

Total number of overs bowled—798.

Qualification for President's Cup Competition, 79.8 overs. Winner of trophy, B. A. Gough.

2nd. XI.

Matches played, 16 ; won, 6 ; drawn, 1 ; lost, 9.

Harris scored 1,253 for 152 wickets. Average, 8.24 runs per wicket.

Opponents scored 1,588 for 166 wickets. Average, 9.56 runs per wicket.

BATTING.

| | Matches Possible. | Matches Playd. | Ings. Playd. | Times Nt.Ot. | Most Ings. | Total Runs. | Avg. |
|--------------------|-------------------|----------------|--------------|--------------|------------|-------------|-------|
| J. Wiltshire | 16 | 11 | 12 | 0 | 47 | 199 | 16.58 |
| R. Heath | 16 | 6 | 6 | 0 | 47 | 82 | 13.66 |
| A. Bennett..... | 16 | 14 | 15 | 2 | 41 | 166 | 12.76 |
| P. Caine..... | 16 | 10 | 11 | 2 | 25 | 104 | 11.55 |
| B. Webb | 16 | 10 | 10 | 1 | 50 | 80 | 8.88 |
| G. Witchell | 16 | 6 | 7 | 1 | 13 | 44 | 7.33 |
| F. Cleverley | 16 | 10 | 10 | 2 | 17 | 51 | 6.37 |
| W. Smith | 16 | 12 | 12 | 2 | 24 | 61 | 6.10 |
| S. Wood | 16 | 10 | 10 | 0 | 24 | 54 | 5.40 |
| E. Witchell | 16 | 16 | 15 | 1 | 17 | 82 | 5.85 |
| G. Dean | 16 | 15 | 15 | 0 | 15 | 65 | 4.33 |

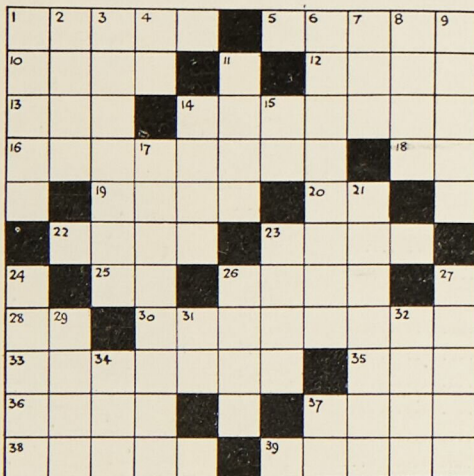
BOWLING.

| | Overs. | Maidens. | Runs. | Wickets. | Average. |
|--------------------|--------|----------|-------|----------|----------|
| E. Witchell | 207 | 69 | 414 | 66 | 6.27 |
| F. Cleverley | 11 | 2 | 17 | 2 | 8.50 |
| J. Wiltshire | 78 | 12 | 244 | 28 | 8.71 |
| R. Heath | 48 | 8 | 127 | 14 | 9.07 |
| P. Coleman | 12 | 1 | 38 | 4 | 9.50 |
| H. Miller | 18 | 4 | 53 | 5 | 10.06 |
| B. Webb | 71 | 11 | 270 | 22 | 12.27 |
| S. Wood | 14 | 0 | 68 | 5 | 13.60 |
| G. Dean | 21 | 3 | 68 | 4 | 17.00 |
| G. Witchell | 29 | 3 | 74 | 4 | 18.50 |

ACROSS.

- 1.—Twists.
- 5.—To make hollow.
- 10.—Chance.
- 12.—The top.
- 13.—Put to a purpose.
- 14.—Powerful.
- 16.—Royalty live in this Square.
- 18.—Thank you.
- 19.—Famous breed of horses.
- 20.—Personal pronoun.
- 22.—Bite in rage.
- 23.—The spoil of the chase.
- 25.—Doctor of theology (abbrev.)
- 26.—Dislike.
- 28.—Suffix.
- 30.—The world.
- 33.—Short seed pod.
- 35.—Monkey.
- 36.—Author of poems.
- 37.—A mineral salt.
- 38.—Remains.
- 39.—Range of mountains.

(OUR CROSSWORD No. 8.)



The solution will appear next month.

DOWN.

- 1.—Used by golfers.
- 2.—English river.
- 3.—Northern country.
- 4.—Species of deer (beheaded).
- 6.—Bomb-proof chamber
- 7.—Tenth month (abbrev.)
- 8.—Leave out.
- 9.—North American tree
- 11.—Shell-fish.
- 14.—Pull along.
- 15.—Artillery volunteers (abbrev.)
- 17.—Tip.
- 21.—Precious stone.
- 23.—Presented.
- 24.—Insects.
- 26.—Smaller than a mountain.
- 27.—Full of.
- 29.—Tumult.
- 31.—North Carolina (abbrev.)
- 32.—Vomit.
- 34.—Meadow.
- 37.—One.

Friends Elsewhere.



The month of September has been the busiest we have experienced during the 44 years we have been established at Chippenham, and for the week ending Saturday, September 28th, we had our record killing of pigs, which exceeded by 110 our previous highest number. It is very gratifying to everyone connected in any way with our Factory here that as a result of the Pigs and Bacon Marketing Schemes, to which our Chief during the last few years has devoted so much time, attention, and anxious thought, we are now working at full pressure, and employing more labour than ever before in our history, and we know that this happy state of affairs will be equally gratifying to our Chief, who has always had the welfare of every employee so much at heart, not only here at Chippenham, but throughout the association of Companies under his control. But we wish the results to the Firm were of a profitable nature.

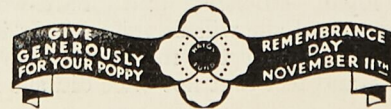
We were again privileged to have a corner of the Harris Stand at the recent Grocers' Exhibition for our celebrated Coal-Black Bradenham Hams, which, as usual, proved a great attraction—and many amusing comments were heard as to the why and wherefore of their black appearance. We are sole curers of these hams, which are a speciality—of mild and delicious flavour—a real luxury—and the fact that we booked a record number for the Christmas trade—one order alone being for 500 hams is, we think, a sure indication of better times generally throughout the country.

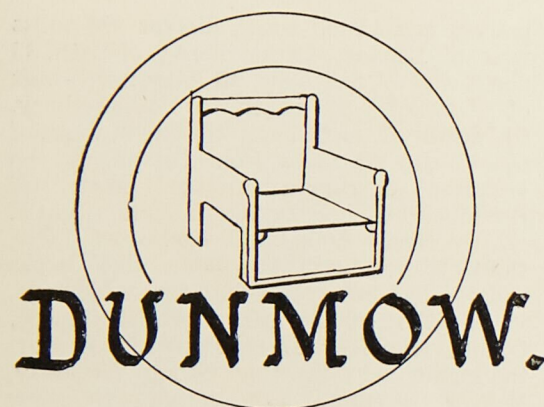
CHIPPENHAM is a railway station, parliamentary and municipal borough, and

market and Union town, distant 93 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles west of London, 13 north-east of Bath, 33 north-west of Salisbury, 10 miles north-west of Devizes, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ south of Malmesbury, 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ north of Melksham, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ north-west of Calne, and 22 miles from Bristol, in the Hundred of Chippenham and diocese of Bristol and Gloucester, North Wilts, situated on the river Avon, and connected by a short branch with the Wilts and Berks canal. The living is a discharged vicarage, value £320, in the gift of Christ Church, Oxford: the Rev. Lewis Purbrick, M.A., is the incumbent: the Rev. George Witherby, M.A., is the curate. The church of St. Mary is an ancient Gothic structure, with a spire containing 8 bells: it has been new pewed and otherwise repaired. A handsome new district church was erected in 1855 near the railway station. There are 4 chapels—viz., Primitive Methodist, Wesleyan, Independent, and Baptist: one Free School, for the education of 12 boys, sons of freemen: also a British and one National School, for the education of the children of the poor. Chippenham is incorporated under the Municipal Corporation Act: the government is in a mayor, 4 aldermen, and 12 councillors: it was also a borough by charter, in the reign of Mary, returning two members to Parliament. The Parliamentary borough included Langley Burrell and Hardenhuish. The houses are well built and the principal street more than half a mile long. The market is on Fridays for corn and second Friday in every month for cheese. The Fairs are held on the 17th of May, 22nd of June, 29th of October, and 11th of December. Here is a Literary and Scientific Institution. The principal manufactures are broad-cloth and silk. The population of the parish, in 1851, was 4,999. The town only contains 1,707 inhabitants. The parish contains 9,100 acres, which is divided into four manors. There are charities of £200 annual value. In the neighbourhood is Bowood, about 2 miles from Chippenham, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne: Corsham House, 4 miles from Chippenham, the seat of Lord Methuen.

(From an old directory, published over seventy years ago).

* * *





The various friends will be interested to read that Miss V. G. Lawrence and Mr. F. C. Culf, both senior members of our Indoor Staff, were married at Dunmow Parish Church on September 7th, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. Noel Mellish, V.C.

The reception was at the Memorial Hall, Dunmow, and the happy couple travelled to Folkestone, where the honeymoon was spent.

They have made their home at High Stile, Dunmow, and we at Dunmow again wish them a long life and good health and much happiness.

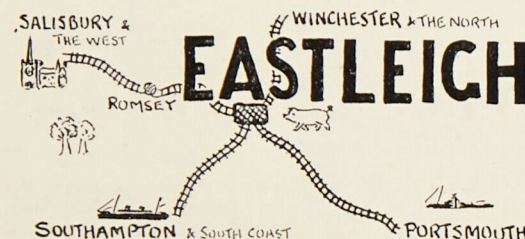
Prior to the wedding a combined Factory and Office Staff presentation was made to the couple, and this took the form of a set of carvers and a cut-glass bowl. It was when the presentation was made that we at Dunmow expressed our own feelings to both, therefore no more need be said to them through the medium of the Magazine; yet a word or two to others might be said about them.

Mr. Culf came straight from school to our Office in 1924. He got down to work right from the start, in the manner of one determined to do his best, and since that time has done every job in the office in turn, and his reward, as well as our pleasure, is that he is now the senior member of our Indoor Staff.

About Miss Lawrence; naturally she will be very much missed here, but she has earned all the happiness she can pick up, and we are glad to see the couple so matched. Miss Lawrence, if one may say so, was a very loyal, efficient, and hard-working colleague, and she will be missed. It is nice to look back over the many years she had with us, and feel that not once did she let us

down in her duties; no matter how busy we were we were sure that she would pull her weight, whether it was doing her own job or helping others to do theirs. Good luck to both.

* * *



The photograph this month is of the Eastleigh Tug-of-war team, winners of the President's Cup at the Harris Flower Show.

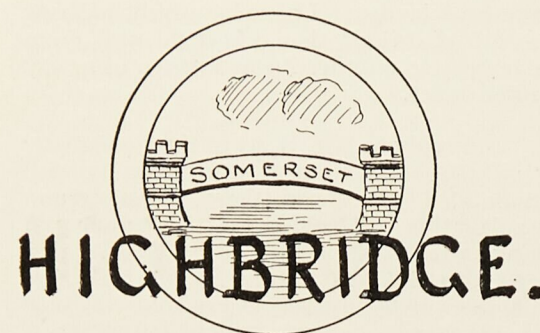
We have had more than our usual number of the staff away on the sick list, but we are glad that each one is making good progress. The value of the Benevolent Scheme which our Chief initiated is being greatly appreciated at this time.

The Eastleigh Hospital Carnival Week, in September, provided the town with an unusual amount of entertainment. The Carnival processions were the best ever, and the many events throughout the week made for a most successful time. An outstanding feature of the week was the Thursday's visit to the Eastleigh Southern Railway works, when over 2,000 people attended during the afternoon. It is interesting to note that nearly 4,000 men are employed in the works, which cover an area of 92 acres. The average annual output is approximately:—360 engines overhauled, 180 carriages are built, 4,200 tons of steel are used, and over 200 tons of paint. These figures give an idea of the magnitude of the Eastleigh works. The courtesy of the Southern Railway Company in allowing this visit to the works undoubtedly greatly adds to the Hospital Carnival Funds.

The actual figures are not yet available, but it is thought that the endeavour of the Committee to make a record profit of over £500 has been achieved.

* * *

Water continually dropping will wear hard rocks hollow.—*Plutarch.*



The football season being once more in full swing, our lads have donned their jerseys and started again on their programme. To date two matches have been played, but, unfortunately, in both the team was unsuccessful, but, no doubt, once they have settled down together, victories will come. We wish them every success during the season.

The Skittle Club are also about to commence operations, and played their first match on Monday, September 30th.

The holiday period for members of the staff has now come to an end and we shall be able to settle down once more to our usual routine. For those who selected September this year for their vacation the weather has not been very kind, as it has been the most stormy month of the whole year. The recent gale caused quite a deal of havoc in the country, but fortunately our immediate neighbourhood escaped the worst, which was lucky, seeing that the building operations here were in a stage where damage could easily be caused.

We are sorry to report that Mr. J. Llewellyn has again had to cease duty through recurrence of his illness, and we all wish him a speedy recovery. We are glad to record that Mr. W. Slater is progressing, and it was pleasing to see him getting about without his chair. Messrs. C. Hancock and B. W. F. Young have been on the sick list, but we are glad to say have now returned to work. Mr. W. H. Ludgate, of our travelling staff, has been incapacitated with his old leg troubles, and although he keeps quite cheerful, we would like him to know he has our sympathy and wishes for his early recovery to normal strength.

We congratulate Horace A. Holley, aged 17, who is a pupil at Dr. Morgan's School, Bridgwater, and is a son of Mr. Arthur Holley, on passing his Oxford Examination.

HARVEST HOME.

At this season of the year in this neighbourhood quite a number of villages hold the festival of harvest home. These celebrations appear to spring from many years ago, when the farmer or 'squire at the end of the harvest would give what was called the harvest supper to his employees and their relatives. At these celebrations there would generally be dancing and singing to the accompaniment of rural musicians, generally fiddlers and accordeon players. As time passed the population of the villages were not wholly employed in agriculture, some being engaged in other pursuits, and, these latter wishing to take part in the celebrations, local committees would be formed to arrange for all the individual suppers to be merged in one, in which all could participate. At these combined celebrations, the proceedings usually start with a procession to the Church for a festival service. Then all proceed to a field, where the dinner is usually served in marquees. In some places all sit down to the same meal, but in many cases the men are entertained to a full meal, with plenty of refreshments in the way of cider and beer, and the women and children are given a meat tea.

There are usually local sports, and in some cases the more modern electric and steam roundabouts, switchbacks, &c., are introduced, with dancing in the marquees in the evening.

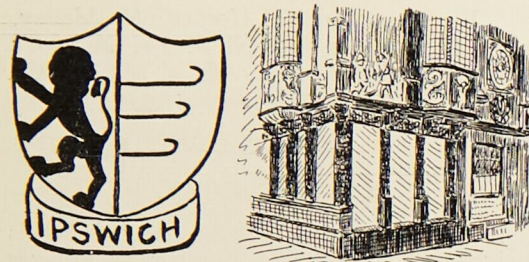
The most elaborate festival in this neighbourhood is held at East Brent, where the puddings, beef, hams, and cheeses used are carried in procession by girls and women of the village to the refreshment tent.

Generally speaking, therefore, the day is given up to feasting and drinking, and is in that respect a connection with the festivals of our ancestors.

R.C.L.

We should like to congratulate Mr. Garnet Gay on the birth of a son on Thursday, 3rd October.

A. G. KIDLEY.



We extend our hearty congratulations and best wishes to Mr. Kenneth C. Downes, of the Office Staff, who was married at St. Peter's Church, Ipswich, on September 21st.

Mr. Downes commenced his business career with the Company, and has completed twelve years' service.

On behalf of the entire staff Mr. Ludgate presented Mr. Downes with an oak clock as an expression of our good wishes.

Our congratulations are also extended to Mr. E. Kevern, of the Seager shop staff, who was married on August 31st. Mr. Kevern has been with the Company for 13 years, and is at present on the staff at Carr Street.

On behalf of his colleagues at all three of the Seager Shops and at the Factory, Mr. Kevern was presented with a clock by his manager, Mr. C. W. Wright.

* * *



The towns of Yarmouth and Lowestoft are full of activity. There have been indications that abnormally large catches of herrings are likely, and this prophecy looks like fulfilment. I understand that 25,000,000 herring were landed at these ports on Saturday, October 13th. Scotch lassies have come from the North in train loads ready for their work of packing and cleaning. Unfortunately, prices are poor. I believe large cargoes will be exported to Russia and elsewhere to relieve the congestion.

It is a most extraordinary sight to see

these fish landed. I have known the harbour so full of drifters that one could walk from one boat to another for a distance of nearly three miles.

In reply to R.E.H. as to the reason why "silly" should be used in association with Suffolk, I am afraid there is no certain explanation. It is said that Christianity in England was first embraced by East Angles, and also that at one time Suffolk had more Churches than any area in England. If such is the case one can understand "silly," meaning Holy, might describe this county in the earlier days.

The word "silly," as applied to Suffolk to-day, has an entirely different root meaning, and implies cute, cunning, crafty—these words being used in a constructive sense. There is ample evidence of that something in the make-up of the Suffolk nature to justify this assumption. Suffolk is a county of poor, thin soil, Easterly winds, lack of industries other than farming, and no minerals. Consequent on these conditions the Suffolk man is where he is to-day as a result of the application of craft and cunning. He has, of necessity, had to scheme and plan, and by sheer merit of initiative and resource he has won through. This feature became part of the complex of the Suffolk make-up, and we see results to-day which amply prove that this trait of character still remains.

One could cite a host of accomplishments and to name a few:—It was in Suffolk that the Crag (a marine deposit), rich in phosphate, and found only in East Anglia, was first applied as a manure dressing to land, and this was the forerunner of the introduction of chemical fertilisers to agriculture, and which are extensively manufactured in Ipswich by the original firm. The agriculturists of the district, too, saw the value of developing pedigree animals, and we have outstanding examples of their foresight of nearly a century ago in the wonderful herds of pedigree stock, represented by the Suffolk Black-faced Sheep, the Suffolk Horse, the Suffolk Red-polled Cow.

It was the Suffolk farmer who 25-30 years ago proved by experiment that sugar beet could be grown in this country equal to any in Germany, and with an exceedingly high sugar content. The result to-day is two factories in this, our county, and a very large and vital industry firmly established.

I maintain there is no other county

which can boast of such enterprise, and I do think it is indicative of a special trait in their character which was undoubtedly fostered by environment and economic conditions.

If you have never read the book, "Margaret Catchpole," by Cobbold, you have missed a treat. A more remarkable history and romance was never written of any girl. The story is more enthralling because the facts narrated can be vouched for. As a local heroine her name will always be remembered, the places mentioned are well known to most of our Ipswich readers, and the families spoken of are household names, even to-day. Margaret Catchpole was born at Nacton, near Ipswich, in 1773. She was the daughter of a farm labourer, and from her early days evinced a remarkable charm and uniqueness of character. Her infatuation for Will Laud, a wild, fearless fellow, leads her into all manner of difficulty. Will Laud becomes an intrepid smuggler and is one of a gang which causes endless anxiety to the preventive officers of the time. Smuggling on this part of the coast was very prevalent, and the various authentic stories related of the smugglers' methods to evade authority and the numerous fights for freedom and hair-breadth escapes make good reading. As a result of this infatuation for the smuggler, Margaret steals a horse from the stables of her employer, and this she rides to London. She is captured, tried, and sentenced to death, this sentence being later commuted to seven years' imprisonment. Two years of her sentence has run when she makes a sensational escape from Ipswich Gaol, at the instigation of Will Laud. She is again captured, Will Laud is killed, and she is once more sentenced to death—a sentence she feels she richly deserves, and which she becomes reconciled to. Influence is brought to bear and the sentence is altered to transportation for life. She is sent to Sydney. In a life full of adventure she makes good and comes under the notice of Barry, a man who migrated from her own native village and who is now an important merchant of the district. He, being friendly with the Governor, secures her pardon, and she becomes Mrs. Barry. Many of the letters written by Margaret can be seen at the Ipswich Museum, and the fact that the narrative is true adds to its charm.

If any reader is unable to secure this

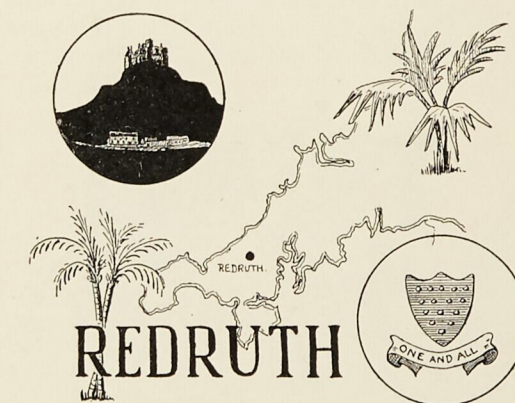
book from their own library the writer will endeavour to loan a copy for them on application.

To the Editor.

Just a personal note. Earlier in the year, in response to the Editor's appeal, News of the East was offered till the end of 1935, hoping there would be response from other contributors in similar strain. Why not News of the City, News of the North or West, &c. It seems that it is the few who make themselves responsible for contributions to the Magazine. We enjoy doing it, it is an exercise of mind and keeps us from getting rusty, and new contributors, I am sure, would find that it is not all that difficult.

J. E. SMITH.

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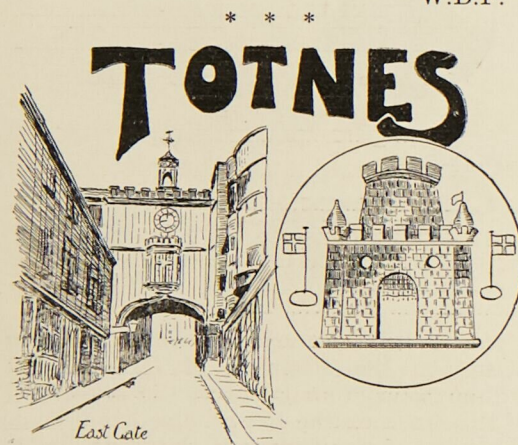
The Milk Scheme has for some time been occupying the attention of farmers, but within twenty-four hours of the settlement of this question the Pig Scheme has become the centre of discussion. Both these Schemes play a vital part in Cornish agriculture, and we are anxiously waiting to hear what the terms for the 1936 contract will be.

With the end of September comes the end of the tourist season, and in spite of the severest competition both at home and abroad, reports reveal that, assisted by the beautiful weather, this summer has been a record one for nearly all seaside resorts. One very encouraging feature is the tendency towards the lengthening of the holiday period, and even to the approach of October a very substantial number of visitors can still be seen, evidently anxious to continue the pleasant time they have been enjoying. The toll, however, of lives lost in bathing on the Cornish coast continues to mar the records of the season. It seems an almost

hopeless endeavour to secure observance of the precautions which would prevent half these tragedies. People from "up country" continue to go into the Atlantic as if it were an enclosed bathing pool, and march in boldly where "natives" fear to tread, ignoring the notices of danger erected for their special benefit.

The annual Navy Week was recently held at Plymouth, and the staff at Redruth took the opportunity of making the journey on the Saturday afternoon. We left at one o'clock, and reached Plymouth at three o'clock, and spent a very enjoyable time until nine p.m. We were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Roynon.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Leslie Hocking in the death of his brother and to Ernie Floyd in the death of his sister.
W.B.F.



For some few months residents here have missed the sound of our church bells, and more particularly owing to our having become accustomed to hearing their music on wedding occasions, &c., in fact, at most social events of any importance. The cause of their silence is due to the extensive renovations, costing about £450, which were rendered necessary by the ravages of the death watch beetle. This same damage also caused our church clock to be silent, and this was greatly missed as many of the townsmen depended on its sound to regulate their own timekeepers. Fortunately, sufficient funds have been raised in the town to enable the repairs to be carried out in an efficient manner, and before these lines are in print we shall hope to hear the joyful sound of the

bells again, which once more shows the ready response that is always made here to any deserving appeal for funds. A unique feature of our silent clock is that even when in full working order it is still unseen by the general public as it has no face on either side of the tower, a fact which causes some amusement at times when visitors, who happen to be in the near vicinity of the church, give a surprised start at hearing the hours and quarters boomed out and seeing no clock.

In pre-war days rowing was a great feature of local sport, and the Totnes Rowing Club was usually greatly to the fore at most of the Regattas held in the county, but in recent years their prowess has waned considerably, so much so that interest in the annual Regatta held here declined to the extent that there was a danger of its going out of existence. A real effort has been made during the past two years to regain some of the past prestige, with the result that this year our Junior Crews obtained several notable successes, and there is now a very optimistic feeling that Totnes is once more on the up-grade in the rowing section of sport, and we are now hopeful during the next year or two that our crews will again be among the leaders.
W.J.T.

* * *

ARMISTICE.

Ceux qui pieusement sont morts pour la Patrie,
Ont droit qu'à leur cercueil la foule vienne et prie.
Entre les plus beaux noms leur nom est le plus beau,
Toute gloire près d'eux passe et tombe éphémère,
Et comme ferait une mère,
La voix d'un peuple entier les berce en leur tombeau.

VICTOR HUGO.



In a few weeks time we shall be puzzling our brains over that old problem, "What can we give so-and-so for Christmas?" Already some of the big shops are displaying Christmas cards, calendars, and gifts, more or less for the benefit of those who have relatives and friends abroad, but there's no reason why we shouldn't make an early choice, too. The best plan is to look around and find out what one is really in need of, then one will feel satisfied that the gift is sincerely accepted by the recipient.

Perhaps the tea cosy is looking very shabby and mother is secretly longing to buy a new one, you know; one of those with a linen cover, which can be removed and washed, so that it will always give an air of freshness to the tea table. Just go through your scrap-bag and see if you have any sateen or other pretty materials packed away. Sort them out and put to use by making your own cosy; it will only cost 6d., the price of the wadding for stuffing. To cut the shapes you can easily take the pattern from the old one. Four shapes are needed, because two on each side hold the wadding. Daintily transferred linen covers are quite cheap to buy, and with a few coloured silks you can produce a useful and pleasing article. With your oddments you can make a nice big cushion, too, costing about ninepence for filling. If you can't rake out enough for the whole thing, make it in two colours that will tone. A crash cover, worked in wool, will be a nice cushion for somebody all complete.

Most of us are apt to leave the Christmas shopping until the last moment, although weeks beforehand we have seen the very gifts we are wanting displayed in the window. But when you feel inclined to pop into that shop—too late! Someone made sure of it days ago. Then there's a lot of time wasted trying to find one similar, and in the end you have to think of something else to take its place, still visualising that the other gift would have given more pleasure had you

purchased it on first sight. Of course, funds are not always available, but when you have the opportunity seize it, and let it be an advantage to all concerned (yourself, post-office, and receiver).

Here's something easy to serve and appetising to look at:—

INGREDIENTS.

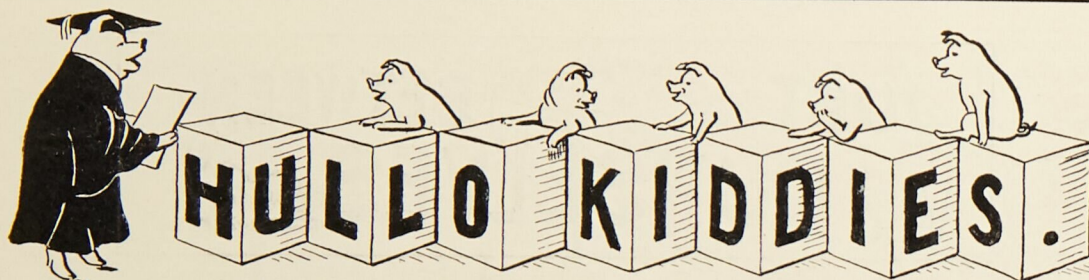
$\frac{1}{2}$ pt. vanilla or cherry jelly.
 $\frac{3}{4}$ Pt. milk.
2 eggs.
2 dessert-spoonsful sugar.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. gelatine.
2 tablespoonsful water.
Vanilla flavouring essence.
Cream.

Dissolve the jelly in hot-water, making it up to half a pint with the jelly. Separate one of the eggs, and beat together one whole egg and one yolk. Heat the milk with the sugar and add to the eggs, then turn into a double boiler, and cook until the custard thickens, keeping it well stirred, then take it off and leave it to get cold. Dissolve the gelatine in a saucepan with the water, and strain into the cold custard, then stir in the stiffly frothed egg white, and add sufficient vanilla essence to flavour. Pour a layer of jelly in the base of four or five small plain moulds, and when set add a layer of custard. Let this set, then repeat the layers, and when firm dip in warm water and unmould. Decorate with whipped cream and tiny pieces of glace cherry. The jelly can be flavoured with a little sherry, in which case add rather less water. If the jelly isn't deep enough in colour add a few drops of cochineal.

V.L.D.

* * *

EDITORIAL NOTE:—Although regretting V.L.D.'s departure from our columns, we join with our readers in wishing her every happiness in her new sphere.



Have you got used to the dark evenings yet? There is not much time now for play out of doors or for country walks, and these shorter days come very hard at first, don't they? And yet even the dark nights bring their own joy, and for those of you who are fond of reading, or the various kinds of handwork that boys and girls are taught to do nowadays, there are many happy hours in store.

By the time you read this it will only be a very few weeks to Christmas. I wonder how many of you make your own Christmas presents. There are so many things that you can make yourselves, and I think everybody treasures home-made gifts the most.

For the girls there are such things as kettle-holders, tea-cosies, egg-cosies, bed-socks, handkerchief cases, nightdress or pyjama cases, and quite a lot of other things that make very acceptable gifts for every member of the family.

For the boys, too, there are such things as blotters, calendars, and numerous articles that can be made from wood which would be most useful in any home; and it is surprising what can be done with a touch of paint or enamel to make a gift look more striking and beautiful. Just see what you can do and you will be surprised at the result of your own efforts.

THE ADVENTURES OF SALLY AND SAM.

(Continued).

What a homecoming there was at the farm that morning! Teddy was safe and sound and was carried home in Sinbad's strong arms, with Sam helping Sally (who had recovered, but who was still very shaken) following close behind.

Teddy was too weak to talk very much, but as he looked up into the weather-beaten face of the sailor he whispered, "I thought I was drowned—do you think I shall ever be able to swim like Sally and Sam and you?" "Of course, you will, Sonny," said the old

sailor, "but don't you worry about that now, just lie quite still until we get you home, and when you've had a good long rest and feel quite yourself again you come and see me and I'll teach you all you want to know about swimming and how to make a good sailor."

Teddy was quite content now and rested his little golden head against the cheery old sailor's coat. It was so nice to be safe—he had felt that when Sam had grasped him in the sea. Sam had always been his hero, and now he had saved his life, nothing Teddy could ever do would repay Sam for that. And Sally had helped, too—if she hadn't gone for Sinbad they might both have drowned.

And now here they were at the farm. The children's mother had been to the door several times to look for them, and she was just telling Daddy that he had better go and look for them when they arrived. She was very scared at first when she saw Teddy's limp form being carried by Sinbad, and observed Sally's and Sam's bedraggled appearance. But Sinbad had soon told her the story (somehow none of the others seemed to want to talk about it) and very soon they had all had a hot bath and some warm milk and were glad to be bundled off to bed.

Next day Sam and Sally felt none the worse for their adventure, but Teddy was very poorly indeed, so poorly that Daddy had gone off very early in the morning to bring the doctor and to send a telegram to Teddy's Mother.

Dr. Blake looked very grave when he saw how ill Teddy was, and stayed a long time and asked Sam and Sally many questions. "He's a plucky little youngster," said Dr. Blake, "but he ought never to have attempted to swim to the buoy. I'm afraid we shall have a hard fight to pull him through. You children will have to help by being as quiet as you can—he must be kept very still."

(To be continued).



BY APPOINTMENT

HARRIS MAGAZINE

VOL. 9. _____ DECEMBER, 1935. _____ No. 12.



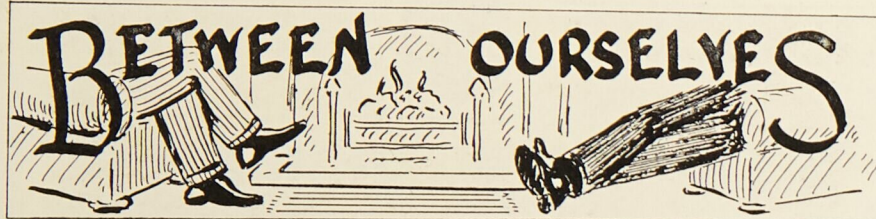
IN a changing world the spirit of Christmas persists. Although outwardly methods of celebrating the festival may change, nevertheless, cheerfulness, laughter, and consideration for others remain the basis upon which they are constructed. We owe much to Dickens, who revived the appeal which Christmas had once made, to pass to others material joy and happiness at one period of the year which, to many, was uniformly drab and uninteresting.

Many changes make the holiday spent by Mr. Pickwick and his fellow members of the Pickwick Club, at Dingley Dell, seem as far off as some happening in the early days of this world of ours. The motor may have ousted the stage-coach, the mummer given place to the radio, and the modern Marley's Ghost may send his warning to the modern Scrooge by radio, but certain very essential ingredients for a Merry Christmas remain. We still have our Sam Wellers, Mr. Winkles,

Mr. Tupmans, and Arabella Allens, and the Fat Boy is with us ever. This young gentleman would still have mince pies to gladden his heart, and whilst certain provisions (of which his world was composed) are no longer popular, yet the gammon, ham, boar's head, and sausage maintain their old appeal. We, of the House of Harris, have very important posts in this celebration of Christmastide.

The success of countless festive tables, from Land's End to John O'Groat's, from East Anglia to the Seaboard of Wales, and even further afield, depends on our products.

The days preceeding Christmas mean long hours and hard work ; but if we can only visualise the happiness and pleasure our efforts will mean to thousands of families, the task will not only be lightened, but we shall be able in our turn to enjoy to the utmost the pleasures of the Christmas holiday.



IN our issue of July last year we referred to the privilege we enjoyed in having the opportunity of identifying ourselves with the Oxford University Ellesmere Land Expedition (1934). Mr. Edward Shackleton, the son of the famous explorer, Sir Edward Shackleton, was in charge of this expedition, and with great pleasure and by his permission I am able to insert a letter from him:—

"DEAR MR. BODINNAR,

"This is just a line to tell you that the Oxford University Ellesmere Expedition, to whom Messrs. Harris so generously presented supplies of bacon, tinned meats, and other provisions, has returned safely to this country. I should like to take this opportunity of expressing on behalf of the Expedition our tremendous gratitude to you and Messrs. Harris for what proved to be a wonderful gift. We are all agreed that the very high quality of these products made a very real difference to our comfort during the long winter night and at that most important of times, the sledging season. In fact, raw frozen bacon was one of the chief items in the sledge ration, and very excellent it tasted. I am only sorry that not one part of the lard which you so kindly presented to the Expedition was taken, for, although certain of the stores had to be left behind owing to lack of space, we had never intended to leave the lard. The person responsible for loading the ship, however, had, mistakenly and contrary to instructions, placed it with the provisions which we had reluctantly decided we must do without. I should like to apologise for our discourtesy in asking for something and then not taking it, but as a matter of fact it is one of the last things I should have left behind if I had known about it.

"The Expedition, I am happy to say, managed to carry out most of the things it set out to do. Unexplored Grant Land was penetrated and a new range of mountains 10,000 feet high was discovered. This party actually managed to get within sight of the sea coast, but owing to shortage of food were compelled to return. The scientific work also went off according to plan, and a good collection of geological specimens was made.

"I should like to thank you also very much for so kindly sending us a telegram of good wishes on our departure, to which I am sorry not to have replied before.

"I hope sometime, perhaps, if you are not too busy, I shall have the pleasure of thanking you in person for your great help.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) EDWARD SHACKLETON."

There is nothing very new that one can say about Christmas, but we can remind ourselves that it denotes in many ways all that is best in life and life's relationships.

I hope that before Christmas arrives the bells of peace will once more be ringing among the nations and that the true spirit of peace and goodwill will be found in all the home circles with which we are connected.

The very best of good wishes to all our friends, everywhere.



PEACE
AND
GOODWILL
TO ALL.
Xmas 1935.

The Lost Box.

Mark Dent walked along the lane feeling that life wasn't too good at the moment.

Here he was faced with the prospect of spending several more weeks in this back of beyond. A breakdown had made it necessary for him to seek the quiet of the country, and so he had come here to some distant relations, who ran a farm. He felt a longing to hear the sounds of the city again, but his doctor wouldn't hear of a return to work yet.

Leaving the road, he started to climb the hill. The only sounds to be heard were the wind in the long grasses and the faint bleat of the sheep. Reaching the top, he paused to look down on the village below and across to the haze in the distance that marked the Channel.

The faint drone of an aeroplane reached him—nothing unusual about that—but it grew much louder and stopped. Mark, looking round, saw the aeroplane coming steeply down, and it crashed unpleasantly near him. Fortunately, it did not blaze up, and Mark ran to the wreckage and attempted to extricate the two occupants.

Those in the village below who had seen the accident came up, and the two unconscious men were taken to the farmhouse. The doctor, hurriedly summoned from the nearest town, pronounced no bones broken—concussion, one rather serious.

The pilot, who was the least injured, was able to give an account of himself by the next day. He was employed by one of the big air liner services, and had been detailed to take a passenger to Switzerland. He didn't know anything about his passenger, but he thought he was on Government service.

In the meantime the company had been informed of the mishap, and mechanics, who had flown down to see the extent of the damage, decided it was too bad to repair, and the only thing to do was to take it to pieces. Two very important persons had come down to enquire about the still unconscious passenger. It appeared he was engaged on a very important and confidential mission abroad on behalf of the Government. Of course, they were all interested in him, but he showed no interest in anything yet. On the third day, however, the nurse reported that he opened his eyes and, going to him, he muttered something about a

black box before relapsing into oblivion again.

His luggage and that of the pilot's, who was now known as Frank, had been brought down, but no black box was there. Frank remembered seeing a long, thin, black, apparently metal box under his arm when he entered the 'plane.

So they went to the remains of the 'plane to see if it was there. It wasn't, and as it was unlikely to have been stolen, the only other possibility was that it had been sent back to the aerodrome with the rest of the fittings.

Apparently the owner seemed to attach importance to it, so they thought it best to telephone the "very important persons" about it.

"Did they know if it might be of importance?"

"Yes, without doubt; most probably it contained valuable documents. Make all enquiries about it at once."

So Frank set off for the aerodrome in search of the box, and Mark, who was greatly interested in the search, went with him.

On arrival at the aerodrome they searched all possible places for the box; nothing doing. They impressed the importance of the box and searched all the likely and unlikely places. Then a mechanic remembered that on first flight down to the crash the pilot had brought back a number of things, perhaps he knew where it was. He was off duty, but his address was known, and so Frank and Mark went off to interview him. His wife came to the door.

"Sorry, but my husband is out."

She couldn't be sure where he had gone, but he would be back in an hour or so, no doubt. So our sleuths had to cool their heels for an hour. The pilot was in when they called again.

Yes, he brought a box back, rather unusual, he thought, but supposed it part of the equipment of the plane. He handed it in with the rest of the stuff. Must be there somewhere, in the stores or repair sheds. So back to the aerodrome again—renewed search, no box.

As they passed through the booking hall on their way out to report the loss, one of the assistants called to Frank.

"Oh, Mr. Jones," she said, "do you know anything about this, it came from the

crashed plane, and we wondered if it is yours."

And she held up the black box.

Frank and Mark went on their way rejoicing, reported the find to the officials, and were told to take the box back to the owner, using the utmost care.

On their return they found the passenger had recovered consciousness and had enquired for his box. So they went in with it. After Frank had enquired how he was, &c., he held out the box.

"Oh, my box. I'm so glad you've brought it. I was afraid it was lost. Would you mind giving me my keys?"

He opened the box and held it out to them.

"Would you care to try one?" he said. "They are a very special make of cigarette"

* * *

We wish all our readers a very Happy Christmas and a New Year in which the Demon of Boredom has no place.

MARKS OF STERLING VALUE.



GOLD.— Standard of Purity.



SILVER.— Standard of Quality.



PLATE.— Assayed & Passed.



BACON.— THE FINEST CURED.

NOEL.

Trois anges sont venus ce soir,
M'apporter de bien belles choses;
L'un d'eux avait un encensoir,
L'autre avait un chapeau de roses,
Et le troisième avait en main
Une robe toute fleurie
De perles, d'or et de jasmin,
Comme en a Madame Marie.

Noël! Noël! Nous venons du ciel
T'apporter ce que tu désires.
Car le bon Dieu
Au fond du ciel bleu
Est chagrin lorsque tu soupîres!

Veux-tu le bel encensoir d'or,
Ou la rose éclose en couronne?
Veux-tu la robe, ou bien encor
Un collier où l'argent fleuronne?
Veux-tu des fruits du Paradis
Ou du blé des célestes granges?
Ou comme les bergers, jadis,
Veux-tu voir Jésus dans ses langes?

Noël! Noël! Retournez au ciel,
Mes beaux anges, à l'instant même,
Dans le ciel bleu
Demandez à Dieu
Le bonheur pour tous ceux que j'aime!

AUGUSTA HOLMES.

* * *
ICE.

YOUNG MEN PLAY ON IT.

When the great fenn, or moore, which watereth the walles of the citie on the north side, is frozen, many young men play upon the ice; some stryding as wide as they may, doe slide swiftly; others make themselves seates of ice, as great as milstones; one sits downe, many hand in hand do drawe him, and one slipping downe on a sudden, all fall together; some tye bones to their feete and under their heeles; and shoving themselves by a little picked staffe, do slide as swiftly as a bird flyeth in the aire, as an arrow out of a crossebow. Some time two runn together with poles, and hitting one the other, either one or both doe fall, not without hurt; some break their armes, some their legs, but youth desirous of glorie, in this sort exerciseth it selfe against the time of warre.

WILLIAM FITSTEPHEN.

Vita Sancti Thomae (c.1180), Trans.
John Stow (1598).

Oxford University Ellesmere Land Expedition, 1934-5.

THE Oxford University Ellesmere Land Expedition, led by Dr. Noel Humphreys and organised by Edward Shackleton, has now returned safely to England after attaining most of its objectives. A large amount of scientific work, particularly in the field of geology, was accomplished, and the chief geographical find was the discovery in Grant Land of a new range of mountains 10,000 ft. high.

The Expedition was organised by the Exploration Club of Oxford University with the support of the Canadian Government and the Royal Geographical Society, and over 70 firms and a large number of private subscribers contributed.

The Expedition sailed from London in July, 1934, in a Norwegian Sailer. We had hoped to force our way through the pack ice to north of latitude 81° where we intended to establish winter quarters in Northern Ellesmere Land, but were finally met by a huge jam of floe ice 20 ft. thick, interspersed with icebergs which blocked the whole of Smith Sound, and so were forced to winter at Etah in North Greenland. With the help of our two Eskimos we hunted walrus and seal for ourselves and the dogs. The sun left us in October and when it returned in February 30 dogs had died, some from the severity of the winter, some from food poisoning, and not a few killed by their team-mates. Etah indeed was not a very suitable place for winter quarters owing to the prolonged and violent winds that blow down off the ice-cap most of the year round. This fact, together with the shortage of dog food, due to bears and foxes which had broken into our walrus caches, resulted in our dogs being rather weaker in the spring than we had hoped, but we managed to feed them up on pemmican. We ourselves, however, were able to spend a very comfortable winter and were all in excellent health when we began our main sledge journeys at the beginning of April. Previous to this, a couple of trips had been made over the ice-cap south to the Eskimo settlements at Robertson Bay and Thule, to obtain dog-feed, and also the assistance of Eskimos. We finally set off in three parties, each

consisting of two members of the Expedition, driving a sledge with about 15 dogs to it and 4 Eskimos, each with an average of 10 or 11 dogs and their sledges. We had a total in the fields of 6 white men, 12 Eskimos, 15 sledges, and 175 dogs.

Perhaps the most important discoveries were made by Stallworthy and Moore, in Grant Land, the exploration of which was the main objective of the Expedition. After a 300-mile journey amidst very rough ice, they reached Lake Hazen in Southern Grant Land. Here, at the eastern end of the lake, they made a temporary base, as their dogs were very weak owing to shortage of food. Stallworthy volunteered to stay and fish for dog-feed, while Moore, with one Eskimo, pushed on up the Gilman glacier through the United States Range into unknown Grant Land. The dogs soon began to weaken under the strain, but not before a new range of mountains, 10,000 feet high, had been discovered. Moore himself climbed to a height of over 8,000 feet and planted the Union Jack, presented by the Duke of York, in latitude 82deg. 30min. north. From there he had a view across the unknown territories to the ice of the Polar Sea. He and Stallworthy finally arrived back at the base at the end of May, bringing with them a good collection of geological specimens, including some coal, and a map of the new country. They had covered nearly a thousand miles.

The second party, consisting of Dr. Humphreys, surveyor, and David Haig-Thomas, ornithologist, sledged across Smith Sound from Etah to Ellesmere Land, where they attempted to cross the Grinnell Land ice cap. After sighting some new mountains they were, however, stopped by some very deep snow, and, changing their plans, they made the crossing over Flagler Pass to Western Ellesmere Land. Here they travelled in unexplored territory, completing the first crossing from Bay Fiord to Vendom Fiord. On this particular trip they were able to make a good collection of fossils of the carboniferous epoch. Later they found some coal, and also some ancient Eskimo relics, which an archaeologist has pronounced to be of considerable value. They returned safely to Etah a few days before the Grant Land party, having also covered about 1,000 miles and mapped a good deal of new territory.

The third party, consisting of Bentham

(geologist) and Shackleton (surveyor), also crossed Smith Sound to Ellesmere Land. Bentham was able to make a very good collection of Cambrian fossils, mostly trilobites, while Shackleton reconnoitred the glaciers at the head of Princess Marie Bay and took a number of sun observations for latitude and longitude. In the third week in April they pushed north up the coast towards Scoresby Bay, meeting a good deal of rough ice. However, Scoresby Bay was safely reached, and Bentham made a very large collection of Silurian fossils. The head of the bay was explored and the Victoria and Albert Mountains, originally seen by Nares and mapped by him 20 miles inland, were actually found to border the shores of Scoresby Bay. This party also began to run short of dog-feed, but managed to return safely at the same time as Dr. Humphreys. All three parties were able to obtain a good deal of seal towards the end of May.

We spent the summer at Etah preparing for the ship and carrying out routine scientific work, particularly ornithology, botany, geology, and marine biology, being finally picked up on August 24th.

The return journey was not uneventful, since our propeller, previously fractured by ice, dropped off during a storm 700 miles west of the Scottish coast. We finally reached Barra, in the Outer Hebrides, all fit and well on October 11th.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. Edward Shackleton for this contribution to our pages. He is hopeful that he may in the near future visit Calne to lecture to our staff.
J.F.B.

* * *

TURKISH TURKEYS.

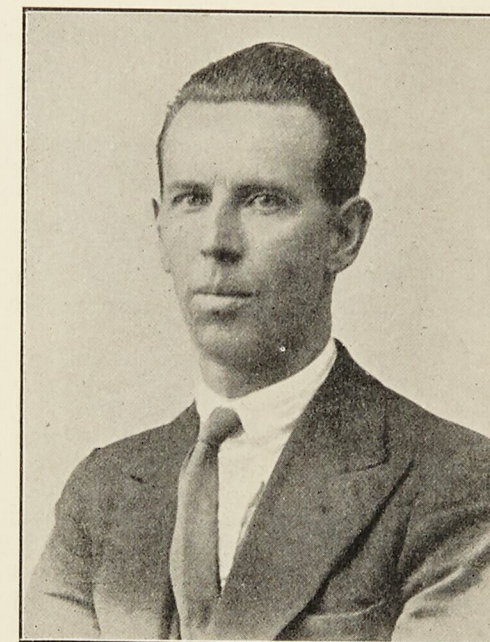
Turks, being Moslems, do not celebrate Christmas officially, but that does not stop many entering into the spirit of the holiday season.

Many Turkish parents buy Christmas trees, decorate their houses, and give children's parties. In some families the children hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve.

Turkish turkeys are fine, fat birds with good flavour. Doves of them are offered for sale in the streets before Christmas.

Our Portrait Gallery.

MR. DOBSON.



Mr. Dobson is a married man with two bonny boys. He is now travelling for us in North London, and the outer suburbs.

He first joined the firm at Dunmow, in 1915, and, when he became of Military age in 1918, he went into the Army and overseas. Upon demobilisation he entered engineering, but eventually found his way back to our factory as a van-salesman in 1923.

It will help those who have been to Dunmow, who may still wonder who our friend is, if we tell them that he is the one who at our socials renders those amusing comic items! He takes a big interest in things on the Welfare side.

We are glad to see his photograph in the Magazine, and wish him a long and useful career with the Firm.

* * *

The finest ham in the world for the average taste is a York ham, but if you wish for a rare treat, try a Black Bradenham or a Suffolk ham. These three are the monarchs of the ham world.

Woodlands Club House.

OPENING BY J. F. BODINNAR, Esq., J.P.

THE night of Friday, 22nd November, 1935, will go down in our records as a very real "red letter" occasion. It was the re-opening of the Woodlands as a Club, and those of us who had not been inside the premises for some time experienced that feeling of awed surprise and delight of "Alice in Wonderland."

We had heard of what was coming, and looked forward with interest to "the day," but none but those who participated in its making had any idea of the extent of the arrangements made.

We turned up in large crowds and Mr. Brown, the Chairman of our Welfare Association, in presenting the President with a key, referred to the Club House as a "Home, where all may find comfort, rest, and recreation," and he hoped, now that Mr. Bodinnar was in possession of a key, he would come and see us sometimes.

Immediately on the opening of the door the President was followed into the hall by an eager crowd of employees, and a number of our old retired friends who swarmed the stairs filled the entrance hall, and overflowed on to the balconies.

The President, supported by Mr. Redman and the Chairman and Secretaries of the Welfare Association and Club House, then addressed the employees as follows:—

"Mr. Brown said that this was to be a home for every member of the H.W.A. If, in any sense, to those who are living in Calne associated with us, and who are away from their homes, this house does mean something to them in the way of comfort and quiet and recreation, then we shall indeed be pleased.

But, of course, if we all treat this as a house which is a home, there will be certain obligations that will fall upon each of us. For example, I cannot imagine any fellow who comes up here to lunch coming in without wiping his shoes. I cannot imagine any man who works for the Firm coming into a house in which ladies are present with his hat on. I hope you will learn to treat this Club House as though it is indeed your own house, and that it will mean very much happiness to you all.

I am in possession to-night of a key,

and somehow I hope that what this house means will be a kind of key to unlock a sense within everyone of you that the Firm are not only out to get your work out of you, but they are indeed anxious that your truest and best welfare, physically, morally, and spiritually, may be sought. We do not carry on our business only for the sake of finding jobs and making profits. We have it in our mind that we have another obligation, and that is that we shall do something to look after your welfare in your time apart from business duties. That is what this house will, long after I have gone, stand for, I hope, in the lives of all our people in Calne. To that particular use it is my job to-night to dedicate this house to your service, your happiness, and your usefulness. I hope that here many a crack billiard player will be found; I hope the boys will enjoy their own room; I hope the general lounge will be the scene of many a happy gathering. We shall be happy to feel that on a dark winter night a little sing-song is going on in that lounge, and that there is much activity in every one of the rooms.

The best room of all is the one immediately on my left, and into that room none but those who are entitled may enter. It is the "Old Folks' Corner." I am very glad to see our old friends here to-night. We have long wanted to have a place where they could come, if they care to come, where they may sit and smoke and talk over old days, and where perhaps they may remind the younger of us that conditions are a trifle better in these days than they were in the days when they started work. Old Henry Carpenter, whom we are so delighted to see here with so many of the others, can tell you of the times when he started at 9 years of age and drove a donkey round the country selling offals. (Aside from Mr. Carpenter) He always did have a lot to say for himself—(laughter).

Well, here is the house, enjoy it, treat with very great respect Mr. and Mrs. Winstone, the steward and stewardess, who have charge of this house. From what I have seen of them you will find them extremely happy, helpful, and nice people, but they will have a job of work to do, and they will have their duty to perform, and I am sure that everybody will rally round them in seeing that the house is carried on harmoniously and usefully. There must be no breaking of certain very simple rules, and

I hope that they and the Club Secretary, Mr. Attfield, and the General Secretary, Mr. Olsen, will have the support of everybody who comes into this place so that it may be properly used."

Admittance was then granted to all the rooms, and from the whole-hearted manner in which the employees threw themselves into the available games, it was evident that here was a thing that could be and would be enjoyed and appreciated by all.

This is another mark of the Director's generosity, and we can indeed count ourselves fortunate to be associated with such a Firm, and to have for our Chief one who takes such a kindly, personal interest in every one of his people, which makes him so beloved by all who know him.

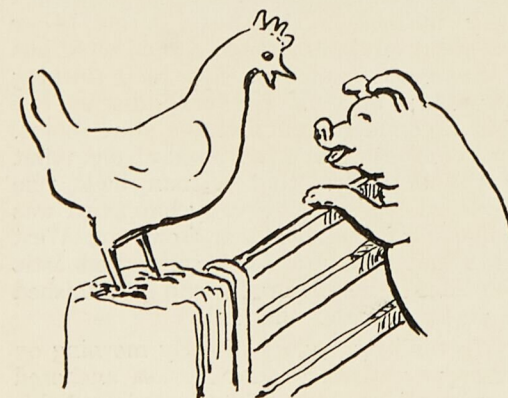
We feel confident that the unstinted efforts of everyone who has had anything at all to do with the arrangements will be rewarded by a deep appreciation and a very keen sense of loyalty and carefulness on the part of every employee who partakes of the benefits which have been provided.

* * *

THE YULE LOG.

In the West Riding of Yorkshire on Xmass Eve, at night, they bring in a large Yule-log, or Xmass block, and set it on fire, and lap their Christmas ale and sing,

"Yule, Yule,
A pack of new cards and Xmass stool."
IBID.



Chick:-- "Tell me, what is the difference between your family and a tournament."

Grunter:--"One you score by byes and the other you buy by scores."

HOME-MADE BISCUITS FOR A CHANGE

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of S.R. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. margarine, or butter, 1 egg, a few currants if liked, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. castor sugar. *No milk.*

Mix well and roll out thin on a floured paste-board, cut out with teacup, and bake till light brown. Put in a tin when cold.

CHRISTMAS CAKE.

$1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of flour.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. stoned raisens.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sultanas.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cherries.

2ozs. ground almonds.

3 eggs and some milk.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. castor sugar.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter.

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. lard.

A little spice.

6ozs. of grated lemon peel.

Cream the butter and lard with sugar.

Add the well-beaten eggs and warm milk, then add the flour and fruit &c. Line the tin with greased paper and bake $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

From a reader and well-wisher of the Magazine. M.M.R.

* * *

It is said that the fir tree is symbolical of Christmas because its long, tapering height represents the spire of a church rising in homage to the Creator. The greenness unchanging symbolises the unchanging love of God for all mankind.

* * *

SLIDING AND SKATING.

Having seen the strange and wonderful dexterity of the sliders on the new canal in St. James' Park, perform'd before their Maties by divers gentlemen and others with scheets, after the manner of the Hollanders, with what swiftness they passe, how suddainely they stop in full carriere upon the ice, I went home by water, but not without exceeding difficultie the Thames being frozen, greate flakes of ice encompassing our boate.

JOHN EVELYN, Diary (Dec. 1, 1662).

* * *

WORLD'S GREATEST HYPOCRITE

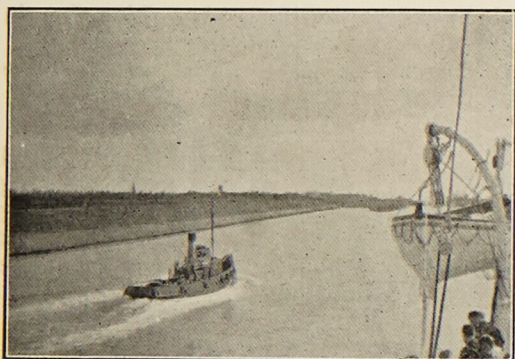
The man who makes his wife believe that *generosity* alone prompts him to distribute among his friends the box of cigars she gave him for Christmas.

The World Rover Scout Moot.

(Continued).

The spacious accommodation on all decks was indulged in to the full during the first day at sea. Hundreds of Rovers enjoying their first "stretch off the land," reclining on the luxurious carpets in the saloons. Later in the day we made a tour of the ship, this providing interest and humour unbounded. "Sergeants' quarters," "Third-class families," "Female servants," were all passed in our stride. Needless to say the "Nevasa" is a troop ship.

Early Sunday morning we enter the Elbe. At 9 a.m., in the locks at the entrance to Kiel Canal, many Germans, armed with butterfly nets, offered for sale cigars, bottles of perfume, postcards, &c. Lots of fun and cheery banter here. This happy spirit persisted practically the whole day, which was spent in passing through the canal.



When we spotted scattered homesteads, around which children were playing, it was great fun to see them race indoors. Out would come mother and father, big brothers and sisters, waving their arms and responding lustily to the cheers from the ship's company; also greetings innumerable from courting couples and lone fishermen, and not the least from boy cyclists in their peaked hats, who, for our benefit, raced each other along the uneven paths. It was interesting to see the rolls of peat neatly stacked in the fields on either side, and to pass in under the many massive bridges. Approaching these bridges it seemed incredible that we should pass in under without the ship's masts crashing down on the decks, and to us

it appeared that Nevasa managed to pass in under with only inches to spare.

Leaving the canal at 4.30 p.m., we were soon in the Baltic Sea. Much rougher water was encountered here. Cameras that had been banned in the canal now began to click. In the evening a "Scouts' Own" was held on the promenade deck. We were protected from the elements, which had now become boisterously rough, by the lowering of the canvas curtains to the deck rails. The service was most impressive and attended by hundreds of Rovers and the ship's crew. Celebrations of Holy Communion had been held at 7, 8, and 9 a.m. in the ship's library.

Monday morning the chief engineer gave us permission to visit the engine room. An hour full of intense interest was spent there. Every part of this enormous power house came within our survey. Many of us felt that some of our engineering enthusiasts were going to spend the remainder of the voyage there. Others sought refuge from the heat in the stokehole, which, curiously enough, was the coolest place.

In the afternoon Col. Walton, who had accompanied the Chief Scout on his world tour, gave us a very interesting account of his impressions. That night the Calne Rovers, in company with one other Rover, took over watch duty on the Nevasa, between 11 p.m. and 12.30 a.m. It was a wild night, to say the least of it. Those whose watch duties placed them in exposed places on the upper decks will never forget the experience; the negotiation of slippery decks in darkness and a heavy swell is a tricky business! The watch duties below were spent on the troop decks amid hundreds of suspended hammocks and their sleeping occupants; also in the corridors of the cabin accommodation and the store rooms. Some consternation was caused at one point by the allegation that a man had gone overboard. What had really happened was that one of our brothers from the West Indies had been practising some gymnastic evolutions in his hammock, and had finished the performance on the deck.

In the bright glory of early morning on Tuesday we awoke to find Nevasa anchored in quiet water, set amid the indescribable beauty of innumerable pine-covered islands. We were now within two miles of the focus point, "Ingaro." Soon from a hidden cove emerges a launch, and we received instruc-

THE MYRTH OF THE HONEST.

It is now Christmas and not a Cup of drinke must passe without a Caroll, the Beasts, Fowle and Fish, come to a generall execution, and the Corne is ground to dust for the Bakehouse, and the Pastry: Cards and Dice purge many a purse, . . . now good cheere and welcome, and God be with you, and I thanke you: and against the new yeere, provide for the presents: the Lord of Mis-rule is no meane man for his time, and the ghests of the high Table must lacke no Wine: the lusty bloods must looke about them like men, and piping the dauncing puts away much melancholy; stolne Venison is sweet, and a fat Coney is worth money: . . . a good fire heats all the house, and a full Almes-basket makes the Beggars Prayers: the Maskers and Mummers make the merry sport: . . . Swearers and Swaggerers are sent away to the Ale-house, and unruly Wenches goe in danger of Judgement: Musicians now make their Instruments speake out, and a good song is worth the hearing. In summe, it is holy time, a duty in Christians, for the remembrance of Christ, and custome among friends, for the maintenance of good fellowship: in briefe, I thus conclude of it: I hold it a memory of the Heavens Love, and the worlds peace, the myrth of the honest and the meeting of the friendly.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

Fantasticks (1626).

* * *

ICICLES.

The Hautboys who playd to us last night had their breath froze in their instruments till it dropt of the ends of 'em in icicles, by god this is true.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

Letter to Edward Porter (Jan. 1st, 1700?).

DANCING IN CHURCH.

Captain Potter (born in the north of Yorkshire) sayes that in the Country Churches, at Christmas, in the Holydaies after Prayers, they will dance in the Church, and as they doe dance they cry (or sing)

"Yole, Yole, Yole, &c."

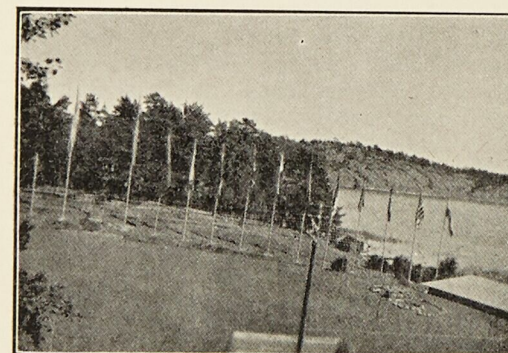
JOHN AUBREY.

Remains of Gentilism and Fudalism (1687).

tions for landing from Sweden's International Commissioner.

The Nevasa's lifeboats were lowered, and by this novel means the business of disembarkation began. It would be difficult to enumerate here the numerous incidents that occurred in this connection. One that perhaps affected us most closely was the boarding of our lifeboat by a band of pirates. Their antics, mingled with their broad Yorkshire accent, and its effect on the Lascar members of the ship's crew, sent us into fits of laughter. We arrived at Ingaro and received a rousing welcome from hundreds of Rovers of many nationalities, all busy settling into camp. Soon we ourselves were setting about the same business in real earnest. The various nationalities were all mixed up together and divided into two sub-camps. The Poles were facing us, right and left were the Swedes and the Jamaicans.

The welcome to Sweden by Prince Gustaf Adolf, and the opening ceremony by



Part of the "Arena."

the Chief Scout, was greeted by a remarkable demonstration of enthusiasm by the Rover Scouts from 26 countries. Thousands of the public were there to witness the proceedings.

After this we set out on a tour of the camps. Whatever our expectation might have been a wealth of efficient camp erections of varying types were revealed to us by the hundred on all sides. The forming of friendships and the swopping of badges, &c., en route, did not allow us to get far that night.

Midnight found us settling down in the tents at the end of the first of many happy days spent in hospitable Sweden.

E.H., S.C., R.B., & E.L.
(To be concluded).



I was told the following story the other day, but can vouch neither for its accuracy nor for the fact that it is an entirely new one. At any rate, it may amuse some of our readers.

A fancier sent away for a poultry house and requested that it should be delivered by the railway company to a very small station just outside the town in which he lived. When the house arrived the poultry keeper immediately set out with horse and cart to fetch it. On the way home he met the station-master, who, upon seeing what he was taking away, said, "Where are you going with that little lot?" "Why, what's wrong?" queried our hero, "here's your card which I received this morning instructing me to collect the goods." "Well, you can't take that," cried the official, "you've got the waiting-room."

Those readers who do not already take in one of the poultry journals are strongly advised to do so if they wish to get the utmost amount of pleasure out of their hobby.

Next year, all being well, there will be another Fur and Feather Show in conjunction with the Flower Show, and I hope that all of you will bear this in mind when planning your rearing programmes. If you can possibly get any chicks out early in January some of these should be potential winners. I believe many professional exhibitors hatch out chicks in December, and even in November, ready for the following season's shows. You see a judge cannot tell to a month how old a bird is and, therefore, these exhibits have the advantage of several weeks' growth over the genuine specimens.

I have been asked to write something about table poultry, and I will do my best

to comply with the request. It will be obvious that so large a subject cannot be treated adequately in such a short article as this is bound to be, but I am certain that readers will be generous and make every allowance for the inadequacy of the following remarks.



A good table bird should be white-fleshed, of quick growth; it should carry an abundance of breast meat and be an easy fattener. The ideal table specimen should have a low breast, broad back, and should not be too long on the leg. Most of us keep a few cockerels to fat up for Christmas, but those who have to purchase their birds for fattening should choose Light Sussex or Light Sussex crosses. Of course, the professionals "cram" their birds, but we can only feed our specimens in the usual manner. Sussex ground oats mixed with milk is the ideal ration, and to include a certain amount of fat will be beneficial. The best way to kill a fowl is to dislocate its neck, and the break thus caused should be wide enough to allow all the blood to drain thoroughly into the cavity created. There are various methods of plucking (we must keep an eye on the wax-plucking system, about which we have read so much recently), but we will now assume that our bird is at last ready to be cooked. Not being a cook, I cannot pretend that I know very much about this part of the business, so shall have to "crib" something to put in about it. One important fact is to allow plenty of time for the cooking. The stuffing will add greatly to the flavour of the flesh. Prepare a bath of fat (bacon or pork for preference), get it very hot and turn the bird over and over in the fat. Get the oven really hot and put the carcase in the oven breast underneath. As soon as the back begins to brown turn bird so as to brown the sides. Lastly, the breast should be allowed to reach a golden brown shade. All this should take about half-an-hour. Now allow bird to cook gently, breast downwards, for three-quarters of an hour at least. By the way, when cooking an old hen, always

steam or boil the carcase before roasting it. The other day I read of a good method of carving the bird, and as well as I can remember I will give it here. Plant the fork firmly in the breast (which is not carved until last) and then remove each leg. Next cut off the wings. The remainder of the carcase can then be divided into two parts across the breast bone. This will give six portions of fowl for serving. Of course, should the fowl to be carved be on the large side the conventional method would be better.

In conclusion I should like to wish every reader of these notes a very Happy Christmas.

* * *

DON'TS FOR CHRISTMAS

- DON'T say you are teetotal and then proceed to blow across your glass of water—such actions are likely to cause comment.
- DON'T misunderstand your fiancée's idea of a Christmas present.—If she says, "Something for the neck," don't buy her soap.
- DON'T hit little Willie on an empty stomach—Turn him over.
- DON'T say, "Who was skinned for this?" when shown your hostess' new fur—She may consider her husband insulted.
- DON'T belittle the worth of a kiss—Remember it has a face value.
- DON'T think it a joke to put a bent pin on Uncle Dick's seat.—He won't see the point.
- DON'T argue about pronunciation—You might not be able to say "Truly Rural" yourself.
- DON'T sing, "Down in the Forest something stirred"—Little Willie in the corner might be having an encore with his Christmas pudding, and certainly would not appreciate it.
- DON'T use vague phrases like, "Full of Spirits"—Uncle Bill, still clutching the bottle, may take it as something personal.
- DON'T go to the Zoo after Christmas—Even the pelicans have long bills.

* * *

The huntsman hunts and hunts the fox. The grocer sells fores, gammons, and hocks. Just before pay-day we're all on the rocks, But who wrote in our books "Paper Socks"?

DO YOU DREAM?

If so, consult our 'Orrible Oracle.

- NEST.—You will marry soon and have a home of your own. The nest after nestling.
- NIGHTMARE.—You are rapidly approaching an emotional crisis. Moral.—Never look upon the lobster whilst it is red.
- NOSE.—Don't indulge in heated arguments this week. Who nose, whose nose?
- NURSE.—What you are hoping for will not come to pass.—Shall be instead of pretty, sufficient, plain, but efficient.
- OATS.—Never adopt half measures—the oats may be wild.
- OIL.—You will have an opportunity to act as a peacemaker in a family dispute.—Pouring oil on troubled waters.
- OMNIBUS.—A link with the past will be severed.—Mind it is not your past, and remember it is unlucky to be run over by a No. 13 bus.
- ORNAMENT.—A trying time is just ahead.—Still, you may be found "Not guilty."
- ORPHANS.—Business worries will mar your peace of mind.—They orphan do.
- OXEN.—Prosperity awaits you across the water—and it won't be oxedental.

* * *

The solution to Crossword No. 8 will appear in our January issue.

* * *

SPANISH CUSTOMS.

Republicans in Spain are this year ignoring January 6th, or "Three Kings' Day," which has hitherto been looked on as the children's day, and are making December 25th the peak of the festival. The custom of sending Christmas cards has been widely adopted. Thousands of pretty greetings which nobody understands, because they are in English, are passing through the post.

In Portugal, strolling bands of players are entitled by tradition to enter any house they choose and sit down with the family at the festal supper. The children do not hang up their stockings. They put their shoes on the hearth instead. They trust the "Infant Jesus" to fill them with presents.

* * *

What is that which the more you take the more you leave behind?
Footsteps.

A Question of Proportion.

"All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his Mother weeps, his alley-tors and his commonies are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of knuckle down; and at tip cheese or odd and even his hand is out"—*Sergeant Buzfuz, "Bardell v. Pickwick."*

Our amusing friend, H.G., should have included marbles in his list of thrillers.

But I have nothing to say against H.G.'s simple homely parlour games. These in their time and place fulfil their purpose.

We know that John Peel used to be thrilled by the sound of the hunter's horn, and Sergeant Buzfuz (in the world of fiction) would have us believe that young Master Bardell was thrilled by the cry of "knuckle down." It does not follow that John Peel's soul would have been stirred by "knuckle down."

It is just this difference that makes H.G.'s article fantastic—so fantastic that it is very difficult to treat it seriously. However, as the Magazine published the question he puts to me I presume a reply is expected.

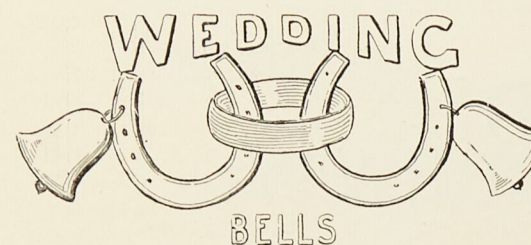
Had that not been so I should not have written any more about Bowls. As it is, I think our Editors have been generous in allowing this branch of sport so much space. But this little matter has to be adjusted and put in its right place. Now what's it all about? Just this. Mr. Coles wrote about Bowls as being one of a large group of games giving *outdoor exercise* in the summer months. I supported his view. Then H.G. comes along with his little lot. He suggests *indoor parlour games* as alternatives to *outdoor sports*. Between these two groups of recreation there exists (and really I thought everyone knew that) such fundamental differences that the two have nothing in common and must be dealt with separately. I do not know how far H.G. would care to press his view. Would he suggest Halma as a substitute for Rugby Football? Do his remarks cover Cricket, Tennis, and Golf? Or is it that he has some special urge against Bowls? Our English summer is far too short and we want to use those golden hours of sunshine to the best advantage. We have our Saturday afternoons for recreation. Am I to be told that these Summer afternoons can be well filled by staying at home playing parlour games? Are these parlour

games a proper alternative to outdoor sports? I say decidedly they are not.

I know of people who actually think that Golf is a waste of time. Well, they can hold that view—it's a free country (more or less), and there may be those who think Bowls a poorish game. But it is the fact that the game is rapidly advancing in every part of the British Empire and there are a million or more people who find in it a rich source of health and enjoyment. They are of an increasing group who believe in the value of outdoor exercise. And now many people think it is a pity to have to keep the game to five months in the year, so all over England every here and there, Clubs are being formed to keep the game going during the other seven months. We cannot then play outdoors, but we can at least get the *exercise* by playing on indoor rinks, and, anyhow, half a loaf is better than no bread. It seems to me that H.G. is behind the times. Only yesterday (that a Saturday) I received an invitation to play in two indoor matches against the Lyons Company Club, at Sudbury, in their new indoor bowling pavilion. This is a wonderful place, and the cost of providing it must have taken a very large sum. The money will not be wasted; when H.G. is in London it would be well worth his while to go out to Sudbury to see this place. It's an eye opener.

H.G. brings his article to a conclusion with a bit of verse and actually winds up by asking me that question. The reply to his question is in the negative. As to his verse, well, I suppose he thought somehow or other he must drag in W.G.'s beard and so rhyme beard with heard. That sort of thing gives me a pain. As to W.G.'s beard, it has "nothing to do with the case." Suppose I tell H.G. I drink China tea, would he suggest that therefore I must wear a pigtail and feed on birds' nest soup and sharks' fins? R.E.H.

P.S.—I had almost forgotten a bit of news. Can you squeeze it in, Mr. Editor? The new Mayor of Watford has just been elected. The Press report of him is that he runs true to Watford tradition. When a young man he went in for the more violent outdoor sports, now in late middle life his sole recreation is Bowling. He is a playing member of the Herts County Club. The Press remains silent about his parlour games, but it is presumed he has no time to indulge in them.



At Chippenham on October 5th, Mr. A. J. Haddrell, of the Boning Department, was married to Miss T. Garraway, of Chippenham.

The bride wore a blue frock with long coat of the same shade, and silver grey fox collar, blue felt hat, and grey shoes and stockings. Mr. Haddrell was the recipient of a palm stand from the Factory.

At Calne, on October 12th, Miss Amy Skinner was married to Mr. Lewis Barnes, of Heddington. The bride wore a maroon floral crepe frock with coat of same shade, and large fur collar and felt hat to match, and dark brown shoes and stockings. Miss Skinner was for nine years attached to the basement, and was the recipient of bedroom rugs from the department, also an Aladdin lamp from the Pie Department and stair carpet from the Factory.

On October 12th, at Calne, Miss Rose Wootten was married to Mr. Edwin Hunt, of Wootten Bassett. The bride wore a navy blue crepe de chine frock with navy blue coat and grey fur collar, navy blue felt hat, and black shoes and grey stockings. Miss Wootten was about four years in the Pie Department, and was the recipient of a clock from her colleagues and rugs and baking utensils from the Factory.

At Calne Parish Church, on October 19th, Mr. Dennis Miller, of the Slaughter Department, was married to Miss Doris King. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a white suede georgette gown with halo of orange blossom and veil, white satin shoes, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums and maidenhair fern. Four bridesmaids attended the bride. Two were dressed in pink ankle-length suede georgette frocks, with crinoline halo hats of same shade, pink satin shoes, and carried bouquets of bronze chrysanthemums. The two smaller bridesmaids wore blue ankle

length frocks of the same material with head-dresses of silver leaves, rosebuds, black patent shoes, and carried posies of bronze chrysanthemums. Miss King was presented with a canteen of cutlery from the Retort Department, where she was employed for twelve years, also a frameless mirror from the Factory. Mr. Miller was the recipient of a Westminster chimes clock from the Slaughter Department.

Miss King was a former Works Council representative, and Mr. Miller is the present Slaughter House representative.

The wedding took place at St. Mary's Church, Calne, on Saturday, October 19th, of Miss Lilian Angell and Mr. D. J. Harris.

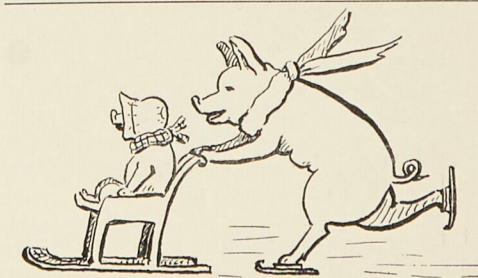
The bride was given away by her father and wore an ankle-length dress of blue velvet, with hat to match and silver shoes, and carried an ivory Prayer-book.

The honeymoon was spent in London.

Miss Angell was in the Ledger Office for nine years, and was presented with two easy chairs from her colleagues.

On November 2nd, at St. Peter's Church, Miss V. L. Davies was married to Mr. H. Collis, of Calne. The bride, given away by her father, wore a dress of ivory satin, with veil and wreath of orange blossom, and carried a shower bouquet of cream rosebuds. Two bridesmaids attended the bride. They wore moss-green dresses of crepe suede, gold shoes and stockings, and head-dresses of green and gold leaves. Their bouquets were of deep cream rose buds. Archdeacon Coulter conducted the service. The reception was held in Langley Burrell Schoolroom and the honeymoon spent in Bournemouth.

Miss Davies was eleven years in the Warehouse, and Mr. F. Gale presented her with bedroom rugs from the Department. The present from the Factory was an Axminster rug.



THE BROAD HIGHWAY.

Once again the time has come to send the very best of good wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all our representatives and van salesmen in England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland, and all our agents beyond the seas.

By the time that this is in print there will still be plenty of hard work to be put in before the Christmas festivities.

Last year we experienced a very mild autumn and early winter, but we see that this year the prospects are for much colder weather, so perhaps we may look for some really seasonable weather at Christmas.

As appears to be inevitable, Christmas Day comes at a very awkward time of the week, and perhaps there is something to be said for a fixed day of the week each year. As far as we are concerned, Monday would be a splendid day of the week for Christmas Day, but perhaps this would not suit the retailers, as the trade of one Saturday would be missed instead of having Christmas Eve as an extra shopping day.

At this time last year we were reviewing the progress of the year and the prospects for 1935. We can undoubtedly say that further progress has been made this year with the increased numbers of pigs and consequent increased bacon sales. The summer trade on the whole was quite good, and it is encouraging to feel that industrial conditions generally show a decided turn for the better. The Pig Contract for 1936 is now settled, and we hope that the large increase in the pig census will lead to larger contracts for next year. This will mean a continuance of the close co-operation which exists between Calne, the Branch Factories, and our far-flung representatives all over the country.

Once again, a very Happy Christmas to all our friends on the road and the very best of good wishes to their families also.

Relief Salesman P. Stockwell is taking over the Isle of Wight van on the appointment of Van Salesman R. H. Coward to

Bristol Van 50. We send the best of good wishes to Mr. Stockwell and his future wife in connection with their marriage, which will take place between now and Christmas.

Messrs. Williams and Simon, who have been our representatives in Northern Ireland for many years, have relinquished this position in view of Mr. Simon's other engagements, and at his desire. Mrs. Williams, the widow of our late respected representative, has been appointed to carry on. She will be making a start with our very best wishes for success.

J.H.G.

* * *

Doubtful.

A man has given 320 threepenny-bits to a hospital. How could he eat all those Christmas puddings and live?

The Annual Fib.

"Thank you. It's just what I wanted!"

Feathered His Nest.

A number of shops are now owned by a poultry assistant. Just shows what pluck can do.

Open Question.

"I wonder what's in here?"

Sage and Onions.

That's the stuff to give 'em!

Fork Out!

Sez Yule.

Remember.

A fortune cannot be made by waiting.

For the Parcels.

"There is something lacking about Christmas." Yes, enough brown paper and string.

Christmas Proverb.

It's a wise child that knows its own father—in a white beard and red dressing-gown.

* * *

It may be that your requirements are such that a whole ham is too large. Then consider how nice a small corner of gammon would be at Yuletide.



LIBRARY SECTION.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY A MEMBER.

"Charles the First," by Hillaire Belloc.

Mr. Hillaire Belloc has presented a really vivid and convincing picture of Charles the First. He starts with a review of the circumstances into which Charles was born. The power of the Crown was already being undermined during the reigns of the three last Tudor monarchs, Edward the Sixth, Mary, and Elizabeth. The noblemen had been enriching themselves by appropriating land and the Crown was impoverished accordingly, prices had risen, and the revenue received from the Customs was not large. James the First, although a very shrewd man, was regarded with suspicion by the English people, and Charles was a very delicate child who was kept in the background until the death of his brother, Henry, the heir to the throne.

When Charles became King it was impossible for him to avoid being involved in religious and financial conflicts. His marriage caused friction with the Protestants, because political expediency demanded that he should marry into the French or Spanish Royal families, both of which were Catholic. He tried to increase his revenues by means of the Scottish Revocation and the increase of Customs duties. The lawyers had gradually been forsaking the Crown for the landed gentry, and when Charles tried to increase the Customs duties they openly ranged themselves against him, and declared it was illegal.

All this led up to the Petition of Rights, the death of Buckingham, the King's great friend and advisor, and finally culminated in the Civil War and the execution of Charles.

* * *

SLIPS THAT PASS.

"Superior Meat Pies. Our Own Moke."

LADIES HOCKEY

October 19th we met at Lickhill one of the strongest teams in our fixture list—Wills', Swindon—and losing by only 4 goals to nil was not a discreditable performance.

On October 26th, our match with the Avon Rubber Works was scratched by our opponents.

November 2nd, v. Purton, we managed to secure a draw at Lickhill—two goals all. Irene Hunt secured our two goals. A little more luck and judgment in the circle would have seen an easy victory.

November 9th, in visiting Trowbridge to play the town team there, we suffered defeat by 9 goals to 1. Ground conditions were very bad, and our opponents, being more experienced players, were able to overcome this difficulty to better advantage. Marjory McLean scored our only goal.

MENS HOCKEY

During the month we have only one match to chronicle—all other matches being scratched owing to our inability to raise a team. On October 25th we entertained Bath, and although hopelessly outscored, we gave our opponents a good game. We were indebted to two newcomers, who had no previous experience of hockey, filling vacant places in the team, and these players are to be congratulated on their performance. We lost the game by 8 goals to nil. The difficulties in team raising has necessitated the cancelling of all matches during the month of November.

THE CARNIVAL.

The 14th annual Children's Christmas Carnival will be held at Calne on Saturday, January 11th, 1936. This date is a week later than usual. The committee is of the opinion that January 4th would be too near the Christmas holidays to give the many Carnival workers reasonable opportunity for the careful making of the many arrangements entailed. An appeal is now and will later again be made for voluntary workers, and suggestions would be welcomed by the hon. secretaries.

LECTURES.

The first of the series of winter Lectures was held at the Woodlands on Thursday, October 17th, when Mr. E. N. Tuck gave an interesting and instructive talk on "Life in Wiltshire when the Abbeys and Castles flourished" to an appreciative audience.

SKITTLES.

On Saturday, November 9th, a party of 62 skittle members paid a visit to Messrs. S. M. Wilmot's, of Bristol, to play the annual skittle match for the "Bodinnar" Challenge Cup. After seeing a very interesting football match at Ashton Gate, we were entertained to tea by our hosts. After tea came the skittle match, which, after a very enjoyable game, we lost by 14 pins. After the match our hospitable hosts further entertained us to light refreshments, and we all joined in songs

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SKITTLE LEAGUE, 1935-36.

Results to November 14th, 1935.

| | Played. | Won. | Pts. Poss. | Pts. Obtd. |
|--|---------|------|---------------|---------------|
| Slaughter (A) | 4 | 4 | 8 | 8 |
| Kitchen | 5 | 3 | 10 | 6 |
| Office | 5 | 3 | 10 | 6 |
| Warehouse, Pie, Box, Despatch, Lifts, Factory Office, & Shop | 4 | 3 | 8 | 6 |
| Hangar and By-Products | 3 | 2 | 6 | 4 |
| Slaughter B) | 3 | 2 | 6 | 4 |
| Engineers and Maintenance | 5 | 2 | 10 | 4 |
| Traffic, Chauffeurs, Groundsman, Mill, Broken X, Basement, Cellars, Laboratory, Veterinary, and Watchmen..... | 3 | 1 | 6 | 2 |
| Retort, Export, and Trolley Washing | 3 | 1 | 6 | 2 |
| Boning and Rinding | 2 | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Printing, Lard, Manager's Office, and Tin | 2 | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Sausage | 3 | 0 | 6 | 0 |

and choruses. During an interval, Mr. Arthur Wilmot, who was accompanied by his brother (Mr. Harry Wilmot), presented the "Bodinnar" Cup to the winners. Previous to this Mr. Ashley read a letter from Mr. Bodinnar expressing his disappointment at not being able to be with us that evening owing to a long-standing engagement elsewhere. Our Captain, Chairman, and Secretary all expressed their congratulations to Messrs. Wilmot's team on winning the cup, but pointed out that they were allowing them to keep it "for one year only." A very enjoyable evening terminated about eleven o'clock.

* * *

HURRY UP.

A Monkseaton reader informs me of a chance for coast spinsters which is afforded by a local tradesman's announcement which runs as follows:—

Special Line To-day:

BIG WILTSHIRE CHAPS.

Only 8½d. each.

* * *

TONGUE-TWISTERS.

Among brief tongue-twisters the following are hard to beat:—

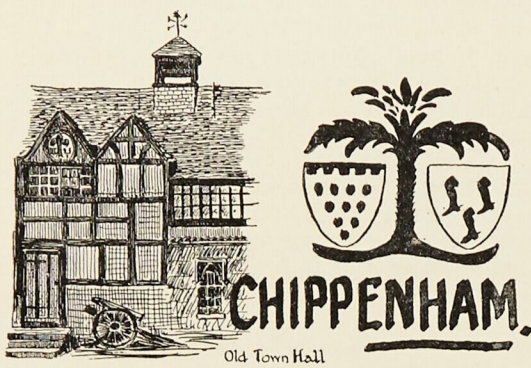
"The sun shines on the shop signs."

"She says she shall sew a sheet."

"The sixth sick sheik's sixth sheep's sick."

"Strange strategic statistics."

Friends Elsewhere.



WELFARE ASSOCIATION.

The Welfare Association has now started on its second year of work, and we think that a brief summary of the secretaries' report on the first year's work may be of interest to our readers.

The first year has closed with a membership of 81, which indicates the interest and support displayed by the staffs generally in the activities arranged from time to time by the various committees. Our thanks are specially due to the Directors for their generous support, and to our Managing Director and Life President, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., who has taken a personal interest in the various functions which have taken place throughout the season. Many enjoyable evenings having been spent in playing skittles, darts, and other competitions, and our thanks are due to the donors of prizes in connection with these competitions.

A very successful whist drive and dance was held on December 5th, 1934, and the funds of the association were helped considerably by this function. The annual social was successfully arranged by the General Committee, ably assisted by the "Harris Concert Party," through the kind auspices of our President.

Finally, we express our gratitude to our Manager, Mr. Long, for his help and guidance as chairman of the committee.

W.H.W.

VISIT TO CORSHAM.

On Friday, November 1st, 1935, we were the guests of the Constitutional Club, Corsham, where we indulged in billiards and

skittles. Visiting Corsham is now looked upon as an annual event, and, although there is always a keen element of rivalry present in the games, the friendly atmosphere between each team is greatly strengthened as these enjoyable evenings come and go. It is now something of a foregone conclusion that defeat at the hands of our Corsham friends is inevitable, but we are still hoping that the run of luck will turn in our favour and it is just possible this may be so when we meet on our alley on November 14th, 1935.

At skittles we must admit we were well beaten, although our men played well. We could not get the lead, which is so stimulating to a team. The first leg finished with our opponents in front by 19 pins. One redeeming feature of our team is that defeat does not damp their hopes, and we played better in the next leg, only losing it by 10 pins. Our team fought hard to avoid a total loss, but was unsuccessful, having to give way to our friends by 7 pins on the last leg, and losing the game by 36 pins.

Corsham 97 95 91—283

Chippenham ... 78 85 84—247

At billiards we were also defeated, only winning one game out of four, but our team played well. Mr. J. Baker did remarkably well, scoring 125 to his opponent's 74. Mr. E. Tucker had exceptionally bad luck when at 120 each, he missed his shot and his opponent only ran out winner with a fluke shot. Mr. Coward put up a splendid fight, but, taking into consideration that his partner in the game was a winner of Wiltshire Amateur Billiards, we did not expect he would pull off a win. Mr. R. Kington played well, but his luck was out and he lost his game by 25.

W.H.W.

PRESENTATION.

At the conclusion of business on Friday, October 18th, 1935, the employees gathered together for the presentation of a clock to Mr. Reg. Hemmings, on the occasion of his recent marriage. Mr. Long, in making the presentation, wished Mr. Hemmings and his wife every happiness and good health for their future.

In thanking his fellow workmates, Mr. Hemmings made it the opportunity of expressing his appreciation for all that had been done for him during his period of misfortune.

SKITTLES.

The opening of the skittle season took place on Friday, October 13th, 1935, with a match arranged between the Factory and Office Staff. Once again it was a fight from start to finish. With only three men to go the scores were even in the first leg, but the Factory made a great effort and finished the leg with 9 pins in hand.

The Office had more play in the second leg and just managed to scrape home with an advantage of 4 pins. This encouragement appeared to give the Office confidence, and they walked away with the last leg to the tune of 21 pins.

| | | | | |
|---------|-------|----|----|--------|
| Factory | | 59 | 45 | 49—153 |
| Office | | 50 | 49 | 70—169 |
| W.H.W. | | | | |

A FEW REFLECTIONS ON A HOLIDAY IN THE MIDLANDS.

One Sunday morning, in the middle of July, a friend and I set off by road for Derby, with the intention of spending a few days in one of the busiest industrial centres in the United Kingdom. On the Monday morning we set off for Nottingham, and went straight to Trent Bridge Cricket Ground, in which Notts were playing Derbyshire. Both of us being very keen on cricket, and the weather ideal, our interest in this very historic ground was fully maintained up to the close of play.

On the next day we decided to make a tour of the City of Nottingham, and commenced by going to the Castle, which is a handsome building.

The Trent is a very fine river and crossed by a bridge composed of nineteen arches. The lace of Nottingham is, of course, known the world over, and we saw many factories busily engaged in this industry; also large breweries and wire works.

On Wednesday, the town of Derby mostly occupied our attention. It is at Derby that the L.M.S. Railway works are situated, employing many thousands of persons. Owing to lack of time we could not fully explore Derby, as much as we should have liked. We were rather surprised to hear the population of Derby was only 44,000, and were reminded by a very strong soccer fan to keep an eye on Derby County during the next football season, as they showed promise of being a very fine team.

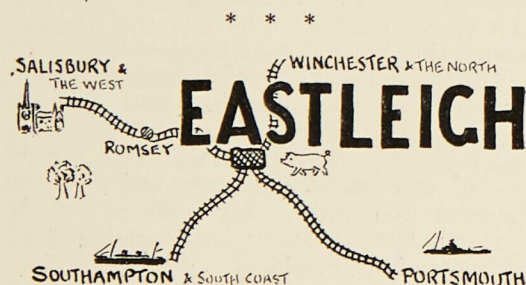
Another day we motored to Matlock and Buxton, and this day will long be remembered for the very beautiful views we saw in the heart of the Peak Country. The hot mineral baths at Matlock are daily visited by a large number of people. Buxton, a market town, is also noted for its mineral waters and fine buildings.

The time soon arrived for us to be returning to Wiltshire, and at the end of the week we left the Midlands very reluctantly, after enjoying a most interesting few days of sight-seeing, and fully determined to pay a return visit.

T.H.W.

We are fast approaching the end of another year and the coming of Christmas. We want, therefore, to take the opportunity which the Magazine provides of conveying to our Chief and the Board of Directors and all our friends, known and unknown, of the Parent Company, Subsidiary Companies, and the Branches, distributed so widely throughout the country, our best wishes for a very Happy Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year. We hope 1936 will see the further development and expansion of the Pig and Bacon Industries. That everyone will be kept busy, that for our employees short time will be a thing of the past, and that our Chief will be maintained in good health to carry on his many duties in connection with the Bacon Marketing and Bacon Development Boards, will be the fervent wish of everyone of us.

W.V.L.



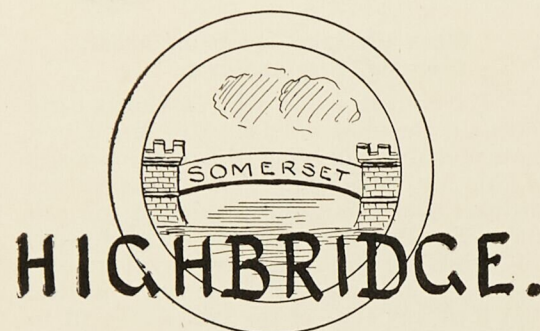
We are happy to report that most of those who have been passing through a period of sickness have returned to work and we hope that we shall soon have our full staff again.

At the time of writing our thoughts are turned towards Contracts for 1936, and at the outset we are going forward with hopes for

a successful Contract period. The half-yearly stocktaking again looms before us, and with the extra work involved, we must apologise to the Editor if our notes this month are not so full as we would wish.

We are reminded that our articles this month will be printed in the Christmas number of the Magazine, and we take this opportunity of wishing our friends at Calne and elsewhere a happy, festive season.

* * *



With this issue of the Magazine our thoughts are once more directed to the spirit of Christmas, and, although when these words are written the festival seems a long way off, each one of us at Highbridge sends hearty greetings to all our colleagues in the various spheres of activity of the firm of Harris and the Associated Companies and Branches.

When sending greetings to those still engaged in active occupations we would not forget those who are in their retirement. Particularly we would mention Messrs. Fred Lawrence, Alfred Wyatt, and Jack Salter, and send them our sincere wishes for a very happy Christmas and bright and enjoyable years to come. We do not forget them.

To Mr. Wm. Slater also, who has, unfortunately, been laid up with illness for nearly a year, we send our greetings and hope that before long he will be restored to his normal health and strength. We are all pleased to notice he is now able to take quite long rambles and we hope that this improvement will be continued.

Our sympathy is extended to Mr. W. Sage. We wish him a speedy recovery.

R.C.L.

It is with very sincere regret that we have to record the passing on the 26th October, 1935, of our friend, John Llewellyn,

after a long and painful illness, patiently borne.

"Johnnie," as he was affectionately known to all, first joined our staff in 1902, but after two years returned to South Wales. In 1920 he re-joined our staff, and was continuously employed until his untimely death at the comparatively early age of 59 years.

A non-smoker and total abstainer, he was a regular worshipper at the Methodist Chapel, and we shall all miss his cheery personality, and the song or whistle which invariably heralded his approach.

To his widow and to his son, Ernest Llewellyn, who is a member of our staff, we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

A.G.K.

WINTER GAMES AND SPORTS.

SKITTLES.

The series of League matches in the Highbridge and Burnham district are becoming very interesting this season. Our team have played five matches so far, having lost 4 and won 1.

The "Anne Kidley" Competition is likely to provide keen playing, owing to the fact that we are on a fresh alley—to wit, the Railway Hotel, Highbridge, which is more central for the members taking part than our old alley at the Crossway Inn, Huntspill.

The employees taking part are very enthusiastic and keen, but we lament the fact that for some reason or other the younger employees, and some of the "old stagers," have shown very marked apathy in taking active part in these games. It is a great pity that this kind of spirit has been allowed to creep in, as it often recoils on those who withhold their support. A spirit of apathy to any good cause is the worst form of indifference, and indifference leads to losing one's sense of duty to oneself and to one's fellows, thereby breaking the true spirit of brotherhood, which is so much desired in the handling of affairs at the present time.

FOOTBALL.

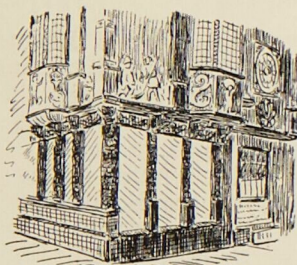
When the season started we had hoped to run a very successful Employees team, but here again the same apathetic spirit prevailed, and in order to fulfil the obligations to which we have committed ourselves in joining the Bridgwater League we have had

to go outside the Firm for players. There is enough talent both at the Factory and Creamery to run a fair team, and if only we could animate a spirit of brotherliness and more team work about it much could be accomplished. It is not what is *taken out*, but what is *put in* that determines success or failure of plans and aspirations.

As this will appear in our Christmas number of the Magazine, we wish to finish up the old year by having some hearty Christmas celebrations, and with a strong determination to begin 1936 with the true sporting feeling, and prepared to give a genuine helping hand to all those things which are provided for our own good by the support and consent of the Firm's Staff Welfare Association. Let the motto for 1936 be "Service to one another."

C.B.S.

* * *



1935 is rapidly drawing to a close and ere long we shall have Christmas with us once again. To all our friends at Calne and at all the Associated Factories we send our hearty greetings for health and happiness this Christmas and prosperity throughout the coming year.

Two members of our staff have recently entered into the ranks of matrimony, namely, Mr. B. Austin, of the Slaughter Department, and Miss E. Spillings, of the Small Goods Department.

Presentations were made to them both by Mr. F. T. Smart, with the good wishes of all their colleagues.

* * *

THE LIGHTED PUDDING.

Don't carry the Christmas pudding with lighted spirit; wait until the pudding is on the table before pouring on the spirit.

Buckets of water should always be available, and also **buckets or bins of dry sand**, with scoops where oil or spirit is used.



"When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even."

The words of that Old Christmas carol must stir the most unimaginative mind, and most probably will bring us happy memories of this festive season. Perhaps, as we are sitting round our fireside, someone will call and tell us that it's snowing. He might say, "I think we are going to have an old-fashioned Christmas," and somehow we feel that if at any time of the year we ought to have snow it is then. For ages it seems to have associated itself with Christmas.

Naturally we do not all look upon snow from the same point of view. The older folk do not welcome it, while the children will jump with glee as snowflakes fall, hoping to be able to play at snowballing, and perhaps make a giant snowman. Have you ever thought what might be in the explorer's mind as he surveys the Arctic waste? Snow everywhere—will it claim him a victim in that trackless wilderness? The young athlete, eager to take part in the winter sports, delights to see the crisp, firm snow and thinks of his toboggan and ski.

To me snow seems to present a different kind of thought. There is a kind of fairyland about it. It is fascinating to me on a clear winter's night to see the countryside covered with snow, the stars twinkling, and their brightness reflecting in the snow crystals, here and there a black spot showing the outline of trees. There is something majestic about it, nature in all its purity, but relentless, and as you glance upwards to those thousands of stars you realise the immensity of the universe and the insignificance of things around you, but the silence is broken, for it is Christmas, and you hear faintly the words of a carol, "Peace on earth—." You are left with the thought, "if only it could be in 1936."

G.C.

THE "MAGAZINE" SHOP

SPECIAL 'XMAS CLEARANCE SALE

Of well advertised lines in earlier issues of our Magazine.

RIDICULOUS BARGAINS AT SILLY PRICES.

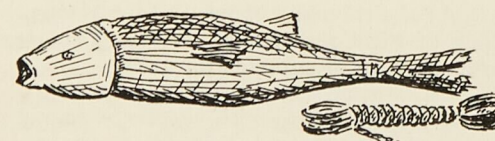
One Box Tiddleywinks.



(No handle to cup). Well-known make, every tiddley stamped H.G. Going cheap; only 40 winks.

* * *

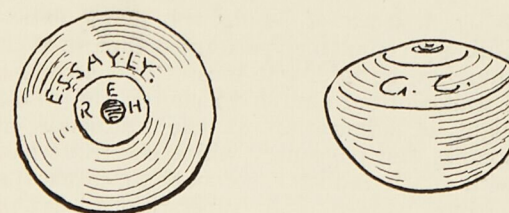
Imitation Red Herrings.



Each supplied with three yards of string. One and a half for three-halfpence.

* * *

Two Sets of Bowls.



ONE SET BY R.E.H. "Essayly" the finest "Composition" made.

ONE SET BY G.C. With full instructions how to prevent middle-age spread.

This is the most popular game we offer. Secure a set at once and enter for the Roland Harris Spoons Competition.

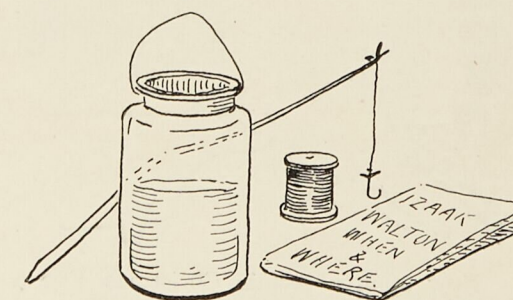
Beards.



Only one left, stamped "W.G." Very suitable for public speakers; they will certainly b-eard.

* * *

Tiddler Outfit.



Including pins, string, and jam jars. Full instructions with map showing infested swamps. Excitement, thrills, chills, and ills. Our motto:—"Hike and Tiddle." Easy terms. Pay as you fish.

* * *

We have other offers, but we won't advertise them.

* * *

THE ABOVE MUST BE CLEARED FOR THE 1936 STOCK—WHATEVER THAT MIGHT BE.

"TILL THE COWS COME HOME."**THE COCKNEY'S VERSION.**

Our good friend, R.E.H., invites us to explain the above quotation. We must confess right away we do not know of any authentic explanation. We suggest it is simply a corruption of the phrase, "For Ever and Ever," and we offer our bedtime story as a possible solution.

Many years ago, at a spot adjacent to the London Warehouse, a very select herd of cows passed over the cross-roads on their homeward journey every evening. (Hence the name Cowcross Street). Old Bob, the drover, was a man of regular habits who never believed in passing the "Castle" (anyway, not while they were open), and his cows, being animals of more than average intelligence and understanding, used to say, "O.K., boss," and sit down to wait while he "had one."



Now upon a certain Christmas Eve a strange thing happened. Old Bob had stayed on longer than usual, and although making allowance for an extra tankard or two the beasts got rather piqued about it and simply sloped off. Now what happened to those cows is a mystery. They have never been seen since. Whether Father Christmas took them and saved them for the Dairy Show, or whether they strayed as far as the Isle of Wight is a matter of conjecture. One thing is certain, they never reached home, and we question if they ever will.

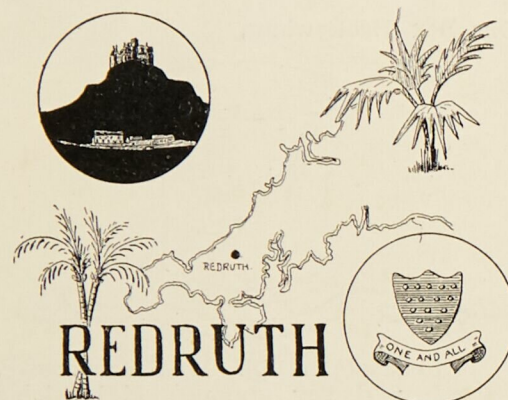
The sequel of this story is, if ever a friend wants to borrow a fiver till the cows

come home, tell him the story of Bruce and the Spider.

In conclusion, in a more serious vein, may we offer all the Family a very Happy and Peaceful Christmas.

With regards from
"THE COWCROSS COCKNEYS."

* * *



We send from Redruth hearty Christmas Greetings to all our friends at Calne, the Branches, and on the road.

At the moment of writing we are in the thick of Pig Contracting, and doing our best to make sure of supplies for 1936.

We sympathise with W. E. Seymour in his illness, and are looking forward to his recovery and return.

W.B.F.

* * *

A BUSY CHRISTMAS EVE.

On Christmas Eve I went not to bed, being desirous of seeing the many extraordinary ceremonies performed then in their churches, as midnight masses and sermons. I walked from church to church the whole night in admiration at the multitude of sceanes and pageantry which the friars had with much industry set out, to catch the devout women and superstitious sort of people, who never parted without dropping some money into a vessell set on purpose; but especially observable was the puppetry in the Church of the Minerva, representing the Nativity. I thence went and heard a sermon at the Apollinare; by which time it was morning.

JOHN EVELYN.
Diary (Rome 1644).



Totnes sends hearty Christmas Greetings to friends at Calne and all the Branches.

It is our fervent hope that the New Year will prove one of happiness and of increasing prosperity to all.

J.N.P.

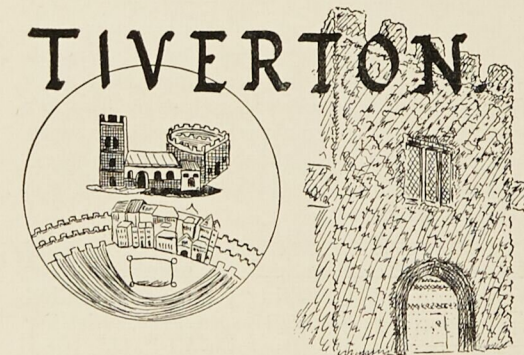
We are now nearing the time when a very considerable change is to take place in Totnes in the making of a new bye-pass road on the doorstep of our Factory. Local shopkeepers are wondering from one point of view what the effect to themselves will be, and we ourselves, from another view point, are speculating on what the position will be when the road has been completed and is carrying its proportion of the tremendous amount of vehicular traffic which passes through our streets during July, August, and September. Some of our readers who have visited us during their holidays can probably recollect seeing the almost constant stream of vehicles moving in both directions, which is a daily sight here during the summer months, and perhaps all of them can recall having noticed the very pretty little islet situated in the mill leat, and the avenue of trees in front of the factory which has added so much to the picturesqueness of our surroundings. It is quite possible that by the time these lines are in print the removal of this island will have commenced, as we understand this will be the first stage of the new project.

We commented in a previous issue on the noticeable increase of interest which has recently been shown in our town in various forms of sport, and it does seem that a real awakening is taking place in this direction. Quite a number from here took the oppor-

tunity of seeing the famous "All Blacks" play their first match at Devonport, in September last, and since then their progress has been closely watched and their doings form quite a topic of conversation. Another item of great interest to many was the spectacular "come back" of one of the lights of the fistic world in the fight which was staged a few days ago at Plymouth; the winner, Len Harvey, who was born in the West Country and learnt his boxing at Plymouth, was given a wonderful ovation. Coming nearer home, we are also closely interested in the achievements of our town soccer team, who, playing in the Second Division of the South Devon League, under the able captaincy of one of our employees, have up to the time of writing remained unbeaten, their record being, played 8, won 8, goals for 31, goals against 5.

T.H.R.

* * *



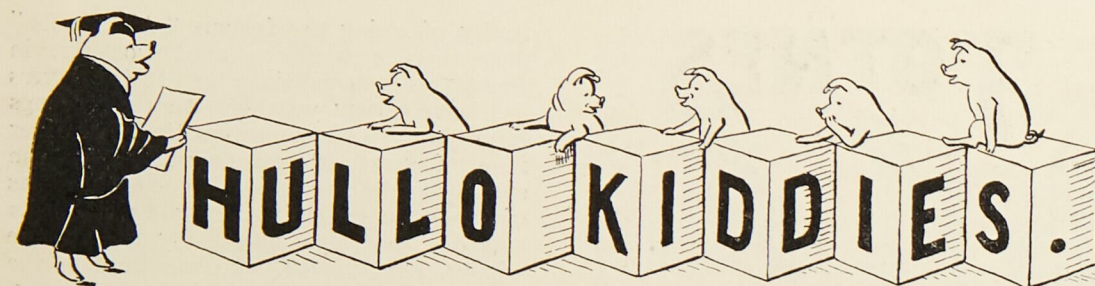
We take this opportunity to wish the Directors and all at Calne and the Branches a very Happy Christmas.

B.P.

SPORTING TERMS ILLUSTRATED.

EVERY SUCCESS TO CALNE AND ALL ASSOCIATED COMPANIES DURING THE COMING YEAR.





"Nowell."



It was Christmas Eve; not an old-fashioned Christmas Eve, "where the snow lay round about," but a damp, drizzly, foggy evening, where people hurried about in mackintoshes and Wellington boots, and looked as though they were anxious to make what purchases they needed and then hurry off home out of the wet and mud. In fact, it wasn't a cheery Christmas Eve at all, and even the bright electric signs and the illuminated Christmas trees that on another evening would have dazzled the eyes with their brilliance, to-night only just managed to break through the thick mist, and all was dismal and dreary.

Yet, in spite of the weather, and in spite of the fact that he had no mackintosh or Wellington boots, Smiling Joe (as some called him) strutted along the street whistling merrily as he went, the tune of "The First Nowell." You would have thought he was the happiest boy in the city; people gave him a second glance as he passed by—a little boy with a ragged coat and patched trousers, and boots that were by no means water-tight, yet who could whistle and canter along as though he had not a care in the world.

But if they only knew! Joe was finding it very hard to smile, and he was only whistling to keep his courage up.

Courage was Joe's motto; he had had a mother once, but she had died when he was only six and Totsie, his little sister, was two, but just before she died his mother had whispered, "It's courage you will need, my boy," and although he didn't quite understand at the time, he never forgot, and he very soon knew that she was right. He knew just at this moment, too, for it was only that evening that Mr. Grimes, who

owned the shop where Joe had been odd boy for many months, had told him he need not come any more. "Business is bad," he had said, "and I can't afford to keep you any longer, sonny. I'm sorry. Here's an extra shilling for you to buy something for yourself, but you needn't come again." "Very well, sir," answered Joe, "that's all right, and I hope trade will be better for you soon. A Happy Christmas, sir." And with that he was off.

All down one street he had thought hard. There was a big lump in his throat, and somehow his legs seemed to give way.

"This won't do," said Joe, "its courage I'll need," and along he strutted, and it was then that he began to whistle, "The First Nowell."

It wasn't that he minded so much for himself, but it was Totsie. With the few shillings a week he had earned at Grimes' he had been able to buy little things that she liked and he had managed to save enough to get the doll that they had looked at every day for a month. To-night he was going to buy it, he had thought. "It's still there," Totsie had said the day before. "I wonder if Favver Kwismis will buy it for me," and it had made Joe so glad to feel that he would be the Favver Kwismis who would buy it for her.

Now he didn't know. It might be a long time before he could get a job again, and they might need the money to get food. He was afraid there would be no Christmas dinner, after all. He had meant to buy a real joint of beef on the way home (a rare treat in that little home) and a Christmas pudding as a surprise—he had the piece of holly to stick in it, but that was all so far.

Joe and Totsie had a father, but he was weak and ill most of the time and had not been able to work regularly for years, and if it had not been for the rough, but kindly,

help of the neighbours, it is hard to say what would have happened to the three who lived at No. 10, Slipper Street.

Father's cough had been worse this past week, and the pain in his side had been so bad that he could not rise from his bed at all.

Joe was still thinking so hard that he had not realised he was walking in the wrong direction. Whatever had made him take the wrong turning!

"Nowell, Nowell,"

"Born is the King of Israel."

Some child carollers were singing the words of the tune that he had been whistling. "But what does the King of Israel care about *us*," thought Joe. "It's all very well, but He can't know about my little Totsie or he would never have let me lose my job to-night." Joe was beginning to lose courage.

"They looked up and saw a star"

"Shining in the East and beyond them afar." But there were no stars to-night. Yet what was that? As Joe looked up he saw that the mist had cleared and there was just one star to be seen in the dark sky.

"Well, that's strange," he thought. "I wonder whether, if I followed it, I might find some work to do?" And, although it was still farther away from home, he followed. The star shone out boldly and looked just like a bright, twinkling eye smiling down upon the boy. Somehow it reminded Joe of his mother.

On he went, his courage very high now: that twinkling eye had a secret that Joe was to share, he felt sure. He had that lovely feeling that something was going to happen; something that would be good for Totsie.

He was getting into the busy part of the city and—hello! what was that! A gaily lit church with a gaily-lit Christmas tree standing outside the porch, and near the Christmas tree stood a man with white hair and with the kindest, tenderest face Joe had ever seen. "It might be the King of Israel Himself," thought Joe. Close to the man was a group of choir-boys, and as Joe edged his way into the crowd of children that stood round (all poorly dressed like himself), the strains of the organ could be heard.

"The first Nowell, the Angel did say," sang the choir and Joe listened in awe and silence until they came to the end of the first verse then—

"Born is the King of Israel"

sang Joe with all his might. The crowd of children looked at him fiercely and a boy near

struck him with his fist, but Joe's heart was too full of gladness to mind. The King of Israel knew all about him and about Totsie, he was sure, and it was then that he saw that the man with the white hair and kind and tender face was smiling at him. "I think you had better come and join the choir," he said, and Joe forgot that he had no surplice and that his coat was ragged, and removing his cap he ran up the steps and stood by the old man's side.

Not one of that group of boys sang more lustily or more sweetly than did Joe

"Then let us all with one accord

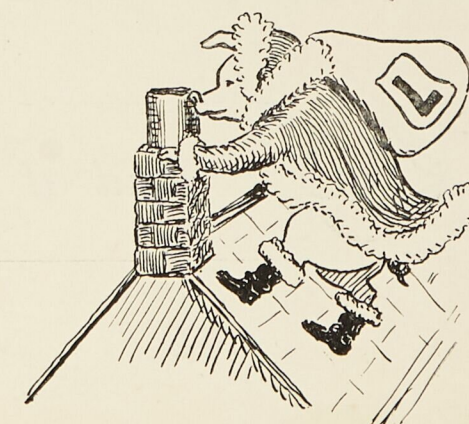
Sing praises to the Heavenly Lord

Nowell, Nowell"

At the end the white-haired man asked Joe what made him so happy and there and then the boy poured out the whole story. The old man's eyes glistened as he heard Joe's tale and he brushed aside a tear. Holding Joe's hand and giving it a friendly squeeze, he addressed the crowd of children. He told them that because boys and girls in different parts of the country had at this time of giving thought of those who were poor and in need and had sent all sorts of gifts—toys and money and clothes—there would be a present and an orange and a bag of nuts for each child. What a scamper and a scuffle there was! But soon there was order, for some ladies of the Church each took charge of a group of children and saw that not one child was left out.

Joe kept close to the white-haired man and looking up he saw at the top of the Christmas tree Totsie's doll—at any rate, one exactly like it. "Oh!" he cried, and in answer to the old man's question Joe explained.

Soon the doll was in his arms and that



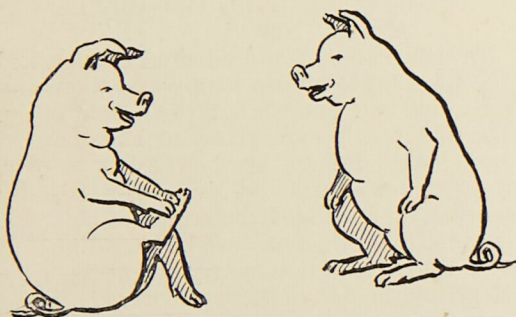
seemed to Joe to be the happiest moment of his life.

But there was more to come and soon they were on the way to Joe's home laden with everything that was needed for such a Christmas dinner as Joe and Totsie had never known.

The new friend let Joe and Totsie unpack the parcels while he had a chat with the sick father.

Joe kept the doll until last and when he saw the light in Totsie's eyes his happiness was complete.

That was the beginning of brighter days



Grunter. . . . Why did the Puff
Pastry rise ?

Percy. . . . Because it saw the
Harris Sausage Roll.

for Joe and Totsie. When father was taken to hospital early in the New Year the children were sad until their friend explained that it was only to make him strong and well like other men.

They left Slipper Street after that and went to live at the other side of the city near the place where Joe's star had guided him, and there they stayed with a lonely widow

who was pleased to share her home with the children and be a mother to them.

Father made such good progress and was such a splendid patient that they didn't like parting with him at the hospital and so they found work for him there. Joe and Totsie saw him every day ; they were so happy now and Joe was told he needn't think any more about going to work until he was old enough to leave school.

They never forgot Joe's star nor the boys and girls who made the Christmas tree possible, and on the mantelpiece in their new home could be seen two bright money boxes, where part of the children's pocket money was placed regularly each week " For those who are poor and in need."

That this may be the happiest Christmas you have ever spent is the sincere wish of
Your affectionate

Aunt Susie.

* * *

When you hang up your stockings on Christmas Eve you can give a thought to Suzette, Karl, Gustav, Juanito, and the other children who, like you, expect Father Christmas to be good to them.

* * *

Betty : Yes, we can forecast the weather report for Christmas. " The present eat wave cannot last long."

* * *

Auntie : Mary, where does Santa Claus go to in the summer time ?

Mary : Why, he comes here to collect the instalments on the Christmas presents.

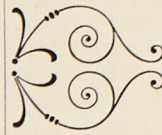
* * *

Why is E the most forward letter in the alphabet ?

It is first in everything.



End of Volumn 9.



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